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A DOUBTFUL PROSPECT.

THE trials of Christmas are over,
 The parcels, the pudding, the pain,
And we 've fifty-odd weeks to recover
 Ere Yule-tide flows round us again.

We carp at each other in chorus,
 Our complexions are not very clear,
And we shrink from the prospect before
 us—
 The youthful inviolate year.

We judge nineteen six as we found it,
 Good fortune in niggardly streaks,
Blue sky with the cloud rising round it,
 And fewer caresses than tweaks.

We think of the schemes that we floated,
 The time and the trouble they cost;
Their launching was almost unnoted,
 And half the flotilla was lost.

Through the year that we hope to inherit,
 In luck may the rest of you bask,
But a fair recognition of merit
 For myself is as much as I ask.

"'*The People' Year Book* for 1707 is without doubt the most comprehensive encyclopædia of popular information . . . . It has been brought thoroughly up-to-date."—*The People.*

MR. HOOPER, should this catch the eye of, let him beware. There is a rival in the field.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF ANTONY.

It is an accepted thing to say of each new revival of SHAKSPEARE at His Majesty's (as of each new pantomime at Drury Lane) that the spectacle easily surpasses all former efforts of the Management. And of the present production of *Antony and Cleopatra* it is a true word. Never before has an astonished audience beheld such exquisite colour and design, nor antiquity so accurately restored. Never before has the chest-measurement of Roman soldiers expanded under cuirasses of so noble a beauty. It was a personal triumph for Messrs. HARKER and RYAN; for Mr. MACQUOID and the British Museum assistance; for Mr. Tree as Manager; for the actors (regarded as a mobile section of the scenery); for everyone except the author himself. He was constantly being sacrificed to the picture. The sense of sight is always dominant over the sense of hearing; and the intelligent ear only found its opportunity when the lust of the eye had become sated.

Thus, the memorable lines, spoken to *Menas* on the galley by *Sextus Pompeius* (a part in which Mr. L'ESTRANGE looked very handsome when he had his helmet on):

> "Ah, this thou should'st have done,
> And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villainy;
> In thee 't had been good service"—

were almost lost in the distractions of the Bacchanalian scene. And it was noticeable that the greatest pageant of all—the return of the prodigal to his Alexandrine husks—was interpolated, and contained no spoken line of SHAKSPEARE'S or anybody else's. I am not sure, for the purposes of this production, whether it would not have been just as well to cut SHAKSPEARE out altogether.

Mr. TREE, in his "Foreword," says: "To illustrate on the one hand the austere grandeur of Rome, and on the other the gorgeous splendour of the East, and so to capture for our audiences something of SHAKSPEARE'S glowing imagination—this has been the aim of the present production." There is a note of modesty in that word "something." I should like to have seen the brave SHAKSPEARE seated in the stage-box beside Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (who, I think, must have been wishing that Egypt was under the Colonial Office, so that he might arrange for it a Free Constitution like that of the Transvaal) and to have asked the author how much credit he took to his own "glowing imagination" for the scene, say, of the gaudy night on the galley. What a revelation of his own insight could he have watched the "austere grandeur of Rome" in the persons of her Triumvirate, as they unbent themselves and behaved just like our own young barbarians at a bump-supper! I am sure that Mr. CHURCHILL, with his fine instinct for Imperial affairs, would have explained to him that these were the manners of the later Empire, and that Rome was still a Republic.

I also gather from the "Foreword" that "the tragedy of a world-passion redeemed by love—this is the story of *Antony and Cleopatra*." I doubt if any other words could with so admirable a terseness have misrepresented the facts. Actually, if we are speaking of the compass of the play itself, it is the tragedy of a sex-passion, relieved from time to time by the futile recurrence of a discarded political and military ambition. As for "love"—in the larger sense of a single-hearted devotion—we



Antony. Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword*
I learn'd of thee. How! Not dead? Not dead? . . . .
I have done my work ill.

Antony .. Mr. TREE. *Eros* .. Mr. BUCKLER.

have the best commentary in *Cleopatra's* expressed fear that her attendant *Iras*, dying first, will anticipate her in the affections of *Antony's* ghost:

> If she first meet the curled Antony,
> He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
> Which is my heaven to have.

The play offers little chance for subtlety, except in the vacillations of *Antony*; and Mr. TREE (whose energies had spent themselves in a brilliant effort of stage management) lacked variety of voice and facial expression for their interpretation. *Cleopatra*, though she has many moods, is, in this play, a fairly straightforward character with only a very transparent veil of mystery—nothing, certainly, to justify the repeated apparition of the Sphinx on a drop-scene. It is true that *Cæsarion*, her boy by old JULIUS, appears as a mute witness to a somewhat lurid past, but there is no hint of her historical overtures to young *Octavius*. The possibility of consolation in this quarter may just have crossed her mind where she calls him "My master and my lord." It is a pity that this meeting, with its excellent chances, had to be omitted, and that he is only introduced to *Cleopatra* when she is dead.

The colouring of this final scene in the "Monument" was of a marvellous dim beauty. I think it regrettable that *Antony* should have rolled off the bed when he expired, because the ladies had a lot of difficulty, even with the help of *Mardian* (who was not supposed to be there) in getting him back again. They had not really quite recovered from the exhausting process of hauling him up through the window. This had been done behind the curtain while the audience was being distracted by a little diversion in "Cæsar's Camp" just over the footlights. Judging by the noise that went on behind I should say that the hoisting was done by a very primitive hand-crane.

In the part of *Cleopatra* Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER came very near to realising the sinuous figure of this "serpent of old Nile." In the scene where she buffets the messenger of evil tidings, as also in that other where she tries to escape capture in the Monument, she acted with remarkable intelligence and versatility. But she should never smile, for there her fascination finds its limit.

Most of the actors recited their lines without spontaneity. Some were indistinct, but Mr. BASIL GILL, as *Octavius*, was inclined to bark. (No attempt, by the way, was made to give consistency to the pronunciation of proper names. The *u* in *Fulvia* was sounded in the Italian manner, and so was the first *a* in *Cleopatra*; but *Octavia* and the rest were pronounced in the frankest British way.) Far the best speaker was Mr. LYN HARDING, in the part of *Enobarbus*, the most attractive character in the play. Candid in his criticism of all the world, including himself, the blunt and ready mother-wit of this bluff soldier delighted an audience not easily moved to enthusiasm. The gentlemen on each side of me (one had with him a son who had been getting up the play and was able to prompt his ill-instructed parent) were particularly pleased with Mr. HARDING'S enunciation.

There were certain of his lines—

> Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
> The winds were love-sick with them,

and again,

> . . . . From the barge
> A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
> Of the adjacent wharfs—

which appealed very strongly to the audience in my neighbourhood, where



PETER PUNCH AND THE NEW YEAR.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan.")



THE NEW PROGRESS.

"So good of you to come so far! Did you motor over?"
"No. We flew!"

the heavy air reeked through a ten yards radius with a nauseating essence worn by a lady in a stall uncomfortably close to my own. Can nothing be done by the Management to check this insufferable offence? Would that I could have used the language employed by *Cleopatra's* bargees when this kind of thing was thrown back at them from the "adjacent wharfs." O. S.

ZANCIGNALLING.

A writer in *The Daily Mail* ridicules the idea of telepathic communication between the Zancigs, and is convinced that the whole thing is done by a private code of signals. He says that when Mme. Zancig is blindfolded and cannot watch her husband's movements, then "M. Zancig communicates by means of the many strange sounds he uses, and not to be found in any known vocabulary." The *Mail* writer further prophesies that the Zancig boom will soon be over.

Mr. Punch imagines the Zancigs at breakfast. Professor Z. is reading *The Daily Mail*, and communicating, for the sake of practice, the results to Madame, who is blindfold. Professor Z., who has been making premonitory uncouth noises for some time, suddenly breaks out indignantly with:

A cough—two sneezes—the noise of a pig squealing.

Mme. Z. "Does it really? Do go on."

The noise of an oyster opening.

Mme. Z. "But how absurd!"

A sneeze—the death-rattle of a cockroach.

Mme. Z. "Oh, my dear! Then our fortunes are made."

A sneeze—the death-rattle of a slightly larger cockroach.

Mme. Z. "Thank you, dear. They're making so much noise upstairs, it's a little difficult for me. I quite misunderstood you."

The noise of a larkspur laying an egg.

Mme. Z. "Oh! But how terrible! Surely that great paper will not desert us!"

The noise of a dormouse sleeping.

Mme. Z. "You must go slower, dear, I don't follow you."

The noise of a dormouse hibernating.

Mme. Z. "Julius! We are ruined! We are discovered!"

The noise of a thermometer falling from 26° to 20°.

"Yes. That is best, dear. We will go and see Mr. Stead."

[*Scene closes with* Professor Zancig *signalling for a hansom with the noise of a sycamore bursting into leaf.*

Are we Downhearted?

In the Epilogue to the Westminster Play, the banners of the Suffragists bore the legend: "*Dejectæne sumus?*" Jones Minor of the Upper Remove writes to say that in *his* form they would have put "*Num dejectæ sumus,*" seeing that the answer "No!" is expected.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Improved London.

LONDON, with all its charms, is, it is agreed, not perfect, and many a suggestion for its improvement has been made from time to time. We have even made some ourselves, such as electric heating in omnibuses, cigar-lighters on every lamp-post, &c., but without much avail to date. Hope, however, springs eternal in even our concrete bosom.

But this is a digression: who are we to speak of ourselves? It is the public men, the men of weight, who count in such matters. Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, for example, who wants to see more pillar boxes; Mr. HALL CAINE, who would abolish barbers; Mr. JOHN BURNS, who is in favour of a tramway in every street and penny steamers on the Serpentine and Round Pond; M. le Chevalier D'INDUSTRIE, who dislikes Scotland Yard and would utterly eliminate it; Mr. CHARLES FROHMANN, who thinks there are too few hoardings; and Professor and Mrs. ZANCIG, who cannot think how it is HIS MAJESTY has only one London residence in which to entertain.

These are interesting suggestions; but it is, of course, from your practical business man that the really valuable hints proceed. We therefore paid a morning call on Messrs. GUSZARD AND BUNTER, whose wedding-cakes are famous wherever matrimony is held in repute. We found both gentlemen together, resting after their Christmas (or, as Mr. BUNTER remarked, Yuletide) labours, and both, naturally, up to their eyes in gold.

"Improvements for London?" said Mr. GUSZARD, completing the steps of the latest cake-walk. "Why, certainly, we have thought of many—haven't we, BUNT?"

"Many," said Mr. BUNTER.

"For example?" we asked tentatively, temerariously and with tact.

"Well," said Mr. GUSZARD, "there is our great wedding-cake scheme."

"Ah!" said Mr. BUNTER with rapture.

"England, as you know," pursued Mr. GUSZARD, "is suffering from celibacy."

"Bachelors," said Mr. BUNTER.

"Yes, and old maids," said Mr. GUSZARD. "And we thought," he continued, "that if London were provided with a really noticeable wedding-cake—"

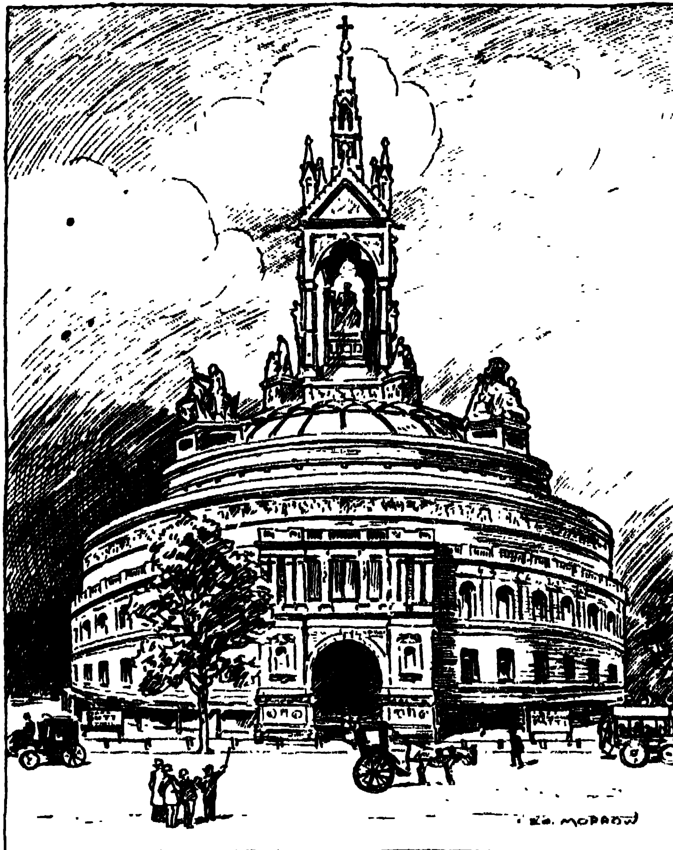
"Enormous," said Mr. BUNTER.

"Gigantic," said Mr. GUSZARD.

"Brobdingnagian," said Mr. BUNTER with difficulty.

"A regular whopper," said Mr. GUSZARD—"it might have the salutary and praiseworthy effect of drawing people's minds to marriage. Don't you think so?"

We agreed absolutely.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE ALBERT HALL.

(Suggestion by Messrs. Guszard and Bunter.)

"Not necessarily a mere model," said Mr. GUSZARD. "It might be hollow and used for some practical purpose."

"A theatre," suggested Mr. BUNTER.

"Or a garage," said Mr. GUSZARD.

"Or a circus," said Mr. BUNTER.

"Or a concert hall," said we.

"Ah!" said Mr. GUSZARD with enthusiasm and *brio*, "there you have it. A concert hall. The Albert Hall! Our idea," he added, "is to take the Albert Hall, which is as much like a cake as any hall has a right to be, and place the Albert Memorial on the top of it. There you have the perfect wedding-cake—cake and ornament complete!"

Mr. GUSZARD sank back in his chair in triumph.

"I venture to say," remarked Mr. BUNTER, "that no scheme for London improvement will go beyond that."

"None," said Mr. GUSZARD. And in a burst of cordial agreement we took our leave. (There was nothing else to take.)

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

THERE was once a Theatrical Representation of the Scene from *Ivanhoe* wherein the innocence of *Rebecca* is manifested by trial by Combat before the Grand Master of the Templars. In the centre of the Stage, in piteous white Robes and with dishevelled Hair stood the Jewess, already chained (for greater effect) to the Stake at which, if her Champion were unsuccessful, she was to be burned alive. On the extreme Right the villain *De Bois Guilbert* sat upon a steed of sorts, wondering what on earth would happen when the three stout men-at-arms from the adjacent Mews who restrained the Animal with difficulty should let it go. And on the Left entered *Ivanhoe*, tossing upon a Charger which, nearly as alarmed as the Hero himself, was only dissuaded from jumping into the Orchestra by the combined efforts of four stalwart Esquires accustomed to shifting heavy scenery. And when the heraldic Preliminaries were over and the Trumpets sounded the Charge, not all the endeavours of the three stout men-at-arms to give the horse of *De Bois* a lead towards his Antagonist, nor the total weight of the four stalwart Esquires applied to the rearward quarters of the Champion's steed availed at all, but the two Combatants, with lances level in the rests, continued to wheel round and round in divers parts of the Stage, sweeping everybody therefrom, excepting, of course, *Rebecca*, who was chained fast to the Stake. But after a space even she, though prepared for a certain amount of Martyrdom, grew tired of it, and tripping lightly away with the Stake adhering to the back of her Dress sought a more sheltered Situation amid the sympathetic Applause of the Audience.

Moral.—It is sometimes desirable to disregard Appearances.

"The bride's beautiful Indian trousseau was on view during the early part of the week, its dainty articles contrasting favourably with the rain and fog outside."—*Derbyshire Advertiser.*

MANY people would never have thought of that.



Laird. "Weel, Macalister, and have you found any of those strayed sheep yet?"
Macalister. "Yess. But I was finding them all again, Sir, whatevver. And I did find two by itself and one together, and three among one of Macpherson's!"

POLLY.

She's dainty and trim
And straight and slim
In her winter frock.
Like a wind-touched field of grain
Her shimmering rippling mane
With many a wanton lock
Spreads
From her head's
Rounded crown
All the way down,
Past the nape of her lily neck,
With never a check,
Till close to her waist it makes a stay,
And breaks like a wave in a golden spray.

She knows no fear,
And her eyes are clear,
Her grey-blue eyes
With their look of surprise.
And she talks
As she walks
Just about dolls and Queens and Kings,
And birds and dogs and delightful things,
Things that are kind and must be true,
That were done, she fancies, by me or you.
And oh just hear how her laughter rings
With shout upon shout,
When the old brown dog who has seen her pass
Comes hobble-de-hobble across the grass,
Or rolls about
In his funny ungainly spaniel style,
And then gets up with a broad dog-smile,
And stops and pants, for he's rather fat,
Till he gets from her hand his prize, a pat.

She's wise,
And she tries
To help in the house and everywhere.
If something's got to be done,
Shaking her hair,
Till it streams in the air,
You should see her run
With an overmastering zeal
That you'd think she could hardly feel,
For the tale of her years is only seven
Since she came, a promise of joy, from Heaven.

Prattle,
Rattle
And tittle-tattle,
Chatter,
Patter,
As mad as a hatter,
That is the way it goes;
And, oh! you'd never suppose
That little Miss Innocence giving you [thanks
For a toy
Or a joy,
With demureness written all over her face,
And never a hint of pranks,
Could shake off manners and put in their place
Mischief, merriment, romps and tricks,
Scampers, tumbles, and trips and kicks,
And all in a moment's space.

But at last when the day
Is done and all her play
Has been played,
With her eyes still shining bright
Up she gets and, stepping light,
Marches off—Good night, Good night!
Who's afraid? R. C. L.

Save me from my friends.

"The many friends of Canon —— will be glad to hear that, whilst he has somewhat recovered from his long illness, he is still not allowed to take part in any work, and remains confined to his house."—*East Anglian Daily Times.*

OUR HUMBLE PRODIGIES.

(Suggested by a recent paragraph in "The Times" on Miss Vivien Chartres at Rome and Parma.)

"Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries?"
Tennyson, "Merlin and Vivien."

A HAVAS Agency telegram from Dahomey says: - PIETR SCHTSCHITCHIKOFF gave a concert last night at the Palace which proved in every way a phenomenal success. The KING, several of the Queens, the whole of the Royal Family and the first battalion of the Amazons attended the concert, and expressed their delight with exceptional cordiality. Several slaves were sacrificed during the course of the programme, and at the close the enthusiasm was quite unprecedented. Their Majesties repeatedly embraced the gifted young virtuoso, and presented him with a giraffe, a blowpipe with poisoned darts, and a bag of superb grape-nuts from the Royal orchard. The KING promised PIETR a state umbrella, and asked whether he would like it green or pink. With remarkable presence of mind the child at once exclaimed "pink," at the same time glancing at Queen NGAMBALAKAISE, whose splendid albino complexion is one of the most attractive features of the Court. The attendant Amazons were deeply affected, and expressed their gratitude in an impromptu war-dance, culminating in a scene of extraordinary anthropophagic emotion.

Subsequently, on his return voyage round the Cape, PIETR SCHTSCHITCHIKOFF called at Saint Helena and gave a recital at the Longwood Assembly Rooms. After he had finished playing BEETHOVEN'S "*Emperor*" Concerto, Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who had opportunely arrived on the previous day in his 100,000 h.-p. turbine yacht *Bonanza*, rose from his fauteuil, advanced to the platform and presented the gifted wonder-child with a cheque for £20,000. On the following morning PIETR, accompanied by the famous Peer, visited the spot where the remains of the Man of Destiny first rested, and deposited upon it a gold snuff-box with the simple inscription "To the Conqueror of Europe, humbly, from the Victor of WAGNER."

A Bulter's telegram from Lhasa says: Miss VERA RUNNYMEDE'S recital at the Grand Lamasery last Friday, was an altogether unprecedented success. The Dalai Lama, the Teshu Lama, and the entire phalanstery were present in their gorgeous robes, occupying the whole of the parquet, while the amphitheatre and gallery were filled by Buriats, Lariats, wealthy magnates from Sikkim, and other impressive personalities. The course of the programme was frequently interrupted by displays of fireworks, and both Lamas repeatedly prostrated themselves at the feet of the gifted child-virtuoso, and presented her with a choice collection of oleographs, a diamond-hilted knobkerry and several kegs of Tibetan oysters. The Teshu Lama, a man of extraordinarily noble appearance, promised VERA a full-sized Yak, and asked her whether she would like a blonde or a brunette. With marvellous tact the child promptly replied "brunette," at the same time archly glancing at the Teshu Lama, whose luxuriant raven beard, measuring 4 feet 2 inches from start to finish, is one of the most influential assets of the Forbidden City.

On the following day VERA RUNNYMEDE made an interesting pilgrimage in company with Dr. SVEN HEDIN, who is, needless to say, one of her greatest admirers, to the tomb of GEORGE ALEXANDER THE GREAT, who, it is not generally known, perished in the attempt to force his way into Lhasa, his remains being interred in a cenotaph just outside the city walls. The scene was extraordinarily touching, several Yaks being removed in a state of partial hysterics when VERA laid on the immortal warrior's tomb a sheaf of press notices and a broken E string with the poignant inscription: "To the Samson of the East, humbly, from the Infant DALILA."

Later: The Dalai Lama has just conferred on VERA RUNNYMEDE the honorific title of *Pratibimba*.

A wireless telegram from Tokio says: MELCHISEDEK P. WANAMAKER, the wonderful American boy-flautist, gave a concert on Tuesday at Tokio. The EMPEROR and EMPRESS, the Heir Apparent, Marquis ITO, Baron SUYEMATSU, and General OKU were present, and expressed the most unbounded satisfaction with the performance, General OKU having subsequently to be removed to a rest-cure owing to the violence of his emotions. Their Majesties repeatedly remarked "Hara-kiri" (*i.e.*, "encore"), and presented the young performer with an accordion-pleated kimono and a large decanter of Tatcho. On the following morning MELCHISEDEK, though far from well, went with Baron SUYEMATSU to visit the tomb of HOKUSAI, and laid upon it a silver piccolo with the touching inscription, "To a great man, humbly, from the only MELCHISEDEK."

THE 4·9 inch slush of a cabless London caused the dissipation of a number of cherished illusions last Wednesday and Thursday. Among others:

1. That the London Borough Councils can show intelligence at a pinch.
2. That the number of unemployed who are pining for work is inexhaustible.
3. That the London cabby is a sportsman who deserves to be encouraged in hard times.

THE RECKONING.

Now the Festive Season's ended,
Comes the sequel parents dread;
Pale and visibly distended
Bilious TOMMY lies in bed,
Face to face with Retribution
And an outraged constitution.

What a change since, pink and perky,
TOMMY swiftly put away
Three enormous goes of Turkey
At the feast on Christmas Day,
Getting by judicious bluffing
Double quantities of stuffing.

As to pudding, who could reckon
TOMMY'S load in terms of size?
Who attempt to keep a check on
TOMMY'S numberless mince pies?
Hopeless task! His present pallor
Proves his prodigies of valour.

Then I found him, notwithstanding
Such colossal feats as these,
After dinner on the landing
Secretly devouring cheese,
Flanked by ginger-beer-and-coffee,
Sweetened with a slab of toffee.

I, his uncle, gave him warning,
Showed the error of his ways,
Hinted at to-morrow morning,
Talked about my boyhood's days;
All in vain I waved the bogey
He despised me as a fogey.

Well, perhaps the pains he suffers
May be gifts of Fairy gold,
Since he now says, "Only duffers
Eat as much as they can hold."
Thus, through physic and privations,
TOMMY learns his limitations.

CHARIVARIA.

ORDERS have been issued for the destruction of Army Stores in South Africa to the value of £9,000, on the ground that they have so far deteriorated as to be unfit for consumption. One cannot feel too grateful that in these days of economy it did not occur to the authorities to transfer these provisions to the Volunteers.

The crisis in Germany has induced one of the more enterprising of our illustrated journals to publish a portrait of the KAISER. He is a rather fierce-looking gentleman of a distinctly Teutonic type of countenance, and his moustache is arranged in the well-known KAISER style.

We cannot help thinking that in some quarters dislike of the Upper House is carried beyond the limits of common-sense. For instance, the other day *The Daily News*, in discussing the attitude of the Lords to the Education Bill, remarked, "They have altered more lines than were in the original Bill."



UNANSWERABLE LOGIC.

Well-meaning Humanitarian. "WHY ARE YOU BEATING THE POOR DONKEY IN THAT WAY?"
Coster (with withering scorn). "AND A BLOOMIN' LOT O' GOOD IT 'UD DO BEATIN' THE CAR EH?"

There is no doubt, a correspondent points out, that the Lords are now really frightened, and, in support of his contention, he mentions how few of them are now to be seen walking about in their coronets and robes. They are skulking in mufti.

Servia is obviously tiring of King PETER, and we understand that all future monarchs who may be engaged by that State will be given clearly to understand that they are liable to be dismissed on a month's notice, or on payment of a month's wages in lieu of notice.

Nature, it is well known, resents any interference with her laws. We have just had a striking example of this. A theatrical company at Warrington succeeded in producing *Sunday* on Monday. The following day the theatre was burnt down.

We hear that the promoters of the World's Fair are threatened with litigation. It is said that no less a personage than the German EMPEROR has taken exception to one of the performers named CAICEDO calling himself "The Monarch of the Wire."

News reaches us of a novelty in Amateur Theatricals. A distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen is about to produce *The Forty Thieves*, and, to give the rendering an air of realism, each of the forty performers constituting the title *rôle* is to be a real Company Promoter.

A shoemaker of Newport, Monmouth, has died at the age of 103. Had he lived another hundred years he would have reached the enormous age of 203.

Mr. Justice BARGRAVE DEANE has stated that no man ought to strike his wife, and it is rumoured that his Court is to be placarded with notices bearing the words, "I forbid the bangs!"

We are sorry to hear that subscriptions to Institutions for the Deaf showed a falling-off last year, but we think we know the reason. It is beginning to be realised that, in these days of motor-omnibuses, deafness is no longer an unmitigated affliction.

An old gentleman, who was an involuntary participant in some snowballing last week, noticed with regret a distinct improvement in the marksmanship of the youth of the nation.

A foolish old lady who has been reading about the Navy writes to ask us whether it is a fact that Liberty men wear art serges.

And an even more ignorant correspondent asks whether the Sud express from Paris to Lisbon has any connection with the Soap Trust.

The Seats of the Mighty.

"The Council then sat as a committee on the jubilee footpath from Kippford to Rockcliffe."—*Local Paper.*

A PLEASANT interlude in the day's business.



Farmer. "What's that thing stuck up on the side?"
Ostler. "That's a spare cover, in case one of the wheels goes wrong."
Farmer. "'Um — well, I've a-druv 'osses for nigh on fifty year, an' I never carried a spare leg for one of 'em yet!"

THE FULL MAN.

["The average Englishman . . . . fills his mind with a lumber of cricket averages and personalities and football results, and by the time he has found what his favourite athlete eats, drinks, wears, and is nick-named, any greater effort of mind has become distasteful to him."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*]

In vain my coffee-cup appeals
  With swiftly cooling dregs;
The bacon on my plate congeals
  Among the icy eggs;
The toast grows tough; my soul disdains
The devilled kidneys' cold remains,
So greedily do I peruse
The thrilling tale of football news.

I long to know precisely who
  Will take the field to-day,
And what the Springboks mean to do
  About to-morrow's play;
If Smith is better, whether Jones
Has really broken any bones,
And how Jim Jackson cracked his skull
When playing centre-back for Hull.

And then, perchance, a par I sight
  With half-a-dozen yarns
That throw an unexpected light
  On Billy Brown of Barnes.
I learn when he is training hard
His staple food is bread and lard,
And how he rises with the lark
To take a run in Richmond Park.

I know his measure round the chest,
  His height, his weight I know,
And when he wears a woolly vest,
  And when a calico;
The kind of boots that he prefers,
And why he didn't join the 'Spurs,
And how it was he failed to score
At Tufnell Park in 1904.

I know the story of his rise,
  How many times he's played,
How many goals, how many tries,
  How many fouls he's made.
A score of pictures deck my wall—
Bill Brown the subject of them all—
Some are plain photographs of Bill,
And some, though coloured, plainer still.

When news so thrilling and sublime
  My morning paper brings,
How can I squander precious time
  On unimportant things?
Imperial politics may go
With suffragettes to Jericho,
The House of Lords may topple down—
I only read of Billy Brown.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Among the most admired features of the programme were the Spanish dance and the minuet—most gracefully performed on all hands."
Manchester Guardian.

From the First League Results in *The Daily Mail*:—

WOOLWICH A (h)...3 EVERTON ... 12,000
[Satterthwaite, Kyle, Coleman.] [Sharp.]

This appears (quite rightly, we think) under the heading "Prolific Scoring." Mr. Sharp is indeed to be congratulated.

"A West Bridgford gentleman tells an amusing story of an incident which he experienced in the course of a canvass he was making in a certain district. The door of a house was opened to him by the tenant, to whom he explained the object of his visit. 'Yes,' said the man cautiously, in an undertone, 'it's all right; but you see I'm a public official, and I have to be careful.' The real point of the humour lies in the fact of the office the voter held, which I am not at liberty to divulge."—*Nottingham Daily Express.*

One felt all the time that the writer was keeping something back. Somehow, as it stands, the point of the story seems to lack pungency.



HANDS BENEATH THE SEA.

Father Neptune. "LOOK HERE, MADAM. I'VE BEEN YOUR PROTECTOR ALL THESE YEARS, AND NOW I HEAR YOU THINK OF UNDERMINING MY POWER."

Britannia. "WELL, THE FACT IS I WANT TO SEE MORE OF MY FRIENDS OVER THERE, AND I NEVER LOOK MY BEST WHEN I'VE BEEN SEA-SICK."

RE-INSTATING CHRISTMAS.

Broadlands, Yuletide.

Dearest Daphne,—Didn't I *tell* you that, in my new position, with unlimited cash at my back, I meant to bring off some big things? I've begun already, though only two months married. I've Re-instated Christmas, with my *Yuletide Revels* at *Broadlands*. Yes, my dear, thanks to your own Blanche, Christmas will no longer be voted poky and middle class. I got together a lovely crowd, and we put in a simply ripping time. Bosh and Wee-Wee came, of course, and among the mob was that old *dear*, Colonel Jermyn, with his sister, who, though middle-aged and with the remains of considerable ugliness, is a right down good sort, warranted to make things simmer anywhere. Aunt Goldie refused at first, but Norty accepted, so, like a dutiful wife, she decided to follow her husband.

We'd holly and mistletoe everywhere, a great yule log burning in the hall, and all the traditional dishes at dinner, with snapdragon afterwards. Christmas Eve we all hung out our socks and stockings, and went round putting the most absurd things we could think of into them, though Bosh said nothing we could *put in* would be so absurd as what had been *taken out* of *some* of them.

I revived all the old Christmas customs I could think of. The Vicaress here and some of the other local people helped me. The Waits came, and sang carols and things, and we had them in and gave them *wassail*.

Norty criticised them and their singing unmercifully, said their *scales* were wrong, and they were *fraudulent Waits* liable to be indicted under the Act.

I gave them all a *lovely* surprise on Christmas night. The *Mummers* came round (they were the same village creatures as the Waits; the Vicaress and I had drilled them, and I got their dresses from town). They came into the hall and went on just as the Mummers used to go on in the Middle Ages. Norty said they didn't *mum* properly and that one of them was tipsy, which I think was distinctly horrid of him.

Then, when the *Mummers* were gone, we sat round the Yule Log and roasted chestnuts and told stories—fact or fiction—but they had to be original—(as Norty, who was at his very wittiest, said, the chestnuts we were roasting were the only ones allowed). Bosh told rather a risky one, but Miss Jermyn beat him out of sight. Josiah frowned instead of laughing, but nobody notices what he does.

Norty was quite wonderful in finding out old Christmas games for us to play. I'd no idea he was so learned or that people all that time ago had such a good notion of amusing themselves. (Bosh remarked to me that there was nothing to be surprised at in Norty knowing so much of such things, for, by his marriage, he had proved himself quite an *antiquarian*.)

He constituted himself Lord of Misrule, and set us all playing the most absurd old games. He said people used to play them in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Josiah turned glumpy and said he didn't believe they were *ever* played, *then* or at any other time, and Aunt Goldie backed him up. Poor thing, she had tried desperately hard all day to be young and keep pace with us, but she couldn't stay the distance, she was short of gallops from the first, and at last crumpled up entirely and vanished to the upper regions.

Everyone's been so sweet, loading me with congrats on my success in getting Christmas out of the lumber-room. The "Sideglancer," the "Peeress" and "West-End Whispers" have all written to ask for interviews and photos, and they want me to send them articles on "Christmas as an Opportunity for Hostesses," "Christmas Redivivus," and so on. Wee-Wee says that that little Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe will be green and yellow with envy.

It seems a pity, just as I'm enjoying such a blaze of triumph, that Josiah and I should have had our first—no, not *quarrel*, I never quarrel, it's too much trouble—but he began to complain of certain Christmas customs, the mistletoe and all that, you know.

"Why," I said, "you ought to be *immensely* proud that your wife has brought back Christmas. And you ought to *reverence* all those old Yuletide customs. Don't you know that we get the mistletoe and all its privileges *direct* from the Druids?"

And he actually said the Druids might be *somethinged*, and that, if they set all that nonsense going, they ought to have been ashamed of themselves. And he went on to say, "Such romping and flirting may be pardonable in boys and girls, but *men* ought to have more sense, and *married women* more reserve and dignity. And I tell you plainly, Blanche," he wound up, "that I *expect* those qualities in my wife."

"*Reserve? Dignity?*" I cried. "My *dear* man, where *do* you pick up these weird, old-world expressions? And, if you wanted those qualities in your wife, why on *earth* didn't you look for her in the Middle Classes?" He said no more, and neither can I just now, except that I'm Ever thine, Blanche.

P.S. I'm afraid I see symptoms in Josiah of being rude to Norty—such bad form, you know, in his own house! and so ungrateful too, for it was through Norty he first got a footing in Society—and met *Me!*



First Impressions.

Pres. R-s-v-l-t. "My! if he ain't just a daisy! Most attractive personal'ty, I do declare! Hope I shan't get kind er hitched up in them eyebrow 'rangements!"

Prof Br-ce. "H'm! nice pleasant expression. One who was not a purist in language might almost describe him as a '*peach*.' Development of the teeth suggests tenacity and strength of character. Well, well! we must try to avoid them!"



Urging a Willing Beast.

Brilliant Railway Employé. "Naow then, 'urry up, Sir!"

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

She was silent and thoughtful, and made no pretence at all of following my conversation. I knew that it was not brilliant, but it was, after all, my best; and all honest labour is worthy of some slight reward.

I had given her my views upon the theatres, and she had smiled sympathetically and said, as though agreeing with my remarks, that she had been so sorry when poor Mr. Campbell-Bannerman lost his seat in Manchester.

I left the Drama hurriedly, to touch with a light hand upon the Suffrage for Women, and she said that she had not yet been able to get it from that tiresome library. Then I turned to my reserves, drawing in masterly style upon that unfailing bank the Weather, and at that she did rouse herself from her abstraction.

"Oh! if you cannot do better than the Forecast," she said indignantly, "I shall really have to try myself!"

"If you only would!" I implored her. "It was your strange, unnatural silence that brought me down so low."

"I was thinking," she said. "I suppose men hardly ever think? I was just running over my Good Intentions for the New Year. If you like you may tell me yours."

I stared at her dumbly for a moment. I had no good intentions that I knew of, except one, indeed, for which I had been nerving my courage for the last six weeks. I caught at flippancy as a drowning sailor catches at another.

"There's that bill of my tailor's," I said earnestly. "The fellow has certainly expressed his wishes crudely, but I really think——"

"Please try to be sensible," she said quite severely. "I wasn't joking at all. However, since——"

"Then I will be serious, too," I said with sudden courage. "I want to tell you my one great Good Intention. I want—I want——"

"I think, if you don't mind, I should like to tell you mine," she said, as I gasped and groped for words. "I am going to conquer all my faults, of course."

"It seems a work of supererogation," I murmured very humbly.

"I don't quite know what that means," she answered coldly. "But I suppose it's something sarcastic and unkind. However, no one can do more than their very best. But besides my faults I can't quite make up my mind what to do about Superstitions."

"What is it that you can't decide about?" I asked.

"Why, I can't decide whether to give them up, or to pay more attention to them. There is the question of Touching Wood, for instance."

"I think it is quite a harmless practice," I said indulgently.

"Ah! you sneer at it, of course," she said. "But let me tell you what happened from not doing it. You know Aunt Jane, I think, and you know her poodle Bijou?"

I nodded brightly. Aunt Jane wears black satin with beads upon it, and Bijou has deceptive black paws with perpetual wet black mud upon them.

"Yes," I said. "I know them both. One of these days she'll persuade someone to shake hands with her once too often."

She stared at me for a moment indignantly, then she smiled with a certain restraining gravity.

"You mean Bijou, of course?" she said. "For a moment I thought you were speaking of dear Aunt Jane! But Bijou will never shake hands with anyone any more. She's dead."

I expressed regret by a slight but effective pantomime.

"Yes, she's dead," she continued, "and perhaps she might have been saved. Aunt Jane told me about it herself, and we both cried. One morning a week ago Bijou was frisking around her, so strong and happy, and Aunt Jane said out loud, 'How well and young my darling's looking! She was never better in all her life.' *And she forgot to touch wood!*"

I looked a question.

"Run over by a horrid, horrid motor-car within the week," she answered sadly. "And, as Aunt Jane says, she might have been saved. So, you see, it certainly proves that wood ought to be touched whenever possible. Because it *might* do good, and it is so easy to do. But then there was the case of the salt at dinner the other day. I spilt some, and then threw it over my left shoulder. I acted for the best, and yet a good deal of trouble came of it. How was I to know that Parkins was standing behind me?"

"Well?" I said sympathetically.

"Yes, she went! You know what servants are. She told mother that it might not have been intentional, but she really didn't care to risk it again. And she was such a perfect maid!"

"So what are you to do?" she went on, and her forehead was wrinkled in the most charming fashion. "Neglecting one precaution kills poor Bijou, and taking another almost blinds poor Parkins. What is one to do for the best?"

I think it was those delightful wrinkles that gave me courage.

"I don't know a little bit," I said; "but I will give the matter earnest thought, and I will cling to or discard every superstition in the world as you shall choose, if you will only listen to my own great Good Intention——"

"Well—if I must," she said patiently.

* * * * *

At the end of a satisfactory interview she announced it as her conviction that we should be happy ever afterwards. Then she remembered that she had been boasting and ought to touch wood. So she tapped me on the head.

A YEAR'S REGRETS.



1

If only I had not been lighting up.



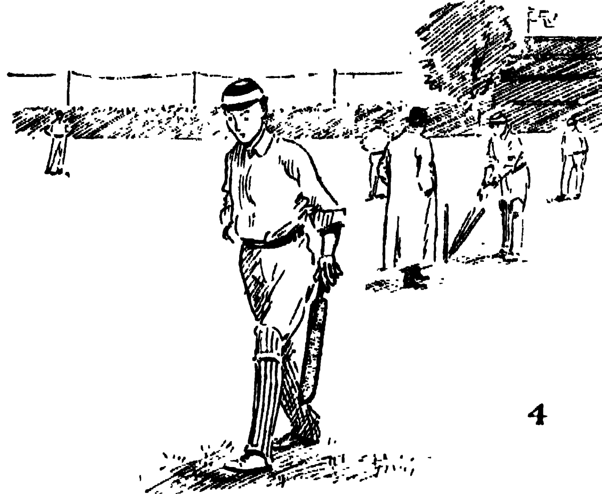
2

If only I had seen the trap.



3

If only the cork had not come out of the bottle.



4

If only I had played forward instead of back.



5

If only I had kicked, and not headed, the ball.



6

If only I had kept my eye on the ball instead of the girl.



7

If only I had hung on to the punt instead of the pole.



8

If only I had kissed before the canon.

THE CAROL ACADEMY.

The Daily Express of December 20 states that it has discovered a school for the training of young carol-cadgers, presided over by an expert ex-beggar and especially flourishing about Christmas time. We are fortunate in obtaining a rough-drafted prospectus of the same:

Professor FAGIN, Jun. (of distinguished educational ancestry) begs to inform the Unemployed and Light-fingered Gentry of the Metropolis and Suburbs that he has returned to town from a lengthy walking tour in the Provinces, and is now prepared to resume his winter course of Lectures.

The subjects of instruction include:

- Variations on three well-known Hymn-tunes, or, How to sing in several keys at once.
- The delivery of the corresponding verses with a due disregard of their sense.
- The Art of Repetition, or Boring for Coppers.
- Carolling into Key-holes, with Hints on being Kick-proof.
- Some Useful Repartees, on being sent empty away.
- The Musical Treatment of Arias, including Area-sneaking.
- Lugubriousness as an Aid to Money-making.
- The Borrowed Baby, and where to Pinch it within earshot of the Philanthropic.
- How to avoid being Pinched (by the Police).
- The Whole Theory of being a Public Nuisance.

Professor FAGIN receives pupils of any age from three years upwards, exhibitions being granted to Infants in arms. The third and fourth cadgers of a family pay half-fees, which in ordinary cases are the price of a pot of beer per hymn-tune, and 50 per cent. extra with words. All fees are strictly payable in advance.

Applications for admission to the Academy may be made at any time to the Principal by Parents or Guardians, there being no irksome restrictions as to Health Certificates or Character. The sole qualification is the possession of a pair of lungs. The duration of the holidays is somewhat irregular, and depends on the length of the terms served elsewhere by the Professor.

The Carol-Cadgers' Academy is distinctly undenominational and non-provided. No difficulties occur with respect to the existing Education Act, as the Principal discourages visits from Inspectors. Pupils are cautioned against communicating his address to the Police.

THE STATESMAN AS INVENTOR.

THE "Balfour seat-stick," devised by the late PRIME MINISTER and Mr. J. L. WANKLYN, and fully described in *The Times* of December 22, is not the only instance of mechanical inventiveness displayed by highly-placed politicians. In the course of a recent tour of the West-End shops, *Mr. Punch's* representative ascertained that quite a number of useful implements have been patented by eminent statesmen and placed on the market.

The "Rosebery Spade-Slate," which ingeniously combines these two useful articles, will no doubt prove an incalculable boon to those who unite a taste for agricultural labour with a partiality for drawing or mathematics.

The "Keir-Hardie Campbell-Goad," which has been constructed from designs supplied by the leader of the Labour Party, is a weapon of the thrusting order, armed with an extraordinarily sharp point, and when suddenly dug into the flank or the hump of a recalcitrant leader produces the desired result with quite astonishing rapidity.

Wide popularity is also anticipated for the "Burns' Porter's Knot," a portable contrivance which enables a person of ordinary physique to hoist any article, from a coal-scuttle to a grand piano, on to his back and carry it without fatigue for several miles.

The "Lloyd-George Peer-Persuader," which the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE has designed with the assistance of Dr. CLIFFORD, is a remarkably neat and tasteful combination of a conductor's bâton and a life-preserver, the leaden knob being removable when the instrument is required for beating time during the performance of anthems, hymns, &c.

The "Winston Auto-Cornet" is a charming little toy, which threatens to run the gramophone hard in popularity, as it enables anyone, no matter how undistinguished or incapable, to blow his own trumpet without the slightest effort. None are genuine without the signature of the UNDER SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES stamped on the mouthpiece.



"WHO'S WHO" IN THE WEST.

Young Jarge. "OI DU 'EAR TELL AS THEY'VE MADE THE COLONEL A 'M.V.O.' NOW WHET DU THET MEAN?"

Old Joe. "WOY, WHEER WAS 'EE BROUGHT UP? 'MAISTER O' VOX-'OUNDS,' TO BE SURE!"

"THE REV. G. RENDELO (Charterhouse) expressed opposite views. He had been familiar with both forms of pronunciation, and he thought that the agitation for reform in the school teaching of Latin proceeded from academic considerations. Dr. GLW also declared himself to be adverse to the motion."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

IF Signor RENDELO would kindly pronounce Dr. GLW's name in any language the other question would settle itself.

TO THE PRINCIPAL OF THE MAK-FIT SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

SIR,—Please stop my BILL from having Physical Torture. Our house is badly built and BILL fixes his develeper in a fresh place every week.

SIR,—After three months at your School of Physical Culture, the Magistrate gave me three months—one for each policeman.

FROM A LIFE ASSURANCE PUFF:—"Thus when we consider the ENORMOUS advantages resulting from Life Assurance to those who die soon . . . it becomes abundantly plain," &c.

A CHRISTMAS COLD.

THE moment I heard HARRY'S key in the door I was conscious of a presentiment of evil; then he sneezed, and a sinister shadow like a pall settled over our home. He had come home with a cold, and it was Christmas Eve. Under ordinary conditions HARRY is light-hearted and lovable, but only his nearest and dearest, that's me, can testify how a common cold changes his character, and really, if he had caught one during our fiancéehood, I doubt if I should have married him.

Omitting his usual greeting as he entered the room, he strode to the fire, and sweeping aside the Christmas cards I had arranged on the mantelpiece to gladden his eye, demanded with a fierce glare "If we were short of coals, or what?" I did not mention by name the disaster that had befallen us, but heaped coals on the fire and tenderly suggested ammoniated quinine. He shook his head. "It must take its course," he replied darkly. My heart sank; I knew that course so well.

"Then I'd better wire to say we can't go to-morrow," I said. We were going to a Christmas family party.

"*You* can go," he replied. "Of course I shan't."

"Then of course *I* shan't," I said; "but the servants are all going out."

"Let them go," he replied. "We shan't want them. You'd better keep ELIZA in."

"There's nothing much to eat in the house," I said dubiously.

"We shan't want anything," he said. "You don't suppose I can eat with this cold?"

"Well—er—perhaps ELIZA can," I suggested meekly.

"She'd better get a turkey and a brace of pheasants for herself, then," he remarked with bitter irony, and feeling rather put out myself I gave ELIZA some money and told her to get something extra, just what she liked. Taking me at my word, she purchased three boxes of crackers and a cake.

For the rest of the evening HARRY sat silently brooding over the fire, and sniffing at regular intervals of twenty seconds; twice he sneezed in a strangled manner that brought relief to neither of us, and three times he swore at the servants because they opened the door when they came into the room. At dinner he burst into conversation—

"What's this?" he asked wearily, glowering at his plate.

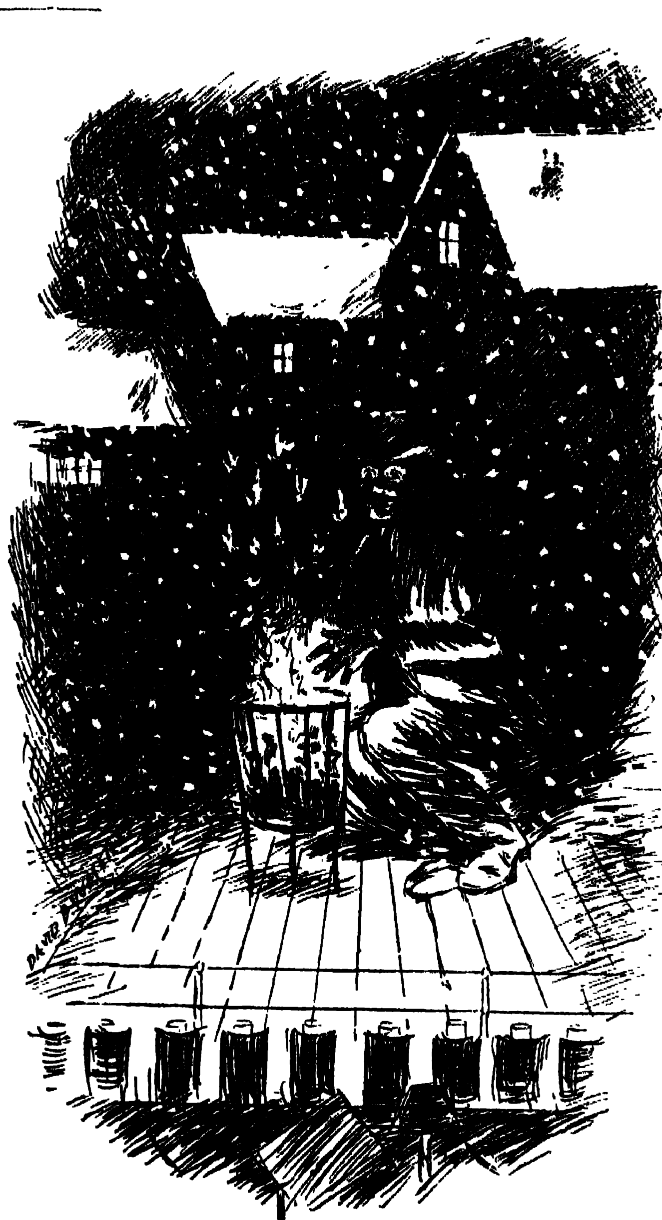
"Cod," I replied.

"It tastes like sodden wood," he said; "take it away." But that was when he had eaten the greater part of it, and in spite of laying down his knife and fork occasionally to take a deep breath he really made quite a good meal. Afterwards he retired for a hot bath and to sleep between blankets, and I sent out half-a-crown to the Waits to ask them to go away, as there was sickness in the house.

On Christmas morning he came down to breakfast in his overcoat, remarking grimly "About the same," in answer to tentative enquiries, and "Much obliged, I'll look at them later," when I presented my Christmas gifts. His cold had apparently reached the second stage, for he spent the morning savagely blowing his nose, and heaving such heart-tearing sighs that I was obliged to go down to the kitchen and pull a few crackers with ELIZA to keep my spirits up.

After lunch, when I shared the menu of beef-tea and gruel, to save trouble, the third phase made its appearance; he no longer sat by the fire, but strode up and down the room, sounding his chest with his fist, and making raucous noises in his throat. But after tea he subsided again in his chair, and sat with his eyes closed and the tips of his right-hand fingers on the pulse of his left wrist, while I read "God's Good Man," and tried to forget it was Christmas night. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and seizing the Stores price list began studying its contents. This was a new and welcome phase —I hoped it meant a renewed interest in life, and also that he had suddenly remembered he had not bought me a Christmas present. Rising quietly, I peeped over his shoulder; he closed the book hastily, but not before I had seen, with a horrid pang, that it was open at the illustrated price list of monumental headstones, and I hurried downstairs again to pull a few more crackers, but found ELIZA had a friend in the kitchen, so wandered back again.

At dinner he refused all the invalid dishes, though ELIZA had thoughtfully trimmed them with holly, but helped himself bountifully to macaroni cheese. An hour later, in a gentle submissive voice that brought the tears to my eyes, he asked for a kettle of boiling water, a large soda-water glass and a lemon. With these he mixed himself a huge quantum of hot rum; and in the bilious attack that followed I am thankful to say the cold was forgotten.



DURING THE GREAT SNOW-STORM SCENE.

The Wanderer (*sotto voce*). "IF THESE SNOWFLAKES KEEP ON CATCHING ALIGHT, WE SHALL HAVE THE BALLY SHOW ON FIRE!"

"I may perhaps venture to point out that JAMES THE SEVENTH of Scotland and SECOND of England was not the great grandson of Queen MARY, but her great grand nephew, brother of her great grandson CHARLES THE SECOND."—"A Scottish Baronet" in *Modern Society*.

Answer to "Scottish Baronet."—Your uprights were correct, but one of the lights was missing. Try again next week.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Modern Way, by Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is a collection of comfortable little tales in sketchy outline which reflect a sufficient knowledge and observation of life without overmuch analysis. They are told at breakneck speed, and it is all over every time before you can get your second wind. They remind me, too, of a box of assorted sweets where each destroys the taste of the one before, and it doesn't matter because the next is just as good and is going to do just the same. If distinction is possible, the Comedies are best, and "Freddie's Engagement" perhaps the best of these; but the Tragedies are also good, when they are not too obvious, and when they give Mrs. CLIFFORD a chance for her pleasant gift of cynical humour, as in "Edward Brunson's Return." One feature of the book is its needlessly precise topography; another is its extension of the age of romance into the thirties and forties; a third is the rapidity with which forlorn lovers console themselves. Whenever they do so, it is always done within twenty-four hours. I am glad to think that this is "The Modern Way," though I doubt if the title is otherwise always applicable. Certainly the book tells you nothing about bridge or motors, and still less about balloons and aeroplanes; it looks as if, after all, the "way of a man with a maid" can still dispense with these properties.

Mr. BRADBY acknowledges his indebtedness to SAINT-SIMON, prince among diarists, for the materials from which he paints his picture of *The Great Days of Versailles* (SMITH, ELDER). He does not confine himself to that source, drawing upon other, happily abundant, memoirs of the time. The result is a full, picturesque, personal record of life and doings which, if they did not belong to undisputed history, might be suspected as the work of SWIFT in his most malevolent mood. For seventy-two years LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH not only reigned in France but ruled. It is almost impossible for men in these days to realise the completeness of his autocracy. We find some travesty of it in the vagaries of the German EMPEROR. But he is restrained to a certain extent by public opinion and the criticisms of the Press. The commonplace, curiously ignorant person, abjectly hailed as LE GRAND MONARQUE, was free from such bonds. He was absolute master, not only of the destinies of France, but of the hourly actions of the Court that surrounded him. From the time he rose in the morning till he went to bed, attended at every step by ordered ceremonial, he was the object of an adulation sickening to read about. Mr. BRADBY makes the best of him, pleading in extenuation of his failings the lack of education in his youth, deliberately ordered by MAZARIN, who shrewdly thought it would not suit his purpose if his young charge, coming to the throne, knew too much. At best he was a poor, stuffed, strutting thing, selfish, cruel, openly outraging morality, till with advancing years he was frightened into the arms of the priests. Through his long reign the faggots of the furnace of Revolution were stored and laid. It seems a lack of poetical justice that he was not lapped up in the flame and fury of the long-suffering people's wrath when it burst forth. It is a mean story, but it is a page of history, and Mr. BRADBY illuminates it with many graphic touches conveyed from the writing of men and women who took part in the squalid drama.



"THESE WHO, REPLYING NOT, SUBMIT
UNTO THE CURSES OF THE PIT."
Kipling, "Nicholson's Almanack of Sports."

Mr. JACK LONDON'S book, *Moon-Face* (HEINEMANN), a collection of quite remarkably good short stories, which takes its title from the first of them, is, in a manner of speaking, a library in itself, and an intelligent knack of prophecy enables me to overhear the public librarians of the near future delivering some such scraps of conversation as the following: "KIPLING, madam? Something typical? Here's the very thing. *Moon-Face*, page 27—'Local Colour,' a short story full of recondite, yet interesting, technicalities." Or, "H. G. WELLS, Sir? The scientific line—plausible impossibilities? Certainly. *Moon-Face*, page 117—'The Shadow and the Flash,' a yarn about two invisible men who kill each other." And so on, and so on. There are several other styles represented. For instance, the story "Moon-Face" might at a pinch pass for EDGAR ALLEN POE. And one at least—"All Gold Canyon"—is not at all unlike JACK LONDON. But I leave the development of the scheme to the ingenuity of the librarians (who are at liberty, if they like, to make use of my monologues). The fact is that the author, influenced, doubtless, by the trend of popular taste, has unconsciously happened upon a number of distinct veins, and he has worked each of them as well as if they were his own familiar Northern Wild. I venture to commend him to magazine editors who are anxious to reduce their lists of contributors.

Mr. Punch's Military Expert tells him that Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S *The Army in 1906* (MURRAY) is primarily the record of an honest attempt by one of the best abused War Ministers of our times to deal with the problem of Army Reform which, like the poor, is as much with us as ever. That Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S proposals were misunderstood is clear from this book, which must be regarded as a plain and straightforward explanation, rather than a defence, of his 1904 scheme. It will be welcomed by all who have had only the inaccurate deductions of Parliament and the Press on which to base their opinions. The House of Commons, as a whole, has been too apt to place economy above efficiency; to accept the formula 2 - 1 + 2 = 5 without demur (see p. 191), and, to welcome any soap-trust substitution of fifteen ounces for one pound so long as there is an effective catch phrase on the wrapper.

Advocates of compulsory service will find the arguments against their theory set out here in a reasoned and forcible style. They are based upon a consideration of the country's needs rather than of the cry that "the nation will have none of it"; and they insist that value for money should be the test of any scheme proposed. It was a happy idea of Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S to state his case to the public before the promised Army Scheme of the present Secretary of War had been revealed to us, and we may expect, and Mr. HALDANE will doubtless welcome, a broader and more searching criticism of that scheme than would have been possible before the publication of this book.



OUR SLATE-CLUB DINNER.

Chairman. "I'M SURE WE BE ALL VERY SORRY OUR SECRETARY IS NOT HERE TO-NIGHT. I CANNOT SAY WE MISS 'IS VACANT CHAIR, BUT I DO SAY WE MISS 'IS VACANT FACE."

IN COMMITTEE.

[The minutes of a debate held this morning, as usual, in the bed of a young gentleman of the name of BROWN, at the hour of 7.30 A.M. Mr. BROWN, being the only person present, constitutes, for the purpose of the following, "the House."]

As soon as the House was sufficiently awake to consider any serious business, Mr. BROWN, without producing any reason, argument, or adequate excuse, proposed the following motion: "That this House do not get up *just* yet."

The motion was seconded, with some shame, by Mr. BROWN.

A silence of pained surprise followed this proposal, and after some delay Mr. BROWN begged leave to oppose the motion. In an earnest and closely reasoned speech he exhorted the House to ignore this vile suggestion, the motive of which could be, and was, nothing else than a cowardly fear of the impending cold bath. The House must not let itself be deterred on so frivolous a pretext, not let itself be frightened by the prospect of that which, if it only knew it, was its chief delight. Rather let it turn its attention to its breakfast: hot coffee *ad libitum* and hotter porridge (*inter alia*) if it got up now; if it delayed, then cold everything and less than little of that. Supposing the hungry brothers of the House once got a start, how much breakfast would *they* leave? What steps would *they* take to keep hot what they did leave? He then called the attention of the House to the state of the clock. The hands, be it observed, were pointing to 7.45 A.M., and that was, if anything, slow. Had not the House *sworn* last night to get up at seven o'clock prompt? Was not the House *bound* to be at the office at nine o'clock? The thing would be done with ease if the House would only get up now. Otherwise the House would have to run for a mile and a half up-hill, and probably be late even then. Then again, was the House prepared to sacrifice the greatest pleasure of the day to an object utterly unworthy? Was the House, in fact, prepared to give up its after-breakfast pipe? Finally, let the House remember that

"Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Was the House ready to abandon its health, its wealth and its wisdom? Could the House contemplate with equanimity the possibility of becoming a permanent invalid, pauper, and lunatic? He left the matter at that, confident that in the face of all the considerations that had been urged the House would not remain in bed a minute longer.

Mr. BROWN, after a pause, seconded the opposition to the motion with verbose enthusiasm.

A few moments elapsed before Mr. BROWN ventured to answer in defence of his motion. At length he submitted with diffidence that the Opposition only desired to conquer one weakness now in order to yield itself more thoroughly to another (and less innocent one) later. The ideal of the Opposition was an expansive breakfast. Of course, if the House liked dyspepsia——!

On a division the House unanimously rejected the motion and decided to get up, if not at once, at any rate in a very few moments.

The House rose at 8.40.

LITERARY NEWS.—In view of the recent purchase of *The Outlook* by Lord IVEAGH (*né* GUINNESS) we understand that the title of our contemporary is to be changed to *The Stoutlook.*

THE GREAT TUNNEL QUESTION.

Horrible results anticipated.
May entail the need of an actual army.
Threatened appeal to the manhood of England.

["We see that *The Times* to-day, in a leading article on the Channel Tunnel, says: 'Nothing short of universal military service on the Continental model can justify us in weakening by an added risk the ocean barrier which alone has enabled us to neglect military preparation on a Continental scale.'

"We confess that if we believed this it would convert us into whole-hearted hostility to the tunnel project. As it is, it shows clearly enough what the real danger of the tunnel would be . . . that it would be used as an argument for insisting upon conscription on a Continental scale."—*Editorial Note in "The Westminster Gazette."*]

It was a District passenger that sat
Rocked like a babe within its mobile bed,
And passing me his journal pointed at
The above remarks and said:

"Some talk of sentiment that keeps us great –
An island-race whose realm is on the sea;
'Island' be blowed! a smart and up-to-date
Peninsula for *me!*

"'Our sires were Vikings? Full of virile grog
They laughed,' you say, 'to ride the Channel's swell'?
That may be so; but as for *this* sea-dog—
It makes him most unwell.

"That's why I want a tube arranged below,
To let my stomach, comfortably packed,
Achieve the Channel half an hour or so
Sooner and still intact.

"'Romance of Nature's bulwarks?' Rot, I say!
If I can spare myself one bilious pang,
I'll give you DRAKE and Co.; they've had their day;
Let the whole crowd go hang!

"But if this placid transit should imply
A manhood-army as the only sure
Means to avert invasion entering by
The tunnel's aperture,

"Then I'm against the project, teeth and claws;
For, though the Channel turns me vilely ill,
To have to help at need my country's cause
Would turn me sicker still."

O. S.

LIFE'S LITTLE DISCUSSIONS.

THE DINNER-PARTY.

SCENE—*Breakfast at the Fordyces.*

MR. FORDYCE, MRS. FORDYCE, MISS FORDYCE, MISS MABEL FORDYCE and MR. JOHN FORDYCE.

Mrs. Fordyce. Don't you think, dear, we ought to give a dinner-party soon?

Mr. Fordyce. No. Why?

Mrs. Fordyce. Well, we've dined out a good deal lately, and we must do something in return.

Mr. Fordyce. Can't you ask the wives to lunch when I'm not here?

Mrs. Fordyce. But they want to see you. It's just you they want to see.

Mr. Fordyce. Which of them?

Mrs. Fordyce. Well, Mrs. CULVERWELL.

Mr. Fordyce. Oh, does she? Well, I don't want to see her.

Mrs. Fordyce. I'm sure you were most agreeable to her at the BILLBYS' last week. You were laughing all the time. I watched you.

Miss Fordyce. Well, one must be polite.

Mr. John Fordyce (dubiously). Yes.

Mr. Fordyce. Look here, JACK, you mind your own business. You'll miss your train if you're not quick.

Mrs. Fordyce. Would the 14th suit you?

Mr. Fordyce. What for?

Mrs. Fordyce. The dinner-party, dear.

Mr. Fordyce. Oh, this wretched dinner-party! I thought it was dismissed. No, I'm sure the 14th won't suit me.

Mrs. Fordyce. Have you got an engagement for that day?

Mr. Fordyce. I think so. I'll look. Why shouldn't we go to the theatre that night?

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Oh, yes, do let's.

Miss Fordyce. Surely we have been to enough plays lately. Mother is quite right. It is more than time we gave another dinner-party. We haven't had any one here since November. Besides, the BINSTEADS will be in town then. I heard from NELLY yesterday.

Mr. Fordyce. The BINSTEADS! My ——

Miss Fordyce. Father, hush. MABEL, how silly you are, laughing like that.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Well, father's quite right, they are the most awful stodgers. You know they are.

Miss Fordyce. They've always been very nice to us.

Mrs. Fordyce. There aren't kinder people in the world than the BINSTEADS.

Mr. Fordyce. All bores are kind.

Mr. John Fordyce. Well, I'm off. Goodbye all. Give me fair notice, won't you, mother, of the day the BINSTEADS are coming.

Mrs. Fordyce. Yes, dear, of course I will, and then you are sure to be free.

Mr. John Fordyce. Yes, mother, I'll make a point of being free.

Mrs. Fordyce. That's a good boy. My dear MABEL, what are you laughing at? You're always laughing.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. At any rate, mother, if you must have the BINSTEADS, do, please, invite Mr. DETTMAR too, to make up for them a little.

Mrs. Fordyce. But he's so very noisy.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Well, he is amusing, anyhow, and he makes things go.

Mr. Fordyce (from his paper). By Jove, here's a rum thing. They've just performed an operation on a house-agent at Felixstowe, and what do you think they found inside him?

Mrs. Fordyce. GEORGE, dear, don't . . .

Miss Fordyce. Oh, father, please spare us these morbid details.

Mr. Fordyce. All right, all right.

Mrs. Fordyce. GWENDOLEN, dear, just make a list of some people to ask. There's the three BINSTEADS and Mr. DETTMAR. I suppose we must have Mr. DETTMAR, if MABEL is so set on him. Then there is Aunt FLORA.

Mr. Fordyce. If your Aunt FLORA comes, nothing will get me home till midnight.

Mrs. Fordyce. But, my dear . . .

Mr. Fordyce. No, I say it positively. We've done enough for your Aunt FLORA for at least a year. Didn't she have Christmas presents from all of you?

Mrs. Fordyce. But she's so lonely, poor thing!

Mr. Fordyce. Well, so am I.

Miss Fordyce. Oh, father!

Mr. Fordyce. Yes, I am; I'm very lonely, and I hate being asked out to dinner. You don't know your Aunt FLORA. She feels just as I do. If you want to ask anyone, ask Mrs. ADAM. She's a clever woman.

Miss Fordyce. I'm afraid that father's idea of a clever woman is a coarse woman.

Mr. Fordyce. I've never noticed her coarseness. She's a sensible, amusing person, and that's more than you can say of half the women who come here.

Mrs. Fordyce. But we must ask some of the people we have dined with—the BILLBYS, the CARTERETS, the PIGGS. We

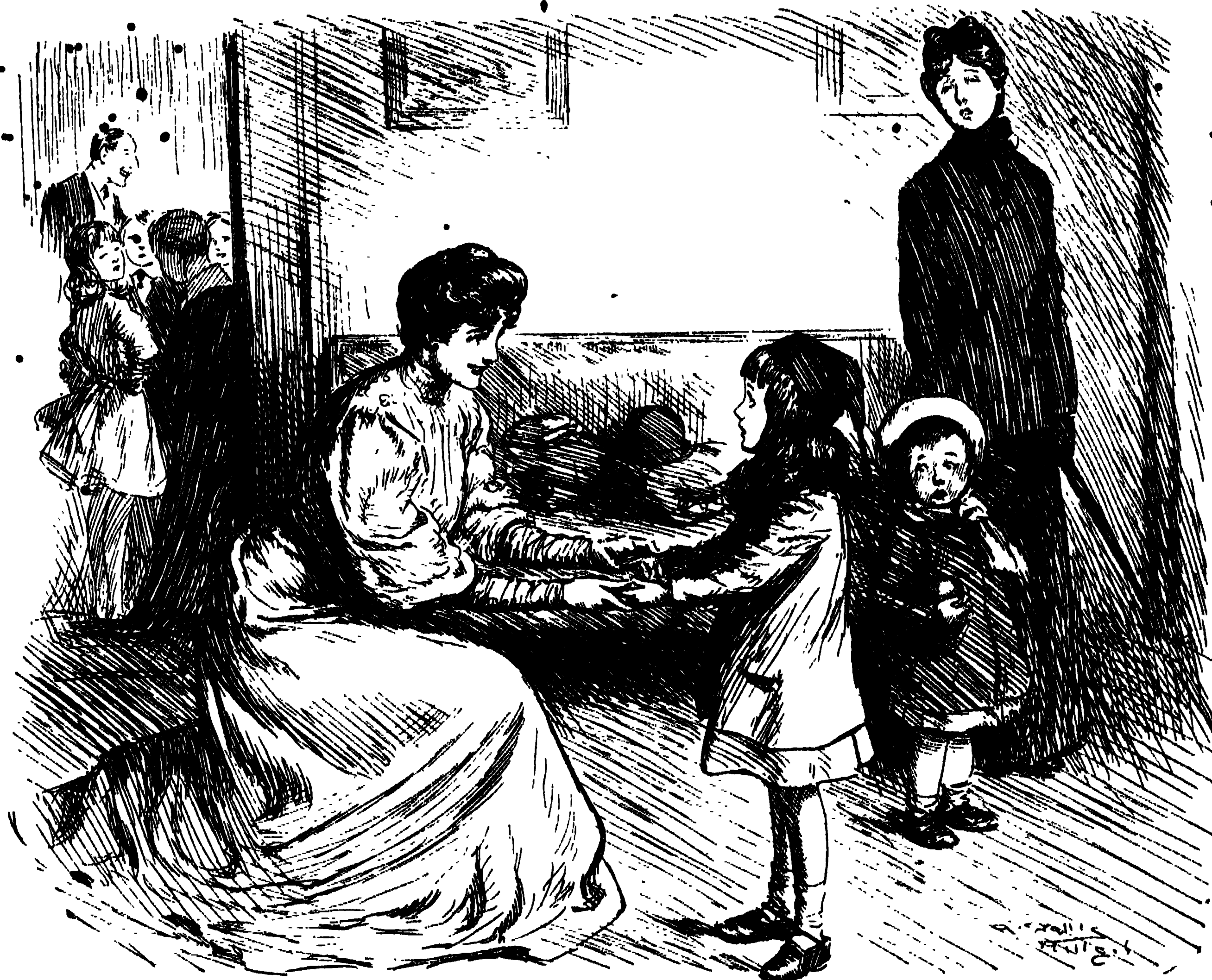


SQUARING ACCOUNTS.

(*A Farce in Two Acts of Parliament.*)

Cook (*who has been reading the new Prevention of Corruption Act*). "WELL, I NEVER, MR. BINNS! NO MORE LITTLE PRESENTS FROM THE BUTCHER! 'OW AM I TO LIVE?"

Butler (*who has been reading the new Workmen's Compensation Act*). "IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU'LL JUST FALL HACCIDENTAL HOVER THE COAL-SCUTTLE, AND GET IT BACK OUT OF THE MASTER!"



Hostess. "Goodbye, darling. So sorry Nurse has come for you. I hope you and Monty have enjoyed yourselves?"
Darling. "Thank you. Mother says we've enjoyed ourselves very much!"

haven't room for Mrs. Adam if they are to come, and if they are not to come we may as well have only the Binsteads and Mr. Dettmar.

Mr. Fordyce. Well, I give it as my last word that unless Mrs. Adam comes I don't.

Miss Fordyce. But she will put out the party. There is no man for her.

Mr. Fordyce. I'll take her in.

Miss Fordyce. You can't. You must take in Mrs. Billby.

Mr. Fordyce. Well, I can have her on the other side. I don't often interfere, but in this case I am adamant.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Oh, father, how clever!

Mrs. Fordyce. What's clever?

Miss Mabel Fordyce. To say adamant about Mrs. Adam.

Mr. Fordyce. I wondered if any of you would see it. If you want a partner for Mrs. Adam get Joe Surtees.

Miss Fordyce. Father! How can you? After that dreadful story!

Mr. Fordyce. Well, it was probably not true. He's a very unhappy, lonely man, and you would be doing a kind thing to ask him. Very good company, too, when he likes. It's a pleasure to have some one to go down to the cellar for. There's no fun in teetotallers and Haigites like your Billbys and Carterets. You may sneer at Joe as much as you like, but I've said my last word. [*Exit to City.*

FIFTY YEARS ON.

"When you have turned a hundred and I am fifty-five"—
So spoke without a warning the plumpest girl alive—
"I wonder, oh I wonder how both of us will be,
With Helen fifty-seven and baby fifty-three."

The sum was done precisely; each item was correct;
The grisly shade of Cocker had nothing to object;
And yet I could not praise her, or sanction a display
Which tossed about the fifties in this collected way.

But still the maiden pressed me, and so I made reply,
"I'll tell you what I think, dear, about your by-and-by;
Your figure will be ampler, and, like a buzzing hive,
Your boys and girls will tease you when you are fifty-five.

"Your hair will not be brown, dear; you'll wear a decent cap;
Maybe you'll have a grandchild a-crowing on your lap;
And through the winter evenings the easiest of chairs
Will give you greater comfort than romping on the stairs.

"And sometimes too, I fancy, when all the world is snow,
You'll smile as you remember the days of long ago;
And every now and then, dear, you'll spare a thought for me,
When Helen's fifty-seven and baby's fifty-three."

R. C. L.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Races and Diet of London.

As French impressionist artists have already learned to realise, there is no end to the beauties of London, architectural, atmospheric and climatic. Thanks to the enterprise and energy of our Borough Councils in dealing with the snow, we have recently witnessed the emergence, in some of our most crowded thoroughfares, of Great Salt Lakes so remarkable, alike for their area and depth, that Mormon tourists have been affected to tears by thus unexpectedly realising the delights of "home from home." It is the proud privilege of London and its suburbs to cater for all tastes and all nationalities. Swiss waiters have of late been seen tobogganing on tea-trays down the frozen slope of Campden-Hill Square. Albanians may be seen at almost any time, clad in the picturesque fustanella of their country, issuing from the portals of the Albany. The Druses, on arriving in London, invariably congregate in Portland Place; American authors are drawn by an irresistible attraction to the premises of HOWELLS AND JAMES; and the Solomon Islanders, as Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON has pointed out in one of his masterly studies of metropolitan anthropology, find a happy hunting ground in the squares and gardens of Bayswater.

The infinite variety of London is reflected not only in its inhabitants but in its diet. That there are cannibal restaurants in our midst we can neither affirm nor deny, but Mr. G. R. SIMS clearly inclines to the sinister view. As Sir GILBERT PARKER says in one of his most inspired passages:—

"What can they know of London who only Mayfair know?"

At any rate, since the introduction of the motor-bus, hippophagy has gone up by leaps and bounds, and the fact that even Dr. HAIG strongly recommends cob-nuts is a remarkable proof of the growing deference paid to this regimen. Opium dens and haschish bars are common in the East End, but it is not safe for a country cousin to venture into them without the invaluable escort of Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN.

A notable and characteristic feature of the age is the hold which the cult of the Simple Life has taken on the upper strata of London Society. Hereditary peers nowadays seldom indulge in a meat meal, and the famous sixpenny lunch at the Saveloy Restaurant is much patronised by millionaires, retired admirals, and other members of *The Times* Book Club. In the City it is the rarest thing to find a great merchant taking any solid refreshment in the middle of the day. Sir FELIX SCHUSTER habitually lunches off a parched pea and a glass of hot water; the Directors of the Bank of England seldom eat between meals; and the sole form of sustenance permitted in Lombard Street is China tea or oranges. A member of the Stock Exchange was recently hammered for drinking ginger beer during a week-end golfing visit to Sandwich. The old-fashioned City Dinner with half-a-dozen meat courses is a thing of the past, and the great Companies now habitually give their banquets at vegetarian restaurants, where turtle soup is replaced by a leguminous substitute in which the green fat is ingeniously represented by tabloids of petrified broad beans prepared according to a receipt of the Fabian Society.

But while adult Londoners are increasingly bent on simplifying their lives and reducing their carnivoracity the eternal compensation of nature is shown in a corresponding trend towards luxury on the part of the ingenuous youth. The number of tiny titled tots who may be seen at supper after the theatre at the Tarlton or Tit-Bitz's is quite remarkable, and has already been made the subject of a scathing question in the House from Mr. WILL CROOKS, M.P. In his reply, however, Mr. JOHN BURNS very sensibly pointed out that the earlier our gilded youth indulged in these gastronomic extravagances the sooner was it likely that a revulsion in favour of frugality would set in.

As a result, no doubt, of the *entente cordiale*, the practice of taking meals *al fresco* is largely on the increase. The automatic restaurant in the Embankment Gardens is crowded in all weathers, and it is the commonest thing to see busy barristers, who have slipped out of the Temple for a breath of air, lunching off a banana and a crust of bread by the river's marge, feeding the gulls, cheering the arrival of distinguished foreigners by the L.C.C. steamboats, or discussing the latest epigram of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE. Often we have seen the eyes of dear old K.C.'s grow misty with enthusiasm in calling to their remembrance some choice phrase of this superlative and mirific penman. It seemed to us, listening to them, that they uttered the chief and supreme and most splendid memory of their lives. Famous politicians and lovely women also grace the Embankment, and a ride in one of the new electric tramcars is the *dernier cri* in the smartest set in Mayfair. Only the other day we saw the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Sir OLIVER LODGE, Mr. C. B. FRY, and Mr. and Mrs. ZANCIG, all sitting on the top of the same car, and discussing the Education Bill with the utmost urbanity.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

A LIVERY COMPANY DINES AT A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT. A REALLY "MOCK" TURTLE SOUP IS SERVED.

WE have it on good authority that Mr. BRYCE is to be offered any peerage he likes. He will of course naturally elect to become a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

IN reference to the Municipal Reform candidature of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, the London Correspondent of *The South Wales Daily News* says:

"It is on the cry mainly of reduced rats that Mr. ALEXANDER is standing."

Let us hope that we shall live to see Mr. ALEXANDER as *Hamlet*, "reducing rats" behind the arras.

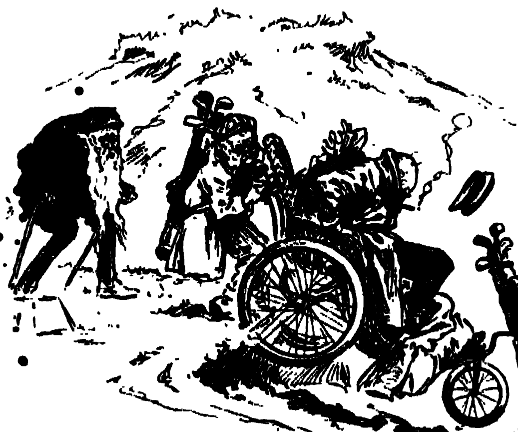
"And This?"

THE following communication in the new ZANCIG code occurs in *The Scotsman*.

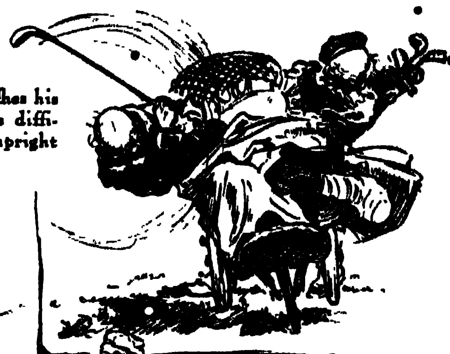
"Swede Turnips to Let; to be eaten on the ground with sheep. Apply, JAMES HOGG."

ANOTHER VETERAN FOURSOME.

The combined ages of Players and Caddies (their sons) total 867 years.



The Foursome setting out from the first tee.



The General over-reaches his drive. His son has some difficulty in preserving an upright carriage.

The Quarry provides trouble for the General.





The Rear-Admiral holes out into one of the Doctor's big prints.





The Bishop caught playing a slim game.

Return home. Late.

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

PASSING the band for the third time I took rather a nasty side slip.

"Wait a moment," said my partner; and she stooped and did something with her skirt. By-and-by she came up again with about nine dress lengths of nun's veiling, as I judged it, in her hand.

"Did I really do all that?" I said, with a kind of mournful pride. "It seems a lot. The going is a bit bad this end, you know."

"Doesn't matter a bit," she said brightly. (I had her down, as "G. E." in my programme which stood for "Glorious Eyes." They really were.) "In fact I'm rather glad for one reason."

"I am always at your service," I said. "Particularly on a floor like this."

"Because," she went on, "people who don't dance frightfully well are always so sensible in other ways. That is meant as a compliment," she added.

"For the moment I thought it wasn't," I confessed.

"And, as I'm sure you're sensible, I want your advice. Let's sit down and talk somewhere."

"Right," said I. "We'll have an ice, and I'll tell you what I think of the Channel Tunnel."

We got into a shady corner, and had some refreshment.

"It was rather funny your mentioning the Channel Tunnel," said G. E., "because that was one of the things I wanted to ask you about."

"I am full of facts," I said. "Sixteen million pounds, ten years, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, our special correspondent —"

"No, I don't want that, but . . Well, now, tell me. Are you a pro-Tunnel or not?"

I gave a warning cough.

"The matter," I orated, "cannot be dismissed lightly. On the one hand we have the opinion of our most competent military —"

"No, no, no," said G. E. "You must be one or the other. Which? Tell me quickly."

"Frankly, I don't know . . . But I'll tell you at 3 o'clock on Tuesday," I added hastily, "if you can give me till then."

"Oh, yes, that's all very well for *you*. You can wait till 3 o'clock on Tuesday. But we women can't . . . . Are you a pro-Zancig?"

I gasped at the suddenness of the question. Then, pulling myself together,

"Telepathy or thought transference," said I, "has long been — "

"Oh, no. You must be one or the other. Which are you?"

"Can you give me till 4 o'clock on Wednesday?"

G. E. gave me her empty glass instead, and stood up. Then she looked at me, and sat down again.

"I wonder if you will understand," she said.

"Let's try."

"Very well. It's just this, and if you were a woman you'd understand at once. A woman must either be all things to all men, or she must be the right thing. A man *can* just afford to be a Radical or a Nonconformist, if he's pretty decent in other ways. A woman can't."

"Oh, but I've met a woman who was a very keen Radical, and she knew everybody, from the Lord Mayor downwards upwards—downwards."

"Keen. Yes, that's all right, if you're keen. But if you're an ordinary girl who doesn't read the papers, then there's only one thing you can be. Did you ever meet a girl who told you she didn't take much interest in politics, but rather thought she was an anti-Chamberlainite? I'm sure you didn't. So I want to know, what's being done about the ZANCIGS and the Channel Tunnel? You probably meet a lot of people; can't you tell me?"

It seemed a sad case. I said: "May I ask a few questions? Thank you. Then, first. You are a Protectionist, you say?"

"That's CHAMBERLAIN, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Yes, then."

"And you're an Imperialist, and you think the Government is ruining the country?"

"Yes."

"Church of England, of course?"

"Fairly high. Mr. BIRRELL wanted to drive religion out of the schools."

"Jove, G. E.," I said, "you really are splendid. P.-B.-C.?"

"What's that?"

"Pro-Book-Club?"

"Y-yes. But why all this?"

I bent confidentially towards her.

"You didn't catch my name," I said. "I am — " and I mentioned one of our most popular statisticians.

"Well?"

"Well. I have been wondering myself about the ZANCIGS and the Tunnel, and so I made some statistics up. Here they are."

G. E. brightened up. "Now you really are going to be helpful," she said.

"Of 81,364 members of the Book Club, 81,363 are P.-B.-C. The other one kept the stamped envelope, the brute... Of these 81,363 no fewer than 80,210 are pro-Zancig. Personally I am not surprised. The odd 1153 are anti-Z. With regard to the Channel Tunnel, 81,360 are anti-Tunnels. The other three say that if they change the water every Monday, to show that the sluices are working, they will give their adhesion to the scheme . . . . Coming now to the number of millions annually wasted by the Wastrels——. By-the-way, you're a Municipal Reformer, of course?"

"Whatever's that?"

"Oh, but you must be one. Promise. Promise me before we part, G. E."

"If you're sure it's right."

"Thank you. And with regard to the other, going by statistics - - -"

"But, of course, statistics are just what we must go by. I want to know. What is *everybody* doing?"

"Quite so. Well, then, everybody who is anybody (disregarding for the moment the paltry ruffian who stuck to the envelope, and nobody minds what *he* thinks) is a pro-Zancig and an anti-Tunnel this season." I took out a handkerchief and wiped my brow. "And don't say I haven't been sensible and helpful," I added.

G. E. shook my hand warmly.

"*How* can I thank you! I shall *always* come to you when I'm in a difficulty!"

"Do," I said.

* * * * *

F. P. ("Fat. Plain.") tapped me with her fan.

"You haven't listened to a word I've been saying," she said reproachfully. "What's the matter?"

But my ears were strained to catch a sentence or two from the alcove behind us spoken in that beautiful voice that I remembered so well

". . . . *Against it? Of course I am! What patriotic person wouldn't be . . . Considering that he was in one room and she in another. . . .*"

"I beg your pardon, F. P.," I said. "Do let me help you. What is it?"

WE have long had a great admiration for our contemporary *The Gardener*. Briefly, we have felt that, while its City article is not always to be depended on, and though its Theatrical Notes lack just that something which is so necessary to good constructive criticism, and its Football Reports are a little wanting in "snap," yet (if we may go on with this sentence for a moment longer) its moral tone has always been above suspicion, and its knowledge of flowers has in many cases proved to be superior to, or at any rate more pedantically exact than, our own. Judge, then, of our horror at coming across, in last week's issue, a paragraph headed "How to Pinch Chrysanthemums."

The Order of their Goings.

"IT is a curious coincidence that both Cardinals followed each other in the order of precedence in the Sacred College."—*Daily Express.*

THE RACK-HANGER.

PUBLIC sympathy has been lavished on the strap-hanger, but how about the rack-hanger, whose grievance is of much longer standing? I am a rack-hanger, and I demand sympathy. I travel on the Great Eastern suburban in the old compartment carriages, where such luxuries as straps are unknown. As I hang to the rack I envy the pampered people who revel in straps.

Our compartments are built with room for five a side and five down the middle. They are labelled "Six seats a side," and such is the influence of the printed word that six people wedge themselves on each side and imagine they are sitting. (I am speaking of the second-class compartments. I do not travel first, because my ticket is not a third-class ticket.)

Down the middle, on occasions, stand seven or eight, sometimes nine people. When there are only seven, the door shuts easily, when there are eight it shuts with difficulty. When there are nine it has to be rammed-to by a porter. Even on ordinary days the train is often full when it reaches my station, and it is no good the porters shouting "Take your seats, please," for somebody else has already taken the seat for which we have both paid, or partially paid.

I take my share of the rack instead. The woodwork is not always clean. But that is a minor inconvenience. I would give much for a strap, clean or dirty. Had I such I would close my eyes and imagine myself in Paradise.

The strap gives a good hold and is suspended at the right height. The rack is admirable for the parcels which are seldom put on it, but it is not made for hanging to, and your arm becomes numbed to the shoulder. If you lower it to restore circulation the train bumps over the points and you sit down on the lap of some one to whom you have never been introduced.

If he is good-tempered, he says affably, "All right; make yourself at home," or "Plenty of room for a little 'un." If he is a morose individual he says something else. As if you sat in his confounded lap on purpose!

If she is a lady, she blushes or giggles. The young City rack-hangers in tall collars snigger, and the funny man in the corner guffaws outright. It is highly humorous.

I am not always a rack-hanger. Sometimes I travel in the guard's van, where racks are not provided. If you are first in the storming party you may get a seat on a hamper or a portmanteau, but the supply of these is very inadequate. On foggy days and at other times of stress the average allowance of passengers per guard's van is forty. I have been one of forty-three, but that was abnormal.

The guard does not like people to travel in his van. He says it is against the regulations, and that we shall get him into trouble. When he comes back to his van after waving his flag, the younger bloods say "Full up!" and advise him to walk home, and when the train stops where there is no station they want to know why he doesn't get out and push.

Then the train starts with a jerk, and as many of us as can find room sit down on the floor. That puts the guard in a good temper. He says it comes of being too clever. As a matter of fact it comes of having no straps.

Let the strap-hanger reflect that there are wretches worse off than himself, and be thankful. Does he complain because the straps are not jewelled and scented? I would I were a strap-hanger!



Distressed Foreigner (regarding himself in the glass). "AH, MADAME, EFERY DAY I HAF MORE AND MORE LESS HAIRS!"

WE hear that the more noisy of our motor-omnibuses are to be fitted up with a much needed improvement. At an early date megaphones will be supplied to the passengers to enable them to converse with one another and the conductor.



MEN AND MANNERS. A STUDY IN COSTUME.

Interested Philistine (to friend, who has taken him to Bohemian gathering). "AND WHO'S THE HORSEY-LOOKING MAN WITH THE BIG CIGAR?"
Friend. "OH—HE'S GUSTAVUS BROWNE, THE ARTIST. YOU REMEMBER HIS 'SOUL TRIUMPHANT OVER EARTHLY LOVE' IN THE LAST R.A.?"
I. P. "REALLY, YOU SURPRISE ME! AND WHO'S THE OTHER ARTIST HE'S TALKING TO?"
Friend. "ARTIST! GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S NOT AN ARTIST! HE'S A RETIRED UMBRELLA-MAKER WHO BOUGHT THE 'SOUL TRIUMPHANT'!"

BREAD.

[Every drink known to mankind, and all the more important victuals from Mutton Chops down to Jam, have at one time or another been celebrated in poetry, save only and excepting Bread. This Bread, so far from being, as it deserves, the subject of a separate treatise, has never even been mentioned by the Poets of the Gastronomic School. The Occasional Poet and General Odd Man has, therefore, no hesitation in giving vent to the following:—]

BREAD may be white or brown, be old or new,
Bread may be toast, Bread even may be Hovis
(We have not had *our* sample loaf, have you?);
Bread may be baked to taste or *modo quovis;*
Butter'd or not, there's always this about it,
One cannot, being a mortal, do without it.

Bread-sauce is made of Bread (whence comes the name),
Fried bread-crumbs are the making of your pheasant;
With Bread-and-butter puddings 'tis the same,
They're mainly Bread, though butter *may* be present;
It also may with confidence be said
That half a loaf is better than no Bread.

And here our knowledge of the subject ends,
Save for this last and least important truth:
A crust of Bread dropt in the goblet lends
To flat champagne a brief but bubbling youth;
We state, not recommend, and leave at that,
For we ourselves would sooner drink it flat.

But here's the rub!—we'd educate your taste
Against the time when, victim of detection,
For your misdeeds your person shall be placed
Reluctant in the Palace of Correction,
Where (men who know have told us on the quiet)
Bread forms the major portion of the diet.

* * * * *

So much for Bread. You'll hear from us again.
One taste of blood begets a rage for slaughter.
Next week, we hope, this paper will contain
More lines like these writ round the topic "Water"
(A sequel to our article on "Bread")—
But, hark! the master's voice—"*I doubt it.* ED."

Police *v.* Public.

How our Criminals are made.

"He soon fell among bad companions. He first got into the hands of the police at Droitwich."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Salesman for working old-established wholesale egg round."
Daily Telegraph.

"Old-established" is a kindly way of putting it; but anyhow what he really wants is a conjurer.



MORE ZANCIGNALLING.

Professor Redmond. "I HAVE SELECTED ONE OF SEVERAL NAMES FOR THE POST OF IRISH CHIEF SECRETARY. MY PARTNER, C.-B., WILL NOW READ MY THOUGHT AND MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE BOARD."



"A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS."

Melancholy Sportsman (watching hunters on straw ride). "HAPPY CHRISTMAS INDEED! TWO THOUSAND POUNDS'-WORTH OF HORSES JUST EATING MONEY. TWO FOOT OF STRAW BETWEEN ANY OF 'EM AND THE KNACKER'S CART. BOYS CHUCKED OFF EVERY DAY. EMPLOYER LIABLE. UGH! THINK I'LL GO IN AND READ ABOUT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS!"

IN SHAKSPEARE'S SHOES.

SWAN of our stage! when first we saw
How strangely keen the modern cygnet is
To probe you with an envious claw,
We felt those stabs were grave indignities;
But since all pens (both jay and owl)
Conspire to prod the bird of Avon,
We own our ornamental fowl
Is much more like a moulting raven.

Hardly had BERNARD dubbed you trash,
And caused who knows what horrid panic in
Britons who took your brass for cash,
And deemed you too a supermannikin,
When TOLSTOY swooped to snatch a tuft
Of feathers where they grew the firmest,
And left the bard whom MILTON puffed
A sight to shock the taxidermist.

Not ours to carp; with empty praise
The idol of our youth we prop not;
But why, we ask, should wilted bays
Be planted on another's top-knot?
That harmless peer whom BLEIBTREU seeks
In Hades where he hovers shyly—
Shall RUTLAND stand before the beaks
Instead of your *cadaver vile?*

What household name we honour most
Is safe (while thus the Teuton hectors)
From damage to his genuine ghost
Through falsely substituted spectres?
In authors (live and late) we see
The blush of degradation mantling
For fear a blind posterity
Should foist on them the Stratford bantling!

Shall such a fraud - like birds who beg
(The image alters here to Cuckoos)
Apartments gratis for an egg
In casual nests and never look whose—
Shall he affix his faults to POPE,
Or shuffle off his sins on SHELLEY,
Or let, by some luxuriant trope,
Suspicion pounce on Miss CORELLI?

Sooner than that, ourselves were fain
To have it known,—*we* blacked *Othello;*
King Lear, by some defect of brain
Occurred to *us*—the comic fellow!
To save from scorn some nobler quill
Our own post-mortem pride we'll barter,
And, saddled with the works of WILL,
Go down to shame, a conscious martyr!

TAKING A LICENCE.

I am the owner of a touring caravan, in which from time to time I emulate the gipsy and take to the open road. I have also on occasion let this caravan. These are innocent pursuits; yet through them alone, as the following correspondence will show, I came into a desperate conflict with an Inland Revenue officer with a whole Act of Parliament at his back. I leave it to the reader to judge who was the victor in this uneven contest.

Letter I.—(*He to me.*)

Dear Sir,—I learn that you have in your possession a caravan; but I do not observe that you have taken out a licence for it. As a two-horse carriage with four wheels it is liable to a yearly payment of £2 2*s.* 0*d.*

I am, Yours faithfully, &c.

Letter II.—(*I to him.*)

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your letter. It is true that I possess a caravan. It is also true that I have no licence for it. But I am at a loss to understand how you can have fallen into the error of supposing that a caravan is a carriage. It is unquestionably a *house*. The wheels are merely incidental. I am not aware that gipsies have to take out such a licence. For all intents and purposes I am a gipsy. Please understand I have no desire whatever to evade the law. I only wish to put the matter clearly before you. I am, Yours faithfully.

Letter III.—(*He to me.*)

Dear Sir,—A caravan cannot with propriety be regarded as a house. Under the Act—I spare you his long quotation—a gipsy must either hold a carriage licence or a hawker's licence. (I admit he had one there.) I await your cheque. I am, &c.

Letter IV.—(*I to him.*)

Dear Sir,—I am at a loss to understand how you have fallen into the error of supposing that I am in any way to be compared with gipsies. I think the suggestion showed a want of courtesy on your part. Surely it is clear to the meanest intelligence that a caravan is unquestionably a *cart* (I had him there), so I hope the matter will be allowed to end here. Understand that I have no desire whatever to evade the law. I only wish to put the matter clearly before you. I am, &c.

Letter V.—(*He to me.*)

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your letter. Granted that a caravan is a cart, it is necessary for you to put your name and address upon it. Also, as a cart, it must be used only for purposes of trade or husbandry, and to take your wife and family to a place of worship on Sunday. (He had me there.) I am, Yours, etc.

Letter VI.—(*I to him.*)

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your interesting letter. I regret my inability to comply with your suggestion that I should take my wife and family to a place of worship by caravan. I don't think the Vicar would like it. Besides, I have no wife and family. But I am at a loss to understand how you could have fallen into the error of supposing that a caravan is a cart. Nothing could be further from the truth. As this caravan of mine is made to "ply for hire," the only possible conclusion is that it is a *cab*. I hope you will allow the matter to rest there. For myself I admit that it is comforting to me to know once and for all that it is a cab. I have often vaguely wondered what it was. Please understand that I have no desire whatever to evade the law. I only wish to put the matter clearly before you.

I am, etc.

Letter VII.—(*He to me.*)

Dear Sir,—As it is not kept *solely* for purposes of plying for hire, your caravan cannot be classed as a cab. In any case it must have paid a hackney carriage licence. (He had me there.) I await your cheque. I am, Yours, &c.

Letter VIII.—(*I to him.*)

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your letter. Please understand that I have no intention whatever of evading the law—far from it. I only wish to make the matter clear to you. A caravan, then, is a carriage. What did you say was the amount? I am, &c.

Letter IX.—(*He to me.*)

Dear Sir,—Your caravan "being drawn or adapted to be drawn by two horses or mules," I await your cheque for £2 2*s.* 0*d.* I am, &c.

Letter X.—(*I to him.*)

Dear Sir,—I think in future of using one horse and one mule for my caravan, so I presume I am exempt. (I had him there.) Many thanks for your interesting letter. I am, &c.

Letter XI.—(*He to me.*)

Dear Sir,—I await your cheque for two guineas. I am, &c.

Letter XII.—(*I to him.*)

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your long and interesting letter. I much regret that our pleasant correspondence is so near a close. But as I have not used my caravan this year at all I see that under the Act I am exempt from duty. Please understand that throughout I have had no intention whatever of evading the law—far from it. I only wished to put the matter clearly before you. I am, Yours, &c.

CHARIVARIA.

It is now officially announced that Mr. Bryce has been appointed British Ambassador at Washington. It is curious how slow the Government is in obtaining information of this kind.

The Suffragettes who so pluckily elected to go to prison rather than pay fines are now complaining that they found the prisons far from comfortable.

One of them was not satisfied with the accommodation in the Black Maria in which she was conveyed to gaol. But it is something, surely, that so important a vehicle should bear a woman's name.

The Australian Federal Rifle Association has decided to send twelve men to Bisley next year. This weakening of the defences is taken to signify that, in the opinion of those on the spot best able to judge, there is no immediate fear of Japan taking that Colony.

Much interest is, not unnaturally, being taken now in the Crown Prince of Persia. He is said to be a fine boy of thirty-six, but looks older.

The Sultan of Morocco, in his letter deposing Raisuli, called him a liar and an impostor, an accursed man and a corrupt person. It is said that Raisuli offered a handsome salary to a retired bus-driver to assist him to cope with his royal master, but the letter miscarried.

We are glad to learn that all the drivers of horse-omnibuses who were attacked by apoplexy as the result of being jeered at by the drivers of motor-omnibuses during the recent snowy weather are now almost out of danger.

The greatest discovery of 1906 was made just as the year was flickering out. As usual, it hails from America. A New York cable informs us that Professor McGee finds the Americans of to-day more cultured and more vigorous and nobler physically and morally—than any other people.

We had no idea that Dr. Emil Reich was not appreciated here. *The Express* has been publishing New Year's Messages from its leading readers, and the Doctor writes:—"I venture to say that what this country needs more than anything else is greater respect for knowledge, for intellect and for insight."

We hear that the *Lancet's* article in favour of plum-pudding has had a curious result. Several children refused



POTENTIAL ADDITIONS TO THE MINISTRY.

Owing to the imminent re-shuffling of Ministerial appointments, potential candidates are in a condition of some excitement. Lest they should otherwise escape the attention of the Prime Minister, our Artist portrays (in hypothetical array) certain gentlemen whose selection would distinctly add to the attractiveness of the Government and to the gaiety of nations.

on Christmas Day to touch the pudding on the ground that it was medicine.

Mr. LLOYD, of Harewoods, Bletchingley, has, a contemporary informs us, given each of his thirty-seven nephews and nieces a Christmas-box of £1000. This dispels once and for all the uneasy feeling prevalent among many of us for some time past that the breed of Uncles was deteriorating.

"The worst of the distressing slate-club tales we hear of every Christmas," says a correspondent in a letter to a contemporary, "is that they are avoidable." Personally, we should have thought that that was the best of them; but we do not pretend to expert knowledge.

A young Swiss who has been arrested for a murder has confessed to the crime; but declares that he forgot he committed the murder. Once more we would impress on everyone the importance of keeping a diary.

Admiral Sir GERARD NOEL has taken over the Nore command. He will occupy the new official residence at Chatham - which will, we presume, be called Nore's Ark.

The report of the working of the Children's Police Court at Birmingham is satisfactory. During the past year 687 cases were heard as compared with 632 in the previous year. We felt sure that these institutions only required to be known to be appreciated.

Many Scotchmen adopt Journalism as their profession, but few Irishmen. We were therefore all the more pleased to come across the following statement in a newspaper last week: "The military college at Sandhurst is to be enlarged in order to meet the great shortage of Army officers." This furnishes a happy contrast to the case (mentioned in the *Mail*) of the train on the District Line which was taken off for the alleged reason that it was habitually overcrowded.

Domestic Candour.

"IN aid of Cruelty to Children and Animals, a lady having over 2,000 cookery recipes, foreign and English, will send any one for 1*s*."—*Gentlewoman.*

A NEW DRESS FOR "THE LANCERS."

(*No connection with War-Office designs.*)

IN view of holiday festivities, and the (if possible) increased wear and tear of the above destructive dance, *Mr. Punch's* Fashion Specialist offers the following suggestions for useful, and at the same time modish, costumes.



For Ladies.—A trim *corsage* of double-stitched sailcloth, with *appliqué* yoke of shark-skin. At the angle of the puff-sleeve is a neat rhinoceros-hide elbow-cap. Six-rivet mail gauntlets give *un air de bien-gantée* to slim fingers. At the waist dangles a pretty *jou-jou*—four links of ship's cable, for use in the "Ladies' Chain."

The *pantajupe* is, or are, of the specially prepared skin of the *bluma* (a species of *trarsus*, found in the wilds of Knickeragua), made up with the hairy side outwards. A tarpaulin bathing-cap, lashed under the chin, protects the *coiffure;* and a fencing-mask (which can be bought from any non-hunting firm who deal in wire-fencing) is worn much as one wears a veil.

For the rest, Stowwasser leggings, and shooting-boots with 1-inch spikes to enable our Terpsichore to get a grip of the floor in the "Whirlwind" movement of the "Visiting" figure. It is by attention to these little accessories that a refined and tasteful finish is given to a *tailor-mad*, pronounced by a Parisian Costume-King to be "*le dernier smart.*"

For Gentlemen.—Simple almost to plainness are the hair-pin-proof cuirass of Harveyized steel, and the padded American football knickers (which should be wired on). Headwear consists of a creosoted zinc hat, with dummy bridge-protector. The patent "See-See" motor-goggles, with 1½-inch glass, are *distingué* and dust-proof. Lead putties, and divers' boots with weighted soles, will help to overcome the tendency of the feet to parabolate above the head. A door-handle or the knob of a bed-post may be affixed to the shoulder of the end man for the "Charge" in the last figure.

A Matter of Opinion.

The Publishers' Circular carries caution to extreme limit. Last week its correspondence column consisted of a solitary letter. "You very kindly say a few words about my catalogue of old books," the correspondent writes. "Would it be troubling you to correct the address given, as I live at Leicester, not Bath?" This the Editor prefaces by the statement, to which italics add emphasis, "We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents." But surely a man might be trusted to form an accurate opinion as to the identity of the town in which he lives?

A Sporting Bishop.

"CATHEDRAL services and anthems: Morning (8·0), Plain: Evening (4·0), Plain.

Palace, Gloucester: Varieties twice nightly, at 6.50 and 9 (matinée Saturday at 2·30)."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW YEAR FACES.

(How certain of the classics appeared to a very youthful playgoer.)

I.—ALADDIN.

ONCE upon a time, in the Market Place at Pekin, there lived a poor widow named TWANKEY, with one little boy called ALADDIN. Though ALADDIN'S mother was so poor she was very cheerful, and kept on saying funny things that made people laugh. Also she was able to give him some nice suits, but perhaps she saved on the knickerbockers.

One day the Princess of that country was coming by with a procession, and when she saw ALADDIN she stopped the procession and fell in love with him. But the Grand Vizier was very angry, and told him he would be put in prison, at which ALADDIN'S mother wanted to go too, so that women might have votes.

However, they didn't go, because a magician took ALADDIN to the mouth of a cave, which he had to enter all alone. But when he got inside, instead of being alone he found crowds of lady-like young gentlemen in glittering clothes who walked about to music. And his mother came in as well and said, "Excuse me, but is this the Poplar Union?" Then they brought the treasures to the palace of the Empress, the Princess's mother, who used to live in the Commercial Road, London, and let lodgings. And when she saw them she was overjoyed, and allowed ALADDIN to marry the Princess, and ALADDIN'S mother married the magician, and at the wedding everybody sang songs, and some very large fairies flew about in the air, and everything was all over coloured lights.

II.—CINDERELLA.

CINDERELLA was the daughter of a Baron; she had two grown-up sisters who spited her, and they all lived in the kitchen with a big cat and some very rude servants. But it chanced that a certain Prince with a squeaky voice wanted to marry CINDERELLA, so he told his page DANDINI to disguise himself by carrying a little cloak on his left arm, which would somehow make people think he was the Prince. Then the real Prince gave a party and all the Baron's family went except CINDERELLA, who was left at home. But afterwards she started too, in a glass coach drawn by live ponies, and although she was so late the coach kept going round and round in a circle instead of straight on. Which was silly.

After all, though, it wasn't much of a party, only processions; and as soon as the Prince met CINDERELLA all the lights went out, except a wobbly kind of moon, and the Prince put on a big hat and sang, "*Honey, kiss your piccaninny boy.*" But the others never got to the party at all, because their flying-machine broke down near the Zoological Gardens, at which the Baroness was very angry and said, "We've lost *The Daily Mail* prize." However, they saw some performing animals, and the Baron pretended to do thought-reading; and after that I suppose they must have got home somehow, because when the Prince brought round CINDERELLA'S slipper next day the old sisters wanted to buy it in Class D at a reduction on the net price; but he would only give it to CINDERELLA, so they were married.

III.—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE started from the Port of Hull, where his aged mother lived, and a pretty lady in short skirts whom he was engaged to. So CRUSOE said, "*Au revoir, my little Hyacinth*"—though her real name was POLLY HOPKINS—and went away on a ship with a lot of good-looking sailors, and it was wrecked, but CRUSOE himself got to the Desert Island without even wetting his clothes. But the Island wasn't nearly so Desert as you'd think from the books, because, besides CRUSOE and FRIDAY and the Cannibals, Mrs. CRUSOE had come too, and POLLY HOPKINS, and a gentleman with a red nose called Education Bill.

However, the King of the Cannibals was quite nice and friendly, and instead of eating them he told them about his adventures by the Zuyder Zee, and showed them some processions and a dance of monkeys. Shortly afterwards they found out that the Cannibals were only black because there was a soap-trust on the Desert Island, so they all sailed away to Port Sunlight on a steamer with L.C.C. on the paddle and lived happy ever after.



UPS AND DOWNS.

City Man. "EVERYTHING I'VE BOUGHT HAS GONE DOWN. EVERYTHING I'VE SOLD HAS GONE UP. AH, WELL, THANK HEAVEN, THEY CAN'T GO SIDEWAYS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE recently announced conclusion of the Court Martial which condemned to death Admiral NEBOGATOFF and the Captains of his squadrons adds fresh interest to the narrative by Captain SEMENOFF of *The Battle of Tsushima* (JOHN MURRAY). The Captain, who was on board the flagship *Suvoroff* during the engagement, completes the story of the expedition of the Baltic Fleet written by POLITOVSKY. It is pleasanter reading, especially for Russians, since when brought to bay by the invincible Japs the doomed crews of the fleet met their fate with sublime, unflinching heroism. On the Admiral's flagship the Japanese from the first mercilessly trained their guns. With constant hail of gigantic shells falling on the deck, ripping their way through the cabins and engine-rooms, the nearest approach to Inferno was realised. The *Suvoroff* was a mere target, and to the last returned an ineffective fire. There is a pathetic picture of Admiral NEBOGATOFF, several times wounded, sitting on a box in the turret, replying to all inquiries as to where he was hit, "It 's only a trifle." His Captains, most of them bleeding with wounds, forcing their way into the turret with intent to carry him off to another ship, took him by the arms to uplift him. "No sooner had he put his left leg to the ground than he groaned and completely lost consciousness." In that state he was carried to a torpedo boat waiting alongside and literally thrown on board when the boat rose on a wave and swung towards the crippled battleship.

In a preface Sir GEORGE CLARKE says, "The battle of Tsushima is by far the greatest and most important naval event since Trafalgar." In this little book is found a marvellous word-picture of its actualities.

The Confectioners (ARROWSMITH), by WILLIAM CAINE and JOHN FAIRBAIRN, is nearly the maddest book I have read, and probably the most original. One of the original features of it is that at the end of every chapter the collaborators argue about the merits of the last section and the authorship of the next. If there were to be an epilogue in which I might be allowed to take part, it would go something like this:—

Reviewer. Your book amused me a good deal.

Caine. } *Thank you. I feel that I have not laboured*
Fairbairn. } *in vain.*

F. (explanatorily to R.). My amanuensis, Mr. Caine.

C. (explanatorily to R.). Mr. Fairbairn roughed out some of the easier chapters for me.

R. But I think it was a mistake bringing the feminine element into a scientific work.

C. There, John, what did I say?

R. And I don't quite understand Quilliam. Is he meant for G. K. Chesterton by any chance?

F. I have often asked William myself what Quilliam was doing in the book. I am glad you share my views.

R. Tell me, in a general way, are you satirizing science or the scientific novel?

C. I said the critics wouldn't grasp the point of the thing, John.

F. I begin to despair of the critics, William.

R. Well, whatever the intention, the result is quite entertaining. I laughed many times.

C. John, he laughed.

F. Your hand, William.

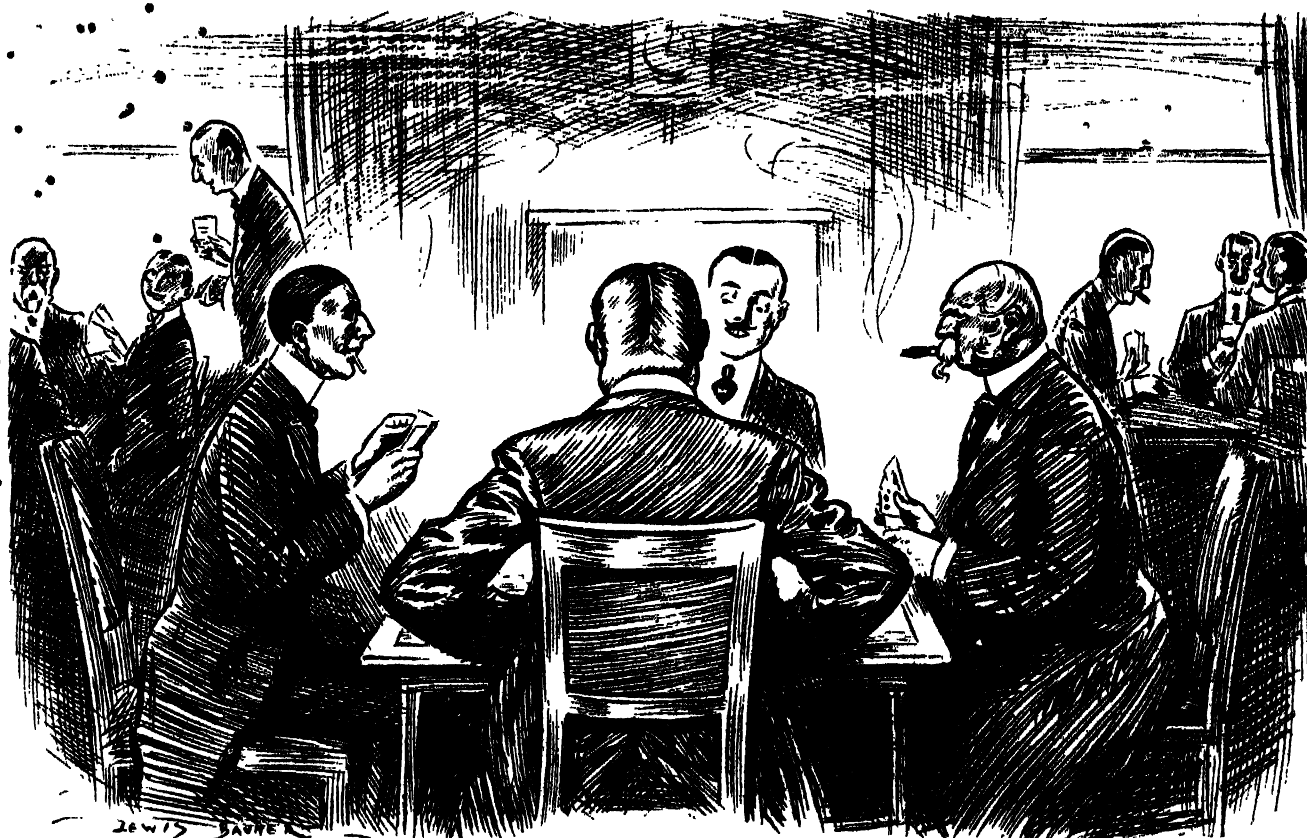
Mr. MAX PEMBERTON seems to have got his eras mixed. His book, *The Lady Evelyn* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is certainly twentieth century, for there is an American impresario who "presents" plays in the most approved modern manner. Equally it is medieval, for there is a moated castle with a drawbridge in good working order. It is true that the castle is in Roumania, where anything might happen, but that doesn't alter the case. So far do the characters get from latter-day civilisation that one of them, a Cambridge undergraduate, refers to marmalade as "Cambridge squash"; while a doorkeeper at the theatre pronounces *car* in so peculiar a manner that it is necessary to spell it with a *k*. Moreover, people are "athirst" when they want a drink, and have "wallets" for their money. *The Lady Evelyn*, too, is distinctly and admittedly two persons, a romantic and a modern. Still, the right man marries her, and does the villain in the eye, so I suppose it 's all right.



Bishop (who has "looked in" at rural Sunday School). "NOW, CHILDREN, CAN ANY OF YOU TELL WHAT IS MEANT BY THE *VISITATION* OF THE BISHOP?"
Little Girl (after long pause). "PLEASE, SIR, AN AFFLICTION SENT FROM HEAVEN?"

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON once complimented Mr. FISHER UNWIN on his wisdom in capturing clever people for his First Novel Library, "while they still imagine that it is difficult to be clever." (Isn't it wonderful, as Mr. BERTRAM says after his card-tricks?) Judged by this exalted standard I am afraid that K. C. RYVES, the author of *At the Sign of the Peacock*, was not caught quite young enough, or, let me say, was caught too young. That will give her time to grow and, perhaps, to develop into one of G. K. C.'s clever people. The hero of her story is a sort of modern young Lochinvar, who carried off his lady-love, not on the best steed in the Border, but in a motor-car, on the eve of her marriage to another. As there was a feud between their houses it was not easy for them to meet each other, and consequently Lochinvar was bound to make the most of his opportunities. Still I don't think that he ought to have kissed her the second time he met her. Nor do I consider that K. C. RYVES has written a clever book, in spite of its belonging to the First Novel Library. But it is quite worth her while to try again.

IT is understood that the War Office will arrange for the despatch of troops, in the event of a raid, by motor-buses from London to the exit of the Channel Tunnel. Conductors are to be specially cautioned against attempting to get fares for the return journey by inviting the enemy to go back with them, unless of course as prisoners.



MEN AND MANNERS. THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

First Strenuous Liver. "OH YES, I KNOW BROWNE. LAZY CHAP. USED TO COME HERE LIKE CLOCKWORK; BUT LATELY HE'S TAKEN TO SLACKING ABOUT IN THE CITY OR SOMEWHERE, AND HARDLY EVER TURNS UP BEFORE FIVE."
Second Strenuous Liver (virtuously). "WE'VE NO USE FOR IDLERS HERE." [*Business proceeds.*

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

["The African woman is the African man's greatest worldly asset."—*Mrs. French Sheldon in "Womanhood."*]

OH, pity the lot of the nigger
  Whom Poverty marks for her own!
    He has nothing to wear
    But his fuzzy black hair
  And an enemy's femoral bone;
He cuts a deplorable figure
  With his cruelly limited life,
    For—what a confession!—
    His dearest possession
  Is—can you believe it?—his wife.

He hasn't a penny to boast of,
  He never has heard of a share;
    His mind is a blank
    If you mention the bank,
  And he greets your remark with a stare.
The asset that he thinks the most of
  Is the asset that keeps him supplied
    With yams and bananas,
    And rice and sultanas,
  And mealies and mangoes—his bride.

For him no luxurious carriage
  Is drawn by the brightest of bays;
    He hasn't a stud
    Of the bluest of blood
  That the Newmarket stables can raise;
No motor-car waits in its garage,
  Prepared at a moment to start;
    Such joys are denied him—
    There's only beside him
  The black little wife of his heart.

If such were the lot of the white man—
  If Fate in her wrath had decreed
    That his bride was the best
    Of the things he possessed
  He were poverty-stricken indeed!
Sans all the gay joys that delight man,
  With nothing on earth but a wife,
    Sans motors, *sans* horses,
    Sans all the resources
  Of civilised man—what a life!

Hard Case.

A MONMOUTH correspondent, who signs himself "Yours ffaiddffwlly," writes, in reference to a recent paragraph in *Punch*, that "Dr. GLW" is a Welshman, and pronounces his name "Glue." "This," says our correspondent with considerable pertinence, "is why he sticks to the old pronunciation of Latin."

What should A. do?

Court Etiquette at Chatsworth.

"ON Sunday morning the KING and QUEEN attended service in the private chapel at Chatsworth House . . . . *Seated on the floor of the chapel* were the Duke and Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, Princess HENRY OF PLESS, Mr. BALFOUR, &c., &c."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Court News.

"THE late Queen of HANOVER was the mother-in-law of our own Queen ALEXANDRA. The relationship is not very close . . ."—*East Anglian Daily Times.*

The second of these two statements is, of course, much truer than the first.

Tragedy in Court.

Horrible Callousness of a Magistrate.

"PLAINTIFF further said he was afraid they might try and poison him; such things had been before.

After a consultation this was effected, and the Stipendiary said he was pleased to hear it."—*Pontypridd Observer.*

FOR KAISER AND KINDERLAND.

(From the electoral address of a Colonial-Expansion candidate.)

CITIZENS! you whose *Ja* or *Nein*
Stiffens or cracks our Eagle's spine,
List to your Chancellor's loud appeal,
And stamp the Socialists under heel!
Early and oft and all you can,
Come and vote for a KAISER'S man!

Not for the Vaterland I plead,
But a broader tract and a larger breed;
I refer to our sphere beyond the foam,
Where Germans enjoy a "home from home"—
Our chunks of desert, our charters of sand,
Our glorious Hinter-Kinderland!

Regarding our Watch-on-the-Rhine, I own
The rabble affects a loyal tone;
But what of our Watch (with a world at stake)
On the niggers of Tanganyika Lake?
What of Namaqualand, and what
Of our way of humbling the Hottentot?

Is it fair on the Figure that holds the helm
Of a navy built for a sea-wide realm—
Is it fair, I ask, on the son of the son
Of the non-forgettable William One
That his cosmical schemes should come to smash
For want of a trifle of mere spot-cash?

Think! if he lets his anger burn
And washes his hands of the whole concern!
Already he swears that, unless Berlin
Puts his local candidate in,
He'll shake its dust from his feet and dwell
A hermit aloof in a Potsdam cell!

Picture the dolorous Spree in spate,
Swollen with tears for its widowed state;
Picture the Lindens bare of bloom
In a City of Utter and Abject Gloom,
With never a monarch to flatter its eyes
Each day in a different martial guise!

Therefore, I beg, lest these things be,
Hark to the order "On the Knee!"
Then rise in your might and go like mad
For the scum of the earth—rogue, Pole and Rad.;
Rise, in fact, like a single man,
And plump for your KAISER all you can.

O. S.

THE ATLANTIC TUNNEL.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

So far this great and far-reaching scheme has not proceeded much beyond what the late Lord WIGAN wittily called the pro-and-con. stage, but the promoters are still strongly hoping for success. We may perhaps take advantage of the lull in the proceedings occasioned by the failure of the Manhattan and Fishguard Bank to summarise the history of the project.

It is generally believed in America that the idea originated in the teeming brain of ELISHA Q. BOREHAM, of Burrowville, Wis., but there is good evidence (see *Memoirs of a Centenarian*, by the late WILMINGTON CATT, M.I.C.E., Vol. II., pp. 123–9, and *Subterranean Problems*, by various hands, pp. 380–7) that the initial suggestion of connecting England and America by a tunnel germinated in the brain of Dr. DAVID JONES, a descendant of Admiral LOCKER, one of NELSON'S favourite captains. That was in 1906.

Immediately the subject was taken up by the Press of both countries and eagerly canvassed. It met in some quarters with the warmest commendation; in others with the most chilling disfavour. It may be well now to set down as succinctly as possible the principal charges which have been brought against the Atlantic Tunnel, and the principal advantages that have been claimed for it.

ADVANTAGES.

1. It will obviate sea-sickness.
2. It will obviate sea-sickness.
3. It will obviate sea-sickness.

OBJECTIONS.

The following are some of the objections, with the names appended of those who have urged them with most force:

1. It will make it far too easy for Americans to get here. (Mr. HERBERT PAUL, M.P.)
2. It will be stuffy. (Mr. EUSTACE MILES.)
3. Suppose the Atlantic were to leak through? (Lord AVEBURY.)
4. Should tunnels be so long? (Prof. CHURTON COLLINS.)
5. Isn't sea-sickness very good for us, an island people? (Mr. KIPLING).
6. We shall have a frontier to defend, which now we have not. (Lord ROBERTS.)
7. The fare is likely to be more than twopence. (SANDY MACPHERSON.)
8. It will ruin shipping. (Sir ALFRED JONES.)
9. The rumbling of the trains will cause immense mortality among fish. (Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK.)
10. It will be an awful bore. (Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON.)

It will be noticed that no objections are quoted from the American side, where the Tunnel is hailed with the greatest enthusiasm, as bringing Europe three or four days nearer: so much so that we should not be surprised if the Tunnel were completed from the American side to a point half-way across the Atlantic and a shaft were then carried vertically to the surface with a floating landing-stage (or pontoon) attached to it. Passengers on the steamboats from England would disembark here, descend to the Tunnel in a lift and be conveyed to New York swiftly by train; while the steamer would either continue its voyage with the heavier baggage or return to England with the passengers which another of the trains had brought from New York. It is calculated that in this way from one and a half to two days would be saved—no small consideration to a Wall Street operator. The objections to this compromise are few and trifling—(1) the depth of the sea; (2) the difficulty of mooring a landing-stage among mid-ocean gales; (3) the notorious instability of lift-boys' characters.

As to the strategical perils of the Atlantic Tunnel, American opinion is also favourable. It is generally considered that if England were to assail the States it would be by way of the Canadian frontier rather than by forced marches through this long and badly ventilated submarine tube. Moreover, as Col. CODY has shown in a masterly memoir, it would be possible to flood the Tunnel in an instant and engulf the attacking force; or even to wait for them at the other end and capture each man separately as he emerged from the lift—very much in the manner of the Pirates and the Lost Boys in *Peter Pan*.

Hence, whatever the fate of the Tunnel as a whole, shareholders may confidently expect to see this partial scheme in full working order in from eighty to a hundred years.

A Fatal Beauty.

"IT is told of her that when, as a bride, she entered Dublin Castle at a ball, the musicians dropped dead in the middle of a waltz to gaze at her in open-mouthed admiration."—*Irish Society.*



TAKING IT LITTORALLY.

SPANISH GENDARME. "LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE GOING TO BREAK THE PEACE."
FRENCH GENDARME. "YES, I DARESAY. BUT THEY'RE NOT ON OUR BEAT."

[By the terms of the Algeciras Conference the duties of the French and Spanish Constabulary in Morocco are confined to the Sea-board.]



Mother. "I DON'T THINK, DARLINGS, THAT YOU SHOULD BE PLAYING CARDS ON A SUNDAY."
Jack. "BUT, MUMMY, WE'RE NOT PLAYING PROPERLY. WE'RE ONLY CHEATING!"

THE CULT OF GRIMNESS.

THE new Play at the Court Theatre having aroused a lively controversy as to the true end of dramatic art, *Mr. Punch* has been at pains to gather a sheaf of opinions from leading representatives of modern thought.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, who was on the point of starting for Woking when our representative arrived, courteously delayed his departure for a few minutes and expressed his opinions on the subject with his usual lucidity and candour. "I think," he said, "that, in a pleasure-loving, frivolous age like ours, dramatists ought to insist on the Aristotelean principle of purifying their audiences by pity and terror. I am glad to note therefore that Golliwogs were in evidence at the Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House last week, and the continued popularity of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* is a hopeful sign." Here Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON adjusted a mute to his violin and hurried off to Waterloo in his all-black "Mors" landaulette.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT is also a firm believer in the educational use of the horrible, witness the prominence assigned to the headsman in *The Yeoman of the Guard*, and the choice of "Grimsdyke" as the name of his stately home in the Harrow Weald.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER writes: "As I have already stated in *The Daily Mail*, there is a demand for the grim play, but it must be met in the proper spirit. It is not enough to inspire horror by facial expression alone; the whole resources of sartorial art must be enlisted to enhance the desired effect. I know by experience that there is no surer way of conveying the impression of sinister and uncanny wickedness than by wearing baggy trousers of Harris tweed with a single white spat."

Mr. A. C. BENSON begged to be excused from giving an opinion on the ground that the subject was exhaustively treated in the chapter on the *terribilità* of MICHELANGELO in his forthcoming monograph on the great Florentine; in his biography of IVAN the Terrible, which would be ready for publication in another fortnight; as well as in his new Life of TORQUEMADA, which he hoped to finish on February 14.

Mr. BARRIE expressed himself against the *macabre* in drama and denied the truth of the rumour that he was engaged on a new play to be called *The Colossal Sinister.*

ON MUTABILITY.

AH, Poet, when you wrote your mournful lay,
  And sang that in each unsuspecting breast
  There lurks the gnawing microbe of unrest,
That Constancy is but a name to-day,
And naught there is that will not pass away;
  Then, though great spasms shook my ample chest,
  I cried, "A poet must, of course, know best;
All things indeed are destined to decay."
But now Hope lifts again her 'minished head;
  For lo, at breakfast, when my sad eyes ranged
  Over the morning news, a dazzling line
  Burst on my sight and warmed my blood like wine;
Whereat in joyous tones I loudly said,
  "Thank Heav'n the Bank rate still remains unchanged!"

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Scotland Yard.

LONDON is, of course, the adopted home of Scotchmen, most of whom, finding it necessary to be near the Houses of Parliament and the Cabinet, have inexpensive lodgings in and about Scotland Yard and New Scotland Yard. Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, for example, has rooms at No. 10, Downing Street, which is only just across the road. Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER is snugly ensconced in a bed-sitting-room over the A.B.C. at the corner. And so forth. The lodgings actually in the Yard itself are exclusively occupied by those criminals of whom the police are most in need. They have found that living here or joining the Force is by far the safest thing to do.

Let us enter the famous head-quarters of the Police — though why called "head" no one has ever yet discovered.

A series of loud double knocks and a few frenzied rings, lasting over ten minutes or so, will bring a smart sergeant to the door. We then enter and are led respectfully into a small but luxurious ante-room, where we are carefully searched and exchange our boots for list slippers — lest we make too much noise and interfere with the delicate reasoning processes of the detective staff, or wake anyone up.

Our courteous cicerone then leads us from one room to another of this fascinating building. We see everything. We see the kitchens where the famous bloodhound soup (or "Sleutho," as it is epigrammatically called) is brewed, on which the detective staff is fed, fresh consignments of frozen bloodhound arriving almost daily from the little island of St. Sanguinar. We see the carpenters' room, where scores and scores of the ablest members of the Force are engaged in constructing cases. We see the telegraph room, where an operator sits day and night transmitting in cipher messages that mean life or death to thousands of guilty and innocent persons, and receiving the triumphant news of arrests all over the world. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm in the building when there happens to be anyone in who can read the cipher.

But, talking of enthusiasm, the time to be at Scotland Yard is when a clue comes in. The detective staff in possession of a new clue is a sight for sore eyes. By an old unwritten but very honourable law, double rations of Scotch (hence "Scotland" Yard) are handed round whenever a clue is hit upon, and as it is not until this ceremony has been observed that the value of the clue is examined there are sometimes as many as eight clues in an hour. No sooner, however, has a clue been approved of than the whole detective staff gets to work. The first thing is to exchange overcoats, some being turned inside out to increase the disguise. Wigs are then donned, moustaches dyed or cut off, whiskers floured, noses reddened. The whole staff having changed its appearance—this one being a coster and that a prize-fighter, this a Salvation Army soldier and that a Member of Parliament, this a German bandsman and that a Harley Street surgeon — they sally forth *en masse*, cheered on their way by their comrades and watched from the neighbouring windows by all the leading criminals of England, and melt imperceptibly into the streets on their separate and exciting missions. Some, perhaps, never to return alive! Ah!



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

SCOTLAND YARD AT WORK. DETECTIVES FOLLOWING A SUSPECT.

THE futility of Europe's intervention in Moroccan affairs (as illustrated in *Mr. Punch's* cartoon of the Spanish and French gendarmerie confined to point-duty on the littoral) seems to have been foreshadowed by the poet DRYDEN when he very nearly said:

"The 'Force' of Europe could no further go."

OUR VICAR'S DREAM.

CONSIDERING that Our Bazaar was still a week distant, I thought that the face of the Vicar was preternaturally grave. As I shook him by the hand (these old-time customs still survive in our remote village) I could feel that his pulse scarcely maintained a paltry fifty-three.

"Mr. SIMPSON, I have had a curious dream."

"Oh," said I, still keeping an open mind.

"Yes, a very curious dream."

He mused.

"Has it never struck you, Mr. SIMPSON, that our methods of er—er *ore-extraction* are a trifle obsolete?"

It never had. The Vicar continued:

"Till last night, Mr. SIMPSON, it had never struck *me*. Till last night I had always thought that British Commercial Enterprise" (I raised my hat reverently) "had at least survived in one quarter—the Church Bazaar. That was—till last night."

He paused. I could see his pulse was losing ground.

"Mr. SIMPSON! Tell me, have you ever heard — I implore you to speak truthfully—have you ever heard of any one visiting a bazaar, *without spending a penny?*"

Should I conceal my knowledge? No, that would be cowardly. He must know the worst. "The thing has been done," I whispered—"for a wager."

"Then, who knows but that it may be done again?"

"Who knows!"

I saw that even the masterful self-control of our Vicar could scarcely restrain the emotions surging within.

"Mr. SIMPSON, I will tell you of my dream, and then you may judge whether my fears be groundless. I dreamed that I was gazing far into the future; a future in which old customs, old institutions, had vanished and become as dust—all save the Church Bazaar. This cunning weapon in the hands of Charity alone seemed to have flourished. For, as I looked, I was wafted" (the Vicar *was* dreaming) "into a large building where the multitude of five-shilling ticket-holders was not to be numbered any more than the sands of the seashore. It was a bazaar, and as the mists cleared from before my eyes I could see that the opening ceremony had just been performed by one whose

frock-coat proclaimed him to be a popular actor. Then, before I could recover from my surprise, I saw this—er—matinée idol walk from stall to stall, speaking a word of encouragement here, spending a half-crown there, and losing a button of his frock-coat to Charity every step or two." Our Vicar paused and fidgeted nervously with an imaginary moustache.

"Mr. Simpson, do you really think Nature intended bazaars to be opened by *women?*"

"But Lady Blundle-Blundell?"

"H'm! I suppose we couldn't put her off. I suppose we—I may add, Mr. Simpson, that those buttons were raffled *separately*." The Vicar seemed to be making a mental calculation. "But to proceed with the dream. The first stall that I visited—still in my dream, Mr. Simpson—was one at which a party of ladies submitted to the indignity of receiving kisses, for a consideration of—if I remember rightly—half a guinea the set."

"My dear Vicar, that idea is much older than Posterity."

"Possibly, Mr. Simpson. But I ought to explain that no sooner had a gentleman left their stall, than he was confronted by one of the touts of the Local Information Department who had taken lessons in the rudiments of *Blackmail*. *That* idea is, I believe, somewhat novel—and should certainly prove a mine of wealth to Charity.

"Next I visited the Burglary Stall. You must know, Mr. Simpson, that for weeks before the opening of this Bazaar a party of ladies and gentlemen had been practising the gentle art of housebreaking. On the opening day they paid surprise visits to the homes of all those who had purchased family tickets. And the humorous side of this enterprise was that the unfortunate householders were under the compulsion of buying back their sets of plated spoons *at the price of real silver*."

He sighed when he thought of all the money that had changed hands at this stall.

"There were also Conjuring Entertainments at which visitors' gold watches were transformed into rabbits and guinea pigs. When these were not in progress the conjuror lent his valuable assistance to the Raffling Committee. *He* drew the numbers from the hat. The winner in every case proved to be an unknown person who never claimed his prize. In this way, one table-centre was raffled twenty-four times.

"Then there was the Countess of Carshalton's Introduction Stall, and the Pawning Stall, and the——, I think I awoke at the Pawning Stall."

I looked at our Vicar's watch-chain. It *was* only a dream.



Formidable Navvy (to Gent, who is about to give corrective touches to his tie in shop looking glass). "Don't you touch it, Sir. I wouldn't if I was you. I wouldn't really!"

"Mr. Simpson, do you think any of these ideas might possibly come under the Charity Crimes Exemption Act?"

I did not think.

I feared our Vicar was going to give way again, but manfully he resisted the temptation. I saw a far-away look steal o'er his features. "I wonder," he murmured, "I wonder if Mr. George Alexander or Mr. Lewis Waller would be disengaged on the twelfth."

I left him wondering.

The next time I met the Vicar was just before the opening ceremony of Our Bazaar. In his hands were two telegrams.

"Mr. Simpson, I am afraid we shall have to fall back on Lady Blundle-Blundell after all." Then his countenance brightened. On tiptoe he conducted me across the Village Hall to an unfurnished stall. He pointed to a large notice-board. "A little idea borrowed from Posterity," he whispered. I read:

Local Information Stall.

	s.	d.
The truth about Mrs. Smythson's black silk	2	6
Why the Drummonds left Hollybank Lodge	3	0
What happened at Lady Gussett-Ormiloe's At Home after Miss Jones left (official)	5	0
The true cause of the misunderstanding between the Vicar and Miss Stammers; with a forecast of the line of action which Miss S. will take up in the event of a breach of promise .	10	6

There *was* money in it.

ON THE CHOICE OF PETS.

THERE are few British households which do not contain a pet. It is generally a dog, though I know one



Tigers go well with almost any dress.

home where there is trouble because a lady has given up smooth-coated terriers in favour of long-haired musicians.

But there are signs that dogs are doomed. In these days when we all have our expensive motor-cars, economy has to be considered. If you keep a dog you have to pay a tax, but not if you keep a lion, a polar bear, a tiger, a leopard, a butterfly, a hippopotamus, a silkworm, or a wart-hog. A few words on these alternatives may therefore be helpful to householders.

In choosing a pet, do not forget to consider the question of climatic conditions. Remember that a polar bear which may thrive at Hampstead will pine away in South London.

Lions, I am afraid, I cannot recommend unreservedly. Their size is very much against them. If you take one out for a walk with you, in Europe at any rate, you will probably attract more attention than is desirable, and run the risk of being called ostentatious. Remember the saying, "If you keep a lion, you lose your friends." Or, worse still, your servants. Only the other day, when I was paying a visit at the house of a friend who owns a magnificent specimen of the South African Monarch of the Desert, an hysterical maid came rushing in, and said, "Oh, Sir, Fluffy 'ave eat the Up-and-down Girl, and now he's chasin' Cook round the back garden." The Master had to threaten Fluffy that if he did not stop at once he should not have his piece of sugar that evening. Another drawback to lions is that they are so valuable that one is in a perpetual state of fear lest they shall be stolen, and a stout collar fastened by a padlock is a necessity for the day-time, while at night-time the only way to guard against petty pilfering is to lock your lion in a safe.

Far more desirable than a lion, in my opinion, is a tiger. Tigers always look neat, and—for ladies the point is an important one—they go well with almost any dress. In fact I know nothing more becoming to a striped costume. "Yellow Boy," however, requires careful looking after in our climate. It must not be forgotten that he is an exotic. Immediately he begins to shiver and look droopy, pop him into the oven for an hour or two. Many a valuable creature has been lost owing to the neglect of this simple precaution.

By-the-by, not a bad substitute for a full-grown tiger, and considerably cheaper, is a cat. But those who are



A childless couple would do well to consider the wart-hog.

fond of mice should not keep a cat: they must have tigers.

If you are anything of a Sportsman, buy not a tiger or a cat, but a leopard and an air-gun. You will then be able to have some admirable target-practice on your leopard. Choose your spot, and aim at it. I have long thought that the reason why we are not a nation of marksmen is our seemingly ineradicable dislike of keeping leopards. Of course you must choose your leopard with care. See that you get a good-natured one. With a little experience you will soon be able to know what points you should look out for. To mention but one: a twinkle in the eye is generally the sign of a warm heart. Never buy a leopard second-hand, or at a sale. You may be sure that, if his price be reduced, he is not all that he should be.

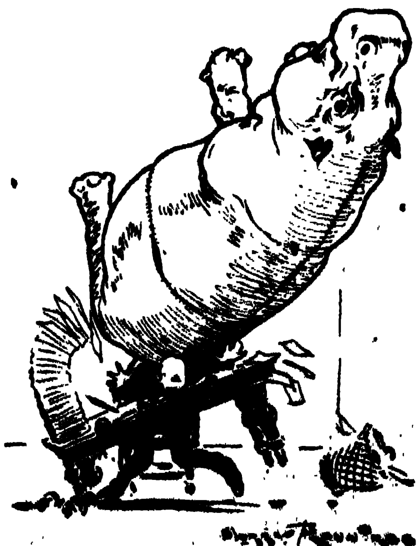
I need scarcely say that the best-natured leopard in the world may be a bit touchy at times. He may come to the conclusion that he has had enough of the shooting game for to-day. The poor dumb beast cannot speak, so he has to convey his meaning to us by signs. When the leopard fastens his teeth into you, you may take it as an unmistakable sign that the fun is beginning to pall upon him. It is his warning. Desist then.

By the way, an undoubted drawback to lions, tigers, cats and leopards is the fact that they moult once a year. To persons to whom this is an insuperable objection I would recommend Ethiopians. These cannot change their skins, try as they may.

The choice of pets is really infinite, and it is astonishing how hackneyed the taste of the average man is. In my own house I have a conservatory. A friend advised me to have a few birds there. I asked him "What sort?" He was the typical man in the street, and answered "Canaries." I scorned the *bourgeois* idea, and went out and bought a couple of vultures. The effect is most striking.

There must, however, be many persons who are on the look-out for something really *bizarre* in the way of pets. The attention of these I would respectfully draw to the undoubted claims of the wart-hog. The wart-hog always looks distinguished. He is more ugly than a bulldog, and you do not have to take out a licence to keep him. A childless couple would do well to consider the wart-hog. Only be careful in naming him. You will have no idea how prone a friend is to take offence until you give your wart-hog the same name as your friend bears.

Lovers of quiet and sufferers from



A hippopotamus, stuffed, makes a novel and striking paper-weight.



Little Willie. "You'll catch it, Gerald, when Mother sees you!"
Gerald (who has forgotten everything in the excitement of the game). "Why? Is my collar dirty?"

neuralgia require special consideration in the matter of pets. To these I would recommend silkworms, whose language is unexceptionable, except when you have to take the lettuce from them for the salad; or butterflies, whose bark, even when they are angry, is scarcely audible; or moths. Moths, however, require a lot of pampering. For instance, you must, unless you would for ever be listening to grumbles, supply them with fur overcoats. And for people with nerves who cannot stand animals which are always jumping and frisking about, there are snails. Tortoises, again, are durable, and slow to take offence. But if you are keen on having a pet that will not soon wear out, take my advice and go in for a hippopotamus. Hippopotami are very little trouble, and eat anything. All you have to do is to take them once a day to the Serpentine, or your nearest river, for a swim, for the little beasties are very fond of water. And remember that they are somewhat sensitive in the matter of names. An acquaintance of mine owns a lady hippopotamus, and the vain creature will only purr when he calls her *Fifine*.

Finally, a point well worth considering, especially by economical folks, when choosing a pet is this: Shall I be able to eat it or use it after death? Ducks, for example, will give satisfaction in this respect. In their lifetime they will lend a nice countrified appearance to a drawing-room. Of course one cannot have water there, but a sheet of looking-glass on the floor serves as well, for ducks have never been noted for intelligence. After death they are admirable in the dining-room. Take your tiger, again, when his soul has departed, press him between the leaves of a heavy book, and you have a handsome rug. A hedgehog carefully treated will form a capital stand for hat-pins; and a hippopotamus, stuffed, makes a novel and striking paper-weight.

In connection with our article of last week on "Taking a Licence," a correspondent writes to say that by an Act intituled The Canal Boats' Act Amendment Act, 1884, a travelling caravan is not a carriage or a cab or a cart or a house, but just a canal boat.

Teeth for Swallowing.

"Dentist -- constructs Artificial Teeth by suction without pain, which are perfect for eating and drinking. Single Tooth, 5s.; Set, £2."—*Irish Times.*

We do not pretend to follow the process of constructing Artificial Teeth by suction, but we are glad to think that it is painless. At the same time we cannot honestly recommend ivory either as a food or a beverage.

Some people have seen fit to mock at the emptiness of the electric cars on the Embankment. But a word should surely be said for the almost superhuman ingenuity of the L.C.C. official who, in selecting his "*arrêts du tramway*," contrived so well to ignore the requirements of the public. Thus there is no stopping-place opposite Temple Station or Charing Cross Station, or the approach to Bouverie Street.

There is grief over the waning of the White Star in the Liverpool sky. Local Shakspearians are remarking that

The jollity of Mersey is restrained.



"MRS. ADAMS, DO YOU *EVER* DUST MY THINGS?"
"WELL, SIR, NO, SIR. BUT SOMETIMES I *BLOWS*!"

SCOTLAND YET AGAIN.

[A contemporary, commenting on the prospect of a Channel Tunnel, says: "All railway coaches and wagons would leave the most northern parts of Scotland and run to the capitals of France, Spain and Portugal, of Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Russia, of Switzerland and Italy, of Germany, Austria, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Eastern Roumania, Turkey and Greece."]

EH, Sirs, my hairt has aft been wae
  To think hoo foreign folk
Were doomed to groan the leelang day
  'Neath ignorance's yoke;
Sae mony souls—French, Germans, Poles,
  An' a' the lave created
To pine awa' in darkness a'
  Untaught, uneddicated.

I wasna ane (like some I ken)
  To blame the heathen Turks
For bein' sic benighted men,
  Though hatin' sair their works;
Gin they were blind in soul and mind,
  An' waefully fell short in
What Virtue taught, 'twas no their faut
  Sae much as their misfortin.

For hoo were they to ken, puir deils,
  'Twixt richt an' wrang, while they
Sae far frae us enlightened chiels
  In ooter darkness lay?
They 've had nae chance to mak' advance
  Towards a decent life, mon
I 'll pledge my word, some hevna heard
  The very name o' Fife, mon.

But there 'll be changes comin' noo,
  For in a twa-three year
We 'll hae expresses runnin' thro'
  Frae a' the airts to here;
Excursions tae I doot we 'll hae,
  An' folk 'll come in hunners
Frae Moscy, Nice, an' Rome an' Greece,
  To see oor Fifeshire wunners.

An' ou, 'tis true as true can be,
  When they begin to move
'Mid cultured Fifers sic as me
  They canna but improve:
The French 'll see it 's wrang to be
  Sae licht an' fickle-hairted;
The Dutch and Finns will own their sins
  An' flee to be convairted.

Frae Turkey tae, whaur a' is nicht,
  Through-cairidges will come,
An' Turks will tak' a ray o' licht
  To far Byzantium;
An' mebbe when they learn to ken
  Hoo Scots contrive to be free,
They 'll traivel back in haste an' mak'
  The SULTAN join the Wee Free.

Ou ay, the lang black nicht that seemed
  Withoot an end is past;
The glorious day o' which I 've dreamed
  Sae aft will dawn at last.
Ay, even noo the sun breaks through
  As bricht as burnished metal,
For—hail the thocht!—the warl' is brocht
  In contact wi' Kingskettle.

Another Tragedy.

"ON Friday night the artificial pond at Melrose was the scene of a spirited three-rink match between the home players and the club from Gala. It was one of the most interesting games of the season, and resulted in Gala *going under*."—*The Southern Reporter.*

The Pace that Kills.

"THE procession moved off at a walk, the AMIR's personal cavalry galloping after his carriage like Cossacks of the Don."—*Daily Mail.*

To the inspired patentee of the word Bakerloo we freely offer a compound name for the Channel Tunnel:—The Chunnel.



FROM BISMARCK TO BUELOW.

A BIGGER TASK FOR A SMALLER MAN.



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

Mr. Wankle (who is trying very hard to be a Country Gentleman). "LOOK 'ERE, BILES, WHY 'AVEN'T YOU STOPPED THESE? DIDN'T I TELL YOU THE 'OUNDS WERE COMING TO-DAY?"

Biles. "WHY, THEM 'S MARTENS' NESTS!"

Mr. Wankle. "I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY ARE. THE MASTER TOLD ME TO 'AVE EVERY 'OLE ABOUT THE PLACE STOPPED UP."

TO A BRUSSELS SPROUT.

FAREWELL, my spherical Belgian friend;
Since everything here must have its end,
Since the world 's a shadow, and dark at that,
And is certainly stale and, I doubt not, flat;
And, since I am tired of eating you,
We 'll part: it 's the one thing left to do.

With a right good will and endurance stout
You 've stuck to it well, my Brussels Sprout.
Oh, every day for a month and more
You 've wandered in at the kitchen door,
And observed to the cook, "They pine for me;
So dish me up for the family."

The monotonous cook, whom you spoke so fair,
She took you and boiled you and dished you there;
And the butler bore you elate along,
And then he went and he beat the gong;
And the family said, when they saw you plain,
"Good heavens, it 's Brussels Sprouts again!"

Each day in your pride, my Brussels Sprout,
You imagined you couldn't be done without;
And when the family sat and fed,
You gave yourself airs and you ruled the spread;
But when he offered you green and hot,
"No, thanks" was all that the butler got.

Farewell! henceforth you may stay and bear
As well as you can the winter air.
You may stay and stick to your lanky stalk
In the bed that borders the garden walk,
Or else you may go and be boiled, d'you see?
As long as it 's not for mine or me.

THE SOCIAL REFORMERS.

The scene is the billiard-room of a country-house belonging to a hostess whose name appears in the "Society Column" with sickening regularity. In chairs round the fire are seated our old friends FREDDIE, BOBBIE, *and* CLAUDE. FREDDIE *and* CLAUDE *are smoking.* BOBBIE *is reading aloud* M. POL DE LÉON'S *article in the "World" on the virtues of the Smart Set.*

Bobbie. Knew it was all rot. Father VAUGHAN, you know, and all that. Here's feller crackin' us up all round. Listen to this. "The work of the Smart Set has been that of slowly filing from the wrists of English social life the fetters of the vulgar and pompous social ideas of an earlier period."

Claude. Talking of wrists, by the way, how's yours, FREDDIE?

Freddie. Top-hole, thanks. Took it out of the sling this morning. Be able to use it in a day or two.

Bobbie. Let's see, was it tobogganing downstairs or the soccer in the drawing-room?

Freddie. Soccer. Young IVOR barged me over on to a table-full of china. Tried to save the blessed thing, and came down on my hand. Sprained it badly.

Claude. Tell you what it is, that feller oughtn't to be allowed to play in a drawing-room. He charges like a pro.

Bobbie. His way of "filing the fetters," I suppose.

Freddie. All very well, but when it comes to a thirteen-stone feller putting his shoulder into your ribs and shoving, I'm all for "the vulgar and pompous social ideas of an earlier period."

Claude (meditatively). Rum those days must have been! I don't see how they filled in the evenings then.

Freddie. No booby-traps, what?

Claude. My word, we've taught 'em a lot. We're what d'you call 'em? — pioneers.

Bobbie. Reformers.

Freddie. Martyrs, sometimes. Don't forget my wrist.

Bobbie (taking up his paper again). Chap goes on. Says we've made a stand against "the stupid conventions of an unreal respectability."

[*The door opens silently, and a Mysterious Hand flings a paper bag, which hits* CLAUDE *and bursts, covering him with flour.*

Claude (with emotion). Here, I say! I mean—— Hang it!

Bobbie (approvingly). Good shot that, for a girl.

Freddie. Now, a few years ago I shouldn't wonder if a feller mightn't have cut up rough at a little thing like that.

Claude. But, I say, look here!——

Bobbie (shocked). Don't tell us *you're* going to get stuffy! You aren't in favour of "the stupid conventions of an unreal respectability," surely?

Freddie (judicially). Besides, it was probably that DE BATTLEAXE girl. And you know you did throw your soup at her at dinner last night.

Claude (slightly mollified). Oh well——

Bobbie. That's right. Stout fellow. Now let's see, where was I? "Unreal respectability." Oh, yes.

Freddie. One second. Where are the cigars? Make a long arm, CLAUDE. Thanks.

[*The application of matches to the cigars causes three sharp and simultaneous explosions. The reformers look at one another from under singed eyebrows. Faint and silvery laughter filters through the door.*

All. Rather smart, what?

Bobbie (dauntlessly resuming his reading). "The Smart Set have demonstrated that it is the best form to be natural and entirely unaffected."

Freddie (fingering his face in a gingerly manner). All the same, I wish the demonstrations weren't so confoundedly painful.

Claude (swallowing a mouthful of scorched flour). Same here.

(*Scene closes.*)

THE VINDICATION OF THE PRINCIPLE.

ALL the world travels by train. One half must have the window open and the other half must have the window shut. The former call the latter "Frowsters" and themselves "Hygienists;" the latter call the former "Fresh Air Fiends" and themselves "Hygienists."

I am a Hygienist. To me the open window is an essential principle (hereinafter called "The Principle"). The other five passengers in the carriage were Frowsters, bigoted partisans of Fug. Collision of opinion was from the first inevitable, and declaration of war was soon made by the Frowster who sat nearest to the corridor. He closed the door and all the available ventilators on his side, and I opened the window and all the available ventilators on my side. The Frowsters shivered ostentatiously and started conversation among themselves on the prospect of a particularly hard winter. I remained stolidly indifferent, and for the moment the Principle prospered.

There was a pause. Then the Frowsters resumed with further and louder conversation on the dangers of draughts. The Man Opposite detailed several cases of painful death resulting therefrom. "Excuse me," he said, and raised the window one hole.

There are six holes in a window strap, so that the Frowsters were now one up and five to play.

The next bout was short and disastrous. While I was spluttering and mumbling inaudible and unintelligible sarcasms, another Frowster pulled the window up another hole to "keep the draught off his poor bald head." I, who had not the courage to assert my rights, weakly permitted it, and as nothing succeeds like success the window soon went up one and then another hole.

The Frowsters were now four up and two to play. They had won the match and were jubilant. But they did not win the bye, and in this affair it was the bye that mattered. "We think that we will have the window closed altogether," they chorused, "if you do not mind." "Gentlemen," I answered, "I *do* mind. This is my window. I cannot live without fresh air. I shall keep the window open." Innumerable threats, much argument, some hard names and one attempt at active interference were unavailing. The window remained open at the top. The honour (if not the victory) of the Principle seemed assured.

The cool breeze was most refreshing to my heated brow. I felt that I could afford to be generous, and handed my topcoat (not without insolent compassion) to the Man Opposite.... For some time I watched with amusement the exaggerated shivering of the Frowsters, till I began to wonder whether it was exaggerated, whether the temperature was not possibly a bit low.... I, even I, began to be thankful that the window was only open at the top.... In half-an-hour I thought that it was almost cool, and felt that I should not make a very great fuss now if the Frowsters insisted on having the window shut altogether.... Another half-hour passed, and yes, it was distinctly cool, much cooler than I thought.... Really, it was positively cold!

Slowly but surely the awful truth dawned upon me in all its cruel irony. I was chilled to the bone; the Principle would not allow me to ask the Man Opposite for my coat; the Principle would not allow me to close the window; I was on the verge of freezing, and, worst of all, the Frowsters knew it.

I gave in. The cold was too great to be borne. "Gentlemen," I said, "I am willing to yield to a majority. You may have the window shut."..... "Sir," I said to the Man Opposite, "although hot myself, I can see that it may feel cold to those who, unlike myself, are not used to the fresh air. I will therefore waive my objection to your raising the window."...."In spite of your ungrateful silence, Gentlemen," I resumed in despair, "I will raise the window for you myself." Then the long silence was broken by a chorus

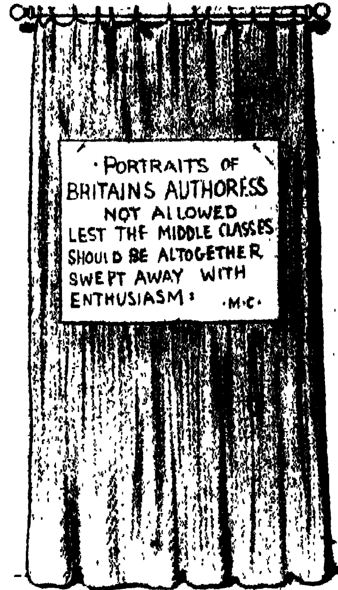
"AUTHORS ON THE TRAIL; OR, SOME MORE "SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS."

Inspired by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest enterprise. (See "The Daily Telegraph.")



The Greeba Mystery.

The bashful Mr. H-ll C-ne, completely disguised as an advertisement agent, sets out to track to his lair that troublesome individual who bears so close a physical resemblance to Mr. C-ne that he is interviewed and photographed almost without cessation (except to take food) in mistake for our premier Manx novelist. Mr. C-ne naturally feels that it is worth a long and fatiguing search and a laborious sifting of evidence to fathom the mystery.



Tragic Affair at Stratford-on-Avon.

Miss M-r-e C-r-lli decides to conduct a special personal investigation into the following tragic incident in one of the principal streets of Stratford. An American tourist of the most pronounced type was recently heard to express, in a moment no doubt of temporary insanity, the opinion that Shakspeare's House was "undoubtedly just the most int'resting domicile in that city." If the Extradition Law is found to cover the case no effort will be spared by Miss C. to bring the miscreant to justice.



A Scotch Murder.

Mr. G-rge B-rn-rd Sh-w has just heard for the first time of a series of atrocious murders in the North of Scotland by a family named Macbeth. The commission of the crime was revealed some little time ago by a struggling but deserving playwright, whose name has slipped Mr. Sh-w's memory, but Mr. Sh-w is now on the trail with the deadly determination and pertinacity of the sleuth-hound.

as malicious as it was unanimous:—"We cannot live without fresh air. We will have the window open."

I shall not dwell on the rest of that journey at length. It lasted for two hours, and the memory of it is painful to me. You must imagine for yourselves (if you really want to know all about it) the physical pain of gradual freezing, the silence in which my efforts to persuade the Frowsters to ask me to close the window were received, the offensiveness with which they snuggled into their topcoats, and the particular offensiveness with which the Man Opposite wrapped *my* topcoat round *his* knees.

After what seemed an eternity the journey ended. The Frowsters, with the ostentatious jubilation of men who are unused to victory, marched in triumphal procession to the First-class Refreshment Room. I, the frozen and apparently subdued, crept into the nearest refuge, which happened to be the Third-class Waiting-room. Now, however depressed a man may be feeling, his condition must seem comparatively bright when contrasted with the settled gloom of a Third-class Waiting-room. "Come," I said to myself, "it is not as bad as all that. While there is life there is hope. I will up and do. I also will go to the First-class Refreshment Room." I had been struck with an idea.

Through the glass partition of the door I saw the Frowsters deep in their cups and (as would have been obvious to a less perceptive person than myself) rehearsing possibly for the twentieth time the tale of my defeat. With magnificent audacity I hurled the door open. The force of the impact, making a noise not unlike the crack of doom, produced an immediate silence, and, with all eyes fixed upon me, I said (and that not indistinctly nor without emphasis), "Waiter, bring me an iced drink."

"Sir—?" said the waiter, and I thanked my stars for the blank expression on his face. From that I knew that the ice could not be supplied, and felt that I could now with immunity insist on having it. My insistence was noisy, and my indignation on learning that my demand could not be satisfied was thorough.

At first the Frowsters were nonplussed, as better men than they would have been, but surprise quickly gave way to blind fury. Fiery of eye and confused of speech they rushed upon that waiter. With honeyed words and curses, with smiles and tears, they tried to compel him to produce the ice which he said he had not got. They threatened and bribed, they implored and abused. I, feeling that this was a fitting climax, left them at it, left them clustered round the waiter, while the Man Opposite, in a speech full of gesticulation and repetition, poured into his unwilling ear the tale of their grievances and suffering.

A minute afterwards I was being served in the First-class Refreshment Room on the other platform with a cup of the hottest coffee that money could procure.

CHARIVARIA.

A REPORT reaches us, from American sources, that the United States Government is going to lay down some battleships of such huge dimensions, that it may be necessary to enlarge the Atlantic.

It is possible that some persons have been wondering why the *Dreadnought* was not stationed in the Strand. One of our monthlies, in an article on the giant battleship, publishes a drawing of her in that position, from which it is obvious that she would obstruct the traffic there.

The KAISER, it is stated, will avoid appearance of taking sides in the political struggle which is now in progress between Socialism and the Crown. It is, however, an exaggeration to say that people are completely mystified as to which party HIS MAJESTY favours.

Meanwhile, in the opinion of many persons, the KAISER is marching to his Jena. It is even rumoured that in view of possible eventualities he has been evincing an immense interest in the Music Hall venture of Prince ROBERT DE BROGLIE.

The war in the Dutch East Indies has now entered on its thirty-fourth year, and we would respectfully point out to the Dutch nation that this contest is lasting longer than the Boer War.

Once more has the danger of playing with fire-arms been exemplified. In a duel between French army officers one has been seriously injured.

Professor POSNER, of Berlin, announces that surgeons have now achieved such success in grafting operations that they are justified in believing that arms, legs, and even heads severed from the body may be replaced. The prospect of being able, when one gets tired of one's head, to replace it with another is certainly alluring, and a Face Exchange will no doubt soon be advertised.

One of the most practical of the many suggestions for rendering the Channel Tunnel useless in time of war is that the Fat Boy of Peckham shall be housed, at Government expense, near the entrance, on the understanding that he is to be used for blocking the Tunnel on the outbreak of hostilities.

"Does the theatre-going public enjoy horrors on the stage?" asks a contemporary. Personally we know several little horrors on the stage who appear to be quite popular.

There has been a further failure of the Marylebone Council's electric supply, and it is suggested that the Council might make a handsome profit by selling candles for use on such occasions.

The current number of *Pearson's Magazine* publishes a variety of New Year resolutions. Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY'S most interesting item is: "To help those who try to help themselves."



(*After some minutes' ineffectual shouting.*)
Sportsman and Distant Figure together. "WHAT?"
Sportsman. "I SAID, 'HAVE—YOU—SEEN—A—BROWN—HORSE?'"
Distant Figure. "OH, HANG IT ALL, I SAID THAT!"

The joke of course has a great antiquity; but it should come as a perennially fresh source of encouragement to shoplifters at a season when their activities are largely discouraged by the general public.

Sir WILLIAM GRANTHAM completed the twenty-first year of his career as a Judge on the 4th inst. One is always pleased to hear of a Judge's attaining the age of discretion.

Who's Who shows that there are fifty-five well-known BROWNS, but only forty-seven well-known JONESES. This is said to have stung the JONESES to action, and the entire clan is to be circularised and requested to endeavour to become famous before the issue of the next volume.

What must be the largest Matinée Hat in the world made its appearance last week at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu in Paris. It took no less than twenty minutes to remove.

A report just issued shows that the death rate for 1905 was the lowest on record. On the other hand the rate at which we live is constantly increasing.

Food riots are stated to have taken place inside many little boys during the recent festive season.

The visit of the AMEER to India is proving a great success. A quite charming incident happened at Agra. When tea was served Lord MINTO rose and helped the AMEER to milk. At that the AMEER quickly rose and poured milk into Lord MINTO'S cup, saying, "I will help you." It was a pretty act of courtesy, none the less graceful because Lord MINTO possibly did not want milk.

The report of the death of the SHAH published in *The Daily Mail* has now been confirmed by all our other papers, and the news has been cabled to Persia.

Not a very gallant way of putting it.

A BRISTOL paper writes: "Major ——, who was married the other day to Miss ——, has gained by his bravery both the D.S.O. and the much-coveted V.-C."

A Bargain: Cause and Effect?

"BEDS AND BEDDING.—Soldiers' blankets, dark colour, 80 in. by 60 in., never been washed."—*Exchange and Mart.*

THE LITTLE ROOM AND HOW LARGE IT IS!—"Miss MURCUTT said when she went to live and work among the people of the East End of London she found 300,000 persons, divided into families, living in one room."—*Scotsman.*

ACCORDING to an *Evening News* feuilleton, "GRANT led the way to the entrance, where his motor cab still waited, somewhat mollified but still distrustful and irritated." One seems to have met a motor cab or two with just that kind of temper.

HUBBIES AS HOBBIES.

(By One of the Former.)

["One of the most interesting and useful hobbies for ladies" (says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*) "is the art of training a husband, for it can be practised even in spare moments, is generally pleasant, and always profitable. It is necessary, first of all, to catch the husband, who is a rather queer fish at the best. This is rather more difficult than it used to be by reason of his increasing scarcity, consequent on the lamentable rise in rent, rates, and taxes."]

WE live in an age of Nature Study, and the Collector is very much abroad. He (or she) sees to it that rare animals and insects shall speedily become extinct, and thus increase the value of his acquisitions. There are, in fact, so many collectors that there are not enough specimens to go round.

Look at my case, for instance.

I was a Rare Specimen ten years ago when my wife collected me, and now I'm rarer still, but not, I hope, yet extinct.

So far, if the truth must be known, I have not been made a Hobby of, and what I want to find out is when the process is going to begin.

Am I to be stuffed in spare moments, and, if so, what with? I should, anyway, like to have a voice in the *menu*, as I have a distinct objection to corrosive sublimate or other desiccatives.

Do I come under the Wild Birds Preservation Act, and have I a close time? I should very much like to know. If I may stretch a point, I find that Hobbies are included in the ornithological list of that enactment. The Natural History book says they are summer visitors in this country, appearing in April and leaving in October—which would just suit my constitution. They were formerly trained (it continues) to fly at larks and quails, but now feed principally on common dor-beetles. To this part of Hobby-life I should demur; but perhaps I don't belong to this branch of the animal kingdom at all, as *Cassell's Saturday Journal* states that I am "a queer fish at the best."

Am I, then, destined for a bowl or an aquarium? I have often been told I am cold-blooded, but, on the whole, I don't think I should be either pleasant or profitable in a watery element.

Or can it be that, after all, I shall be classed as a real live Home Pet—perhaps even as a Human Being, with strange whims to be humoured and queer habits to be indulged?

Anyhow, here I am, a Potential Hobby—and I only hope that in *this* household at least my priceless qualities and virtues will at last be recognised!

"Age cannot wither her."

"GIRL wanted, smart, about 71, for housework."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

Could Nelson enter the Navy to-day?

A CORRESPONDENT writes: The above question meets my eye on posters. But what an easy one! I understand that when the examiners ask a naval candidate his name if it is a *really good name* it doesn't matter what his other answers are like. So that our national hero would only have to say his name was HORATIO NELSON, *and he would pass at once.*



A GOLFER'S NIGHTMARE.

Told by a Nose-witness.

"THE only touch of Orientalism was lent by the (AMIR'S) camp followers, who brought with them a whiff of the Central Asia of TAMERLANE."—*Daily Mail.*

"MR. JOHN BURNS," says *The Daily News*, "is a man who gets up early, and a man who wants to know the reason why." We cannot oblige him: it has always seemed to us a most unreasonable habit.

LINKS LAW.

RECENT reports of the high jinks at Chatsworth have revealed the interesting fact that the local rules for the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S private golf links were drawn up by Mr. BALFOUR. *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in furnishing his readers with a complete and accurate transcript of the Codex Arthurianus:—

1. On all occasions on which the Duke of DEVONSHIRE is dormy, or on the point of becoming so, strict silence must be observed.

2. Ex-Lord Chancellors are not to be penalised for hitting the ball twice in or out of a bunker.

3. If a Premier or ex-Premier should loft his ball into a tree and the ball should elect to remain there, beaters may be employed to bring it down.

4. Should snow be lying on the course it is requested that, if the Belgian Minister is on the links, red rubber-cored balls should not be used.

5. If a Scotch Duke should "Duff" his drive into the Derwent he must pay his piper a bawbee for fetching it out.

6. Any Duke who, after missing the globe three times in succession, utters no audible remark, is to be allowed a further or Grace stroke without penalty.

7. If any dispute should arise as to the bogey of the course, it shall be referred to the decision of the Committee of the Society of Psychical Research.

8. In three-ball matches, other things being equal, the odds given shall vary in an inverse ratio with the social precedence of the players.

9. In mixed foursomes Kimonos may be worn, but no singing or skirt-dancing is allowed on the tee.

10. When chauffeurs are employed as fore-caddies it is requested that, to avoid accidents, they should wear their leather suits and goggles.

11. If a caddie should speak or whistle while a Grand Duke is addressing his ball, he shall not be liable, unless a Russian subject, to be deported to Siberia or imprisoned in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul.

THOSE LENIENT COLONIES!—"He was charged with bigamy, but was released as a first offender."—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

THE SONG OF SIX SUBURBS.

(After Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

BRIXTON.

THOUGH far outside the radius you roam,
Where shall a fairer prospect meet the eyes?
Brand-new, like Aphrodite from the foam,
The homes of Brixton Rise.

TOOTING.

Supreme am I, Suburbia's guiding star,
And when I speak let lesser tongues be dumb;
The prefix "Upper" shows the class we are;
Where Tooting beckons, Come!

HAMPSTEAD.

Upon your North-West Passage scale my heights,
And mark the joyous crowds that sport beneath;
Men call me "Happy": O the strange delights,
The dalliance on my Heath!

PECKHAM.

A peaceful calm envelops every street,
And like an old-world idyl life drifts by;
Where else such courtly couples shall you meet
A-comin' thro' the Rye?

CLAPHAM.

Unto my yoke my stalwarts meekly bend:
Daily, between the hours of 8 and 9,
To dare worse horrors than the Pit I send
Sons of the Chatham line!

EALING.

"Last, loveliest, exquisite," I give to those
Civilian warriors from India rest;
What suburb boasts the dignified repose
That clings to Ealing, W.?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LORD STANMORE, undertaking to write his *Memoir of Sidney Herbert* (JOHN MURRAY), had rare opportunity of adding to the treasure-house of English biography. The Minister at the War Office when the campaign in the Crimea opened was a fascinating personality, a statesman who helped to rule in stirring times. Lord STANMORE knew him and his colleagues intimately, watching events from the inner circle open to the Private Secretary of the Premier. Starting with this advantage (and others) he has been handicapped by lack of literary faculty. Lord STANMORE'S is the pen of a heavy writer. Where one looks for illuminating characterisation of the subject of the memoir and his friends, one finds pages of dully written historical record. Amongst minor frailties, Lord STANMORE is a slave to the use of that odious, rarely necessary word, "which." *Macbeth* quailed before three witches encountered on the blasted heath. Lord STANMORE would have asked for one more. Here is a specimen of his interpretation. It is taken midway in a single sentence: "A sketch of the times in *which* he lived, of the measures *which* he directly or indirectly influenced, a work *which* may be more or less valuable but *which* can hardly," etc.

Happily Lord STANMORE had access to private correspondence whose interest adds permanent value to the work. We find in it incidental references to PALMERSTON and JOHNNY RUSSELL, testifying to the personal dislike and distrust inspired by them in the breast of Cabinet colleagues. We are permitted through the same medium to watch Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Cabinet slowly making up their minds to declare for Free Trade. Even more interesting is the narrative of the ABERDEEN Cabinet drifting into a war that none but PALMERSTON desired. Daily to SIDNEY HERBERT as Minister for War came gruesome stories of the hapless administration of affairs in the Crimea. To read them is like perusing the report of the South African War Commission with the exaggeration consequent on an attack of nightmare. Hampered by the interval of a month in the exchange of correspondence, SIDNEY HERBERT bravely battled with the blunders of a costly expedition to further which, as he forlornly writes, "everything was sent out except common sense." It was upon his personal incentive that FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE went out to Scutari to work wonders in delivering the sick and wounded from a condition of affairs, due to maladministration and incompetence, that would be incredible if it were not testified to by impartial eye-witnesses. Sick or well, in time of peace or in the trenches, TOMMY ATKINS never had a truer friend than SIDNEY HERBERT.

If I had proposed to send the PRIME MINISTER a New Year Card it would not have taken the shape of Mr. W. BASIL WORSFOLD'S account of *Lord Milner's Work in South Africa, 1897–1902* (JOHN MURRAY). For it reminds us once more that the statement "Whatever Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN may think or say, the German nation may think or say," was not only the expressed opinion of the *Vossische Zeitung*, but also represented the attitude of Boers, Americans and the world in general. Mr. WORSFOLD proves that although, if Lord MILNER'S views had been fortunate enough to meet with the approval instead of the condemnation of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the war might have been materially shortened, no man on earth, except President KRUGER, could have prevented it. "The only thing we are afraid of now," wrote a prominent Boer on the eve of hostilities, "is that CHAMBERLAIN, with his admitted fitfulness of temper, will cheat us out of the war, and consequently the opportunity of annexing the Cape Colony and Natal, and forming the Republican United States of South Africa." "The Boers invade Natal!" said a Radical Member; "you might just as well talk of their invading England!"

Finally, this able and valuable work clearly proves, what is now widely recognised outside the circle of his political opponents, that South Africa was not the grave but the crown of Lord MILNER'S reputation.

A problem which haply may take unawares
The young married salary-earner,
Is ably expounded in *Darray's Affairs*
(Messrs. GREENING), by REGINALD TURNER.

It is whether the maid you accept at the kirk
As your partner for weal and for woe shall
Assist you, as far as she can, in your work,
Or merely be homely and social.

Is it either or neither or both shall enrich
The lot of the Benedick lover?
The hero selects after trial—but which?
You must go to the book to discover.

If I were asked to cite an example of a distinction without a difference I should name Mrs. EARLE'S latest book, *Letters to Young and Old* (SMITH, ELDER & Co.), and her three series of *Pot-Pourri* volumes. There, I should say, is a distinction without a difference. The new book shows better than most how much latitude is given to a successful writer; for it is the most casual medley of not always too interesting matter. Mrs. EARLE will, I suppose, be a *pot-pourriste* to the end, and I for one am not sorry for it; but I think she might take a little more trouble next time. There is a lot of dust in her latest jar.



"ART NOUVEAU."

Proud Owner of New Cottage. "I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT CREEPERS TO PUT ON THE COTTAGE. WHICH DO YOU THINK WOULD BE BEST, JOHN?"
John. "WELL, SIR, ONE OF THEM VIRGINIAS WOULD COVER IT UP *QUICKEST*."

THE AULD BRIG O' AYR.

[Lord ROSEBERY has appealed for £10,000 to save this famous structure from being demolished on account of its unsafe condition. The anniversary of BURNS' birthday is on the 25th, and his immortal memory will be toasted at numerous haggis-and-whiskey feasts. *Mr. Punch's* advice for BURNS' nicht is that his worshippers should pass round the hat and let their saxpences go bang into it.]

MEANT for a poet, born an Earl,
His Lordship, like a pawky carl,
Has ta'en the spigot frae his barr'l
And let it run
In gowden thoughts and words o' pearl,
Weel oiled wi' fun.

Ye brither Scots, frae Perth to Denny!
Tak' tent o' drum-taps frae Dalmeny;
Come ilka JOCK, come ilka JENNY,
Richt blithe and trig,
Row in your pound, birl up your penny,
And save the Brig!

Five hunder years, in foul and fair,
I've knelt upon the Banks o' Ayr,
Bending my back, now gashed and bare,
Frae land to land,
And, by yon Sun! five hunder mair
I hope to stand!

Could ye but see the mighty thrang
Hae passed my cobble stanes alang,
The lads and lasses, lithe and strang,
The bairns sae prime!
My fren's, you 'd say I did sma' wrang
To beg for lime!

Ladies and Lords frae yont the toun,
Knights wi' chain coats and iron shoon,
Bailies, hae bauchled up and doun
My auld soos back;
And Princes reested on my croon,
To hae their crack.

But, King amang them a' by right
Was he who on yon autumn night
Watched the braid moon her silver light
Lave in my stream,
The while he preened his fancy's flight,
And wove his dream.

And shall these stanes where RABBIE stood,
For lack o' mortar, by the rood!
A shapeless mass beneath the flood
Sink for a' time?
The King o' Scotland's rhyming brood
Forbids the crime!

All ye who warm at RABBIE's flame,
Who sing his sangs, and toast his name,
The door step o' his muse's hame
Ye dauflin' ca' me
Be his the sorrow, yours the shame,
If ill befa' me!

By all the guid his sangs hae done,
By all the love that he has won
Frae Arctic night to India's sun,
Ower land and sea,
While greenwoods grow and rivers run,
It shall na be!

LOOKING FOR WORK.—"Mother's Help, age 16½, where no children."—*Manchester Guardian.*

GREAT EXPLOIT OF A GROCER'S ASSISTANT.

Alleged to be the Only Passenger Who has ever Ridden IN AN EMBANKMENT TRAM between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges.

FULL DESCRIPTION AND PORTRAIT.

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevailed in Fleet Street and the precincts of the Savoy on Saturday night last on its becoming known that a passenger was alleged to have travelled in one of the London County Council's Vacuum Spectacular Embankment Trams.

We are now in a position to give full particulars as to the exploit itself and the antecedents of the perpetrator, Mr. ALBERT JOSEPH WORPLE, an assistant in the firm of BURDEKIN AND PODGER, Foreign and Colonial Produce Merchants, Ambleside Road, Lambeth.

Mr. WORPLE, on being interviewed by a representative of the Local Government Board, frankly admitted that he was well aware that the L.C.C. Spectacular Vacuum Trams were only intended for officials, and that their use by the public was severely discouraged. But all through his life he had set himself to surmount difficulties, and as soon as the trams began running he resolved to make the attempt. By way of preparation, and in order to familiarise himself with danger, he had once concealed himself on the Tower Bridge when the bascules were in movement; and on another occasion, on being told to move on by a L.C.C. constable, boldly called him a "sham copper." He had also gone into strict training and read nothing but the works of Mr. WELLS for a fortnight previously. He had originally thought of disguising himself as a tram official, but decided that this would be cowardly, and as a matter of fact had worn his ordinary clothes, a lounge suit of brown vicuna, with a bowler hat and a dark blue tie.

He was favoured at the moment of the attempt by a slight fog, and seized the opportunity of darting on to a car when the conductor was talking to the driver, and concealed himself under the seat without attracting the attention of the other officials who were inside the car. The discomfort he underwent during the transit from Waterloo to Blackfriars Bridge was intense; and to make matters worse the journey, owing to the fog, was unusually slow. When the car stopped he was so cramped that for a moment he could not move; then, nerving himself for a supreme effort, he hurled himself out on all fours, and rushing at top speed to Printing House Square claimed and obtained sanctuary



MR. WORPLE,
who has succeeded in riding on an Embankment Tram. (*From a Photo.*)

as one of the 10,000 signatories to Mr. HENNIKER HEATON'S memorial.

Mr. WORPLE, who is a modest, unaffected young man of medium height and fresh complexion, attributed his success in some part to his parentage. His mother was of Welsh extraction, and his father had been a phrenologist who was much in request at bump suppers at Keble College, Oxford. He was a convinced supporter of the Channel Tunnel scheme and the abolition of compulsory Greek. The authors that had influenced him most were SAMUEL SMILES, Sir OLIVER LODGE and Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, the author of *Windbag the Whaler*. His favourite characters in real life were OLIVER CROMWELL and HARRY LAUDER; his favourite colour was magenta; his favourite name for a woman was Marie; his favourite fruit was a Carlsbad plum. He was a life-long abstainer, and had recently won the bagatelle championship at the North-East Lambeth Polytechnic.



MR. WORPLE at the age of five. (*From a Photo.*)

A REVISED VERDICT.

[We are told that a sense of humour in women may become fashionable, since fewer women think humour silly than was the case four years ago.]

"DAPHNE, when you read my verse long since,
Your appreciation was but chilly;
Candidly I own you made me wince,
Nettled at the words you did not mince,
Dubbing (as you did) my humour 'silly!'

"Ah! but now with ecstasy I learn,
You, whose frown (reflected) wrinkled my brow,
Doat on humour which you used to spurn—
And it even seems that some discern
Humour in your very lip and eyebrow.

"Prithee, DAPHNE, let me then anew
Search the bureau where I relegate them,
Bringing thence and offering to you
Verses once despised, if it be true,
Dearest, you at last appreciate them."

"DAMON, since I've struck on humour's vein,
Nay, for its detection boast some skill, Sir,
After reading carefully again
All your verses, I must now with pain
Frankly own—I find them silly still, Sir."

"Smart Young Reporter

Wants to better himself. Can do Book-keeping by Double entry, Stage manage, or take up any Position of Trust. Can ride 7 st. 10 lbs. Abstainer. Auburn, tenor, left-hand medium leg break. Father Churchman."
Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore.

THE young man seems to lack versatility. Certainly his secretiveness on the subject of his experience as a full-back, a fisherman and a temperance lecturer is very suspicious.

Humours of a Contemporary.

WE cull the following passages from *The Throne*:—

"I think teaching and nursing are the two highest professions that any woman can aspire to."

"Character as well as ability is necessary for a boy's future."

We have nothing to say against the sentiment of these two remarks, but we do protest against their appearance under the heading of "Bons-Mots of the Week."

ABSIT OMEN!

MOTHER HALDANE. "CLUCK! CLUCK! CLUCK!"

MOTHER BRODRICK (*sniffily*). "AH, *I* HATCHED A BROOD OF SIX EVERY BIT AS FINE AS YOURS—AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT BECAME OF *THEM*."





THE ALTRUISTIC TOUCH.

Lady Bountiful. "OH, DEAR MISS SMITH, *DO* SEND ME SOME OF YOUR PRICELESS LITTLE SKETCHES FOR MY RUMMAGE SALE ON THE 26TH."

MORE EDUCATION ACTS.

["In the little village of Sompting there is being successfully carried on the most remarkable experiment of recent years, the teaching of children by making them act their lessons." *Daily Paper.*]

ALAS! Our teachers all made huge mistakes
Since patient dames endeavoured to relate us
The fable of King ALFRED and the cakes,
Without the aid of cooking apparatus;
And, touching lampreys, never bought a sample,
That we might sigh to follow HENRY'S sad example!

Some few years later erudite "D.D.'s"
Of vinegary aspect would compel us
To construe such vivacious words as these:
"*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pulsanda tellus,*"
Without arranging an impromptu "hop,"
Or sending for a single draught of ginger pop!

Their methods were, of course, absurdly wrong;
Some pleasant, harmless gift of mighty Bacchus
Would inculcate the spirit of the song
And due affection for the genial Flaccus;
Whilst something in the way of mild saltation
Might help to stimulate the young imagination.

When Public Schools adopt this "acting" plan,
We'll see young BROWN and HAWKINS, JONES and HARRIS
Gladly interpreting, as best they can,
The meeting of the goddesses with Paris —
(He swearing that their graces made Œnone
Seem, by comparison, distinctly plain and bony.)

With what delight a pedagogue will gaze
Upon a class of satyrs (or bacchantes)
All cheerfully endeavouring to raise
A worse Inferno than the poet DANTE'S,
Or frisking it with wild and uncouth frolics,
Like merry shepherds in Virgilian bucolics.

A scene or two from EUCLID'S private life
(To rouse an interest in his didactics)
Might show the sage's estimable wife
Anticipating *Mrs. Caudle's* tactics,
The while he ponders, disinclined for wrangles,
The dazzling similarity of two triangles.

When dull and joyless studies are consigned
To Limbo whilst the uproar waxes frantic,
Ushers will look thereon with open mind,
Wreathed in approving smiles not too pedantic;
They may, indeed, regard it as becoming
To join the sport themselves and do a little mumming!

Astronomical Notes.

"A REMARKABLE feature of the coming eclipse is the absence of Anglo-Saxon enterprise."—*Standard.*

"A still more remarkable feature will be the absence of the sun."—*Punch.*

WASTRELS are going pretty strong in Birstall just now. According to *The Birstall News*, the local Cooperative Society met on Monday last and decided that their sausage machine be repainted. What has *The Daily Mail* got to say to that?

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

Mr. Punch's Untrustworthy Guide to London.

Chapter XIX.

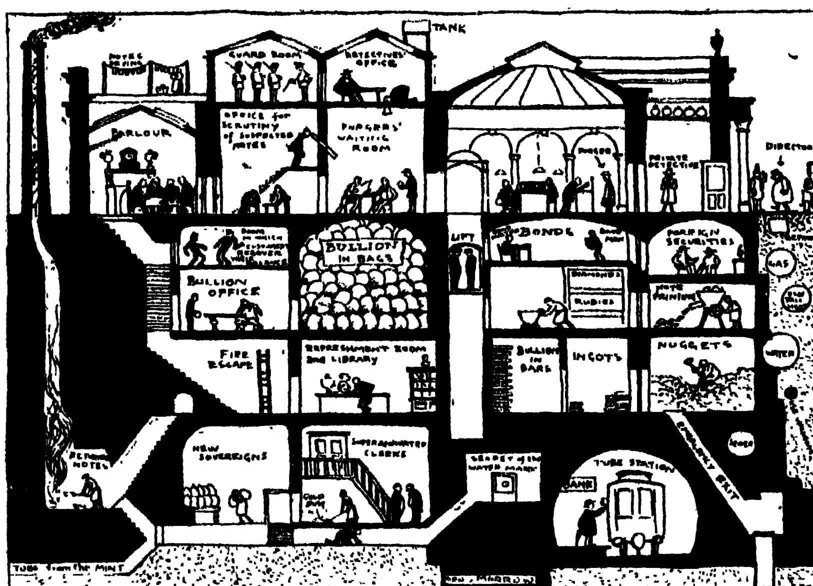
The Bank of England.

London has of course many Banks, therein differing from its river, which has only two. The Bank of England is the chief, and very well worth robbing. The precautions which are taken against robbers are, however, complete, officials being on duty day and night armed t the teeth: armed indeed so thoroughly that even their hats are always cocked. Hence the old proverb: "He who enters the Bank of England intent upon plunder comes out with a flea in his ear." It is this reputation for impregnability which has won for the Bank of England the nickname "the Kronstadt of Finance," by which it is always known in thieves' kitchens and rookeries. In their peculiar *argot*, called back-slang, in which strange tongue they speak so fluently among themselves, Kronstadt becomes of course Tdatsnork. Whenever you see two evil-looking men conversing in whispers of the "Tdatsnork fo Ecnanif" you may know that yet another raid on the Bank of England is being arranged.

The Bank of England to the casual eye may seem to be built of ordinary grey stone, much grimed by London smoke. But this is wrong. Stone may be cut through. The stone, therefore, is only a veneer, a ruse to be found out with bitter tears by the enterprising Jack Sheppard, fret-saw in hand, for beneath it are layers of Damascus steel and bullet-proof cloth, asbestos, concrete, and inflammable paint. Nothing can penetrate the Bank of England, except by the doors. Here, it is true, it is vulnerable, but every care is taken to see that unsuitable persons or dogs are not admitted, while all the cashiers are not only protected by a brass railing, but armed also with copper shovels, that implement having been adopted as the Bank clerks' weapon ever since Sir Thomas Gresham used one to fell a foot padde who stoppyd hym on ye roadde to ye Village of Charing manie centuries agone. (A murrain on such knaves! quotha.)

On entering the Bank of England the first thing that strikes one is the gigantic bureau in the centre of the building, with its long single drawer, the handles of which are almost worn to nothing by continual usage. Even while you stand here for a minute or so as many as a hundred City men will run up to it, wrench it open, and return with a disgusted expression as they perceive it to be empty. This is indeed an historic article for it is the famous drawer to which so many recipients of cheques are told to "refer."

The Bank of England is, of course, a rich man's Bank. The ordinary man with £5000 a-year and so for must bank where he can. The Bank of England is for millionaires, and yet such is the innate modesty and simplicity of many a merchant prince that you would find, if you were to follow one, that he



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

Section of the Bank of England, from information received.

probably has only one lunch in the side f the day, just like an ordinary person, an returns home in but a single cab.

Let us follow his one. Although so young obviously very successful. He comes into the Bank in a great hurry, holding his portfolio in his hand. See how rich he must be, for this portfolio, to protect it further from the pickpockets that are dogging his every step, is fastened to his body by a chain. Clearly a multi-millionaire. H says something to the clerk with the shovel, they exchange papers. he leaves again. Probably he has negotiated a loan for £500,000. My impression is he is one of the Rothschilds. See, he runs across the road—let us run too. He dashes into another Bank. He has so much money that no one Bank—not even the Bank of England—is enough for him. We follow. Listen, the manager, all deference, is speaking to him. "Now then, Parker, why the dickens have you been so long?"

Heavens! Can we have made a mistake? Is this only a junior clerk after all? Or is it not more probably a blind to throw people off the scent? For the city is a very knowing place. However, we will not follow anybody else.

(*To be continued.*)

UN JEU POUR LES FOUS.

Glossary.

Tee—the goal.
Bottle a bottle-shaped mark placed on the centre of the tee.
Hog—a stone which does not reach the hog-line. It is out of play.
Skip - the captain of a side.
Soop—sweep.
Sit down a conjuration addressed to a stone that is going too fast.

Le Curling, dit M. Leblanc. Flûte pour le Curling! Un jeu pour les fous! Tu sais, mon vieux, jusqu'à quel point je suis sportsman. Le tennis? J'en raffole. La chasse à l'alouette? Enragé, s'pas? Il n'y a pas un sport, un jeu, un exercice, quoi? dont ton petit Jules ignore les détails les plus minutieux. Figure-toi, alors, ma joie quand, le lendemain de mon arrivée chez Sir Muckletaow, sa fille ainée, Miss Gine (une blonde ravissante, mon cher!) m'invite à faire une partie de Curling sur le lac qui se trouve devant le perron du château.

J'accepte, tu le penses bien. Un sport nouveau. Voilà justement mon affaire!

Une fois sur la glace, Miss Gine et Miss Gladisse, la cadette, font le picks-me-up. Miss Gine me dit, "Vous êtes de mon équipe. Reluquez-moi cette bouteille sur le thé." Je regarde, mais je ne vois ni bouteille ni thé. Est-ce qu'elle se moque de moi? Sais pas, moi. C'est comme je te le dis, un jeu pour les fous. N'y comprends rien, mais rrrrrrrien.

Miss Gine reprend alors, "Vous allez commencer."

"Jamais de la vie," dis-je, en galant homme. "Ce n'est pas à Jules Xavier Lucien Desclaves Leblanc de commencer, par exemple, alors que trois belles demoiselles font partie de le même équipe que lui!"

"Mais si. Mais si," dit Miss Gine. "Faut obéir à votre skeep. Fichez-moi donc un bon coup et que ça commence."

Alors, chacun s'empare de petits balais et file à l'autre extrémité du rink. Le

jeune Tom, qui fait le premier coup pour son camp, lance sa pierre. Ça glisse, ça glisse, et puis ça s'arrête. A moi le coup. Je prends ma pierre. Sapristi! qu'elle est lourde! Je la lance. Ça glisse et ça glisse, mais lentement, lente-ment; et puis, ça s'arrête aussi.

"Vous êtes un hog," dit le jeune Tom, qui ne cesse pas de ricaner.

Hog? Qu'est-ce que c'est que hog? De ma poche je sors ce petit coquin de Bellaowes. J'y regarde. 'Hog' signifie 'cochon,' nom d'une pipe!

"Ah! Ah!" je crie. "Un cochon? Moi? Bon, mon drôle! Ah! C'est comme ça que parlent les garçons Ecossais?" .... Et pan! je lui flanque un bon, mais un bien bon, mon petit.

Tous se précipitent en brandissant leurs balais. On crie. On rit. Miss Gine me fait parfaitement comprendre la chose. Le pauvre garçon s'est servi d'une des phrases imbéciles de ce sport de fous. 'Hog' veut dire que... ou plutôt que... enfin, n'importe. Tout s'explique, et moi, je fais mille excuses. Tom ne me garde pas rancune et le jeu recommence.

Encore une fois je lance ma pierre: un coup épatant. Il est d'une telle justesse, d'une telle vigueur, que la pierre rase la glace comme une hirondelle, atteint un vieux à côtelettes rouges, lui fait faire un saut de carpe, et le voilà qui se fiche par terre avec un cri épouvantable.

Cris. Rires. Excuses. C'est rasant.

Miss Gine me donne un balai. "Naow," me dit-elle, "vous allez sooper."

"Dame!" lui dis-je, "à quelle heure dinez-vous, Mesdemoiselles, si vous soupez à onze heures moins le quart?"

Rires. Explications. C'est fastidieux. 'Soop,' paraît-il, veut dire 'balayer.' Mais le mot ne se trouve pas dans Bellaowes. Est-ce donc du patois? Comment le saurais-je? Quel jeu de fous!

Miss Gine me dit alors: "M. Leblanc, vous savez que je suis votre skeep." ('Skeep'? En Bellaowes ça se traduit 'sauter.' C'est inconcevable, mais nous jouons au Curling, s'pas?) "Faut faire attention," poursuit-elle, "à tout ce que je vous dis. Vous allez obéir à mes moindres ordres. Quand je crierai 'soop,' balayez-moi la glace de votre mieux."

Une jeune personne lance sa pierre. Ça glisse. Ça gli-i-i-sse.

"Soop," crie Miss Gine. Et je soope.

"Stoppez," crie Miss Gine. Et je m'arrête.

Puis, "Sit down. Sit down," crie Miss Gine. Et moi, qui obéis militairement, je m'assieds—flan! sur la pierre.

Que ça me fait mal! Et crac! qu'arrive-t-il à mon pantalon gris foncé? Perdu, mon pauvre ami, perdu absolument. Et, nat-ur-el-le-ment, je me suis encore trompé. C'est la pierre qui doit s'asseoir. Comment doit-elle s'asseoir, la pierre? Je n'en sais rien. Ridicule, s'pas? Et des rires encore, des cris, les malédictions, des explications, des excuses.

Eh ben! C'est trop fort, et je m'enfuis.

Flûte pour le Curling! Un jeu idiot. Un jeu pour les fous. Moi, j'en ai soupé.



Charwoman (mending carpet). "I never thought as 'ow I should come to this, Mum. Me that was that well eddicated that afore I was married I couldn't even make a beef pudden!"

More Commercial Candour.

"Lot 7.—789 Very Handsome Washing Embroidered Silk Blouse Pieces, worth 4*s.* 11*d.* each, for 1*s.* 11½*d.* These cannot last long at the price."—*Glasgow Draper's Sale List.*

Answer to Correspondent.

"Dictator." — No, you are wrong about *Paradise Lost*. It was Doré, not Milton, who did the illustrations. The latter sup[illegible] the letter-press.

A Chip of the old (Horse) Block.

A small boy of five, brought up in a very horsey atmosphere, was the other day alone with his sister when she fainted. He was found a few minutes later, by his father, sitting gravely and conscientiously on her head.

The next Exhibition at Earl's Court is to be devoted to the Balkan States; and it is an open secret that one of the most novel features of the show will be a Water Chute—a form of sport peculiar to the inhabitants of this picturesque and mountainous district.

Our daily press is full of valuable information. Take this from the *Telegraph*. It was probably cabled at enormous expense.

"After a night of pitiless rain and cold, the naval review was held in glorious weather, lasting just till it ended."

THE SECOND EXTRA.

Dear Amaryllis,—(may I call you that?
Seeing I do not know your proper name;
And, if I did, it might be something dull—
Like Jane). I offer you my broken heart,
Knowing that if you do not want the thing
You will not hesitate to mention it:
Dear Amaryllis, will you please be mine?

We met, 'twas at a dance, ten days ago;
And after sundry smiles and bows from me,
And other rather weary smiles from you,
And certain necessary calculations,
We hit at last upon the Second Extra,
And made an assignation for the same.
"I shall be at this corner here," you said:
And I "Right O," or words to that effect.
But when the dance came round we both were tired,
So sat it out instead beneath a palm
(Which probably was just as well for you,
And, since I love you, just as well for me).
We talked, but what about I can't remember
Save this: that you were rather keen on golf;
That I had never been to Switzerland;
And both of us thought well of Bernard Shaw.
We talked; but all the time I looked at you,
And wondered much what inspiration led
Your nose to tilt at just that perfect angle;
And wondered how on earth you did your hair;
And why your eyes were blue, when it was black;
And why - a hundred other different things.
Until at last, another dance beginning,
You left me lonely; whereupon I went
Back to the supper room, and filled a glass,
And drank, and lit a cigarette, and sighed,
And asked the waiter Had he been in love?
And told the waiter, Yes, I *am* in love;
And gave him twopence, and went home to bed.

Am I in love? Well no, I hardly think so.
For one, I'm much too happy as I am;
For two, I shall forget you by to-morrow;
For three, I do not care about your friends,
The men you danced with—bounders, all of them.
For four and five and six and all the rest,
I'm fairly sure we shall not meet again.
Not that I mind. No, as I said before,
I'm very much too happy as I am.
Besides, I shall forget you by to-morrow.

Then why this letter? Well, two incidents
Have led me to it. Here you have them both.
First, then, that sitting in my rooms last week,
Sitting and smoking, thinking—not of you,
Not altogether, but of many things,
Politics, football, dinner and tobacco -
Quite suddenly this thought occurred to me:
"By Jove, I wish I had a little dog,
A terrier, an Irish terrier,
I wonder if the landlord would object."
And, thinking thus, I rose and sighed, and bent
To take my boots off. Had a mouse appeared,
I could have loved it in my loneliness.
Had but the humblest cockroach shown his head,
I think I would have said "Good-night" to it.

This too (I give it you for what it's worth):
Next morning, passing through St. James's Park,
A morning for the gods, all blue and white,
I heard what, strictly, should have been a skylark,
(But probably was quite a common bird)
Offering up its very soul to Heaven.
Then suddenly I stopped and cried, "By Jove!
By Jove!" I cried, "I *wish* it were the Spring!"

* * * * * *

So there you have it. Now it's off my chest.
Just for one moment you upset me slightly,
Disturbed my usual calm serenity,
Got in my head, and set me vainly wishing
For April, and the country, and one other . . . . .
But that is over. I am whole again.
Good-bye! I shall not send this letter now.
I find I have forgotten you already.

NATURE STUDIES.

The Exhumed Slipper.

The hero of this very slight story is a dog, whose virtues I propose to commemorate for the admiration of those who, walking on two feet, are not too proud to profit by the example of the four-footed tail-waggers, their servants and friends. The slipper, as you will see, is a mere incident, an incident more permanent, I regret to say, than the hero, but not on that account to be unduly exalted.

The name of this dog was *Ray*, and he was a Labrador retriever of the true breed, bulky in body and something short in the legs. His coat was of a pure black, its short hairs being so closely and smoothly laid together that it glistened in the sun. His hide was very loosely adjusted to his back. You could lift it, so to speak, in great handfuls without causing him the least inconvenience. His tail was an implement of great strength and thickness, nobly adapted to perform the functions of a rudder when, as often happened, he plunged into the water to exercise the oarage of his paws. His head was even smoother than his back, and it was adorned by two brown eyes through which love and loyalty shone eloquently upon his friends. When he sat down in his favourite attitude with his head lifted and a little thrown back, the shortness of those sturdy forelegs of his gave him the appearance of a seal. Indeed, I am now sure that if we were able to trace back their genealogies we should find that seals and Labrador dogs possessed a common ancestor in an age indefinitely remote. I saw a seal the other day in a Midland town, of all places in the world, and when, sitting awkwardly on the lid of its wooden tank of water, it shook hands with its owner, and then, in an access of clumsy affection, threw back its honest head and kissed him, I was irresistibly reminded of *Ray* and other Labradors whom I have known.

So much for the outward seeming of my dog. For his qualities of heart and brain let these few words suffice:—He was always affectionate and joyous. No rebuff ever changed his love, and no disappointment ever cast a shadow of gloom on his perfect good humour. He was a friend to all the other dogs, even to the jealous old spaniel who growled down his cheerful advances. With his human friends his life was one round of faithful kindness and indefatigable tail-wagging. He was a sportsman of great natural gifts improved by careful practice. No elaborate training had been necessary for him; he seemed to know by intuition that no scurry of fur or flutter of feather must disturb him from the heel of his master till the word was given. He was a good and business-like tracker, excellently equipped with a nose of high quality. His teeth never left a mark on the bird which, with an air of proud submission, he bore back to his master's hand.

I now approach the incident of the slipper, but first I must mention bones, a subject of some importance to a dog. The human force of his reasoning powers had not preserved this Labrador from the canine habit of burying in the earth the bones for which, having picked them clean, he had at the moment no further use. In such cases all dogs have one



I.

Extract from Ethel's correspondence. —"WE'VE BEEN HAVING NO END OF EXCITEMENT LATELY. THE OTHER MORNING WE FOUND MYSTERIOUS FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW ALL ROUND THE HOUSE, THE WEIRD THING BEING THAT THEY WERE THE TRACKS OF *BARE FEET*. IT WAS QUITE THRILLING! UNCLE, WHO IS A J.P., FELT IT WAS *THE* TIME OF HIS LIFE, AND HAD THE LOCAL CRUSHERS IN BEFORE WE COULD THINK, AND HIS LANGUAGE WHEN HE FOUND HE COULDN'T GET *SHERLOCK HOLMES* AT THE LIBRARY WAS BEYOND MY POWERS OF DESCRIPTION. I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT *WOULD* HAVE HAPPENED IF THE UNDER-HOUSEMAID HADN'T CONFESSED THAT——" (*See next page.*)

method. They carry their bone in a furtive and almost guilty fashion to the selected spot, scrape a hole with their forepaws, deposit the bone in the hole, and then, apparently forgetful of their paws, push back the earth with their foolish noses until the bone is covered. Having done this they let the whole affair fade from their memories.

Ray's sleeping place was my dressing-room. There he passed the night, a hypothetical terror to any possible burglar. To fill his mind with a sense of responsibility it was usual to commit to his special guardianship a pair of slippers placed beside him on the floor. "Your slippers, *Ray*," his master would say to him; "look after them well." And *Ray*, who, I think, thoroughly understood this simple jest, would blink an observant eye, place a protecting paw over the slippers, wag an appreciative tail and compose himself to sleep. On a certain morning, however, some four years ago, I could find but one slipper where I had left two. Search and enquiries were of no avail. The right-foot slipper was irrecoverably lost. The fact that on that same morning *Ray* came in to breakfast with a little pyramid of fresh earth upon his nose did not stimulate investigation or turn our minds to the discovery of the abstractor. The slipper was gone, and there was an end on't.

The years went on. The faithful, loving heart of *Ray* ceased to beat, and he was laid to rest in a favourite corner close by the children's garden and within easy hail of the hutch of the white rabbits to whom he had often devoted some well-meant but embarrassing attentions. His memory was enshrined in the breasts of his family. The slipper was entirely forgotten. Yesterday, however, eighteen months after *Ray's* death, it appeared again, for a gardener who was digging turned it up from the earth and brought it once more to the light of day from its four years' interment.

The mystery was now clear. The dog's devotion to his trust had wrought in his mind a temporary confusion between slippers that he was set to guard and bones that he was accustomed to gnaw. Desiring to save the precious object for another day and to make sure of it he had carried away the slipper and buried it as he would have buried a bone. It is proposed to re-inter it at the foot of his grave.

WRITING in reference to certain ancestors of Mrs. LANGTRY who figure in the Bayeux Tapestry, the London Correspondent of *The Western Mail* says:

> "Her great-grandmother is shown in full flight, carrying in her arms the child which was her grandmother."

That's the sort of family they were.

AN inhabitant of Vienna had been condemned to 48 hours' imprisonment and 24 hours' fast for addressing a telephone operatrix as "a forward minx." He would not have said this over here. What is so objectionable in the British genus is its backwardness in responding to one's appeals.



II.

"—— SHE HAD BEEN TRYING A CURE FOR CHILBLAINS!" *(See previous page.)*

A NEW USE FOR TELEPATHY.

A BIRMINGHAM gentleman having written to *The Daily Mail* describing how he had dreamt of an incident in Miss M—— C——'s latest novel at the moment when his wife was reading it, several correspondents have communicated similar experiences to *Mr. Punch*. He has, however, only space to print the following:—

SIR,—The following remarkable incident occurred at my residence last Friday week. My wife has been ill for some time, but is now rapidly recovering, her convalescence having been accelerated with extraordinary speed by the perusal of Mr. HALL CAINE'S magnificent novel, *The Bondman*, which she was reading aloud while I was tranquilly snoring in an adjoining armchair. I must have been asleep for fully two hours when I suddenly jumped up, awakened by a strange dream. I imagined that I was in Sicily, clad in strange attire and chanting a weird canzona on the merits of spaghetti to the accompaniment of several *pifferari*, when suddenly I was seized by an unseen foe and thrust down a deep pit where there was a most suffocating smell of sulphur, and I was on the point of being asphyxiated when I woke up. On relating my dream to my wife she exclaimed, "Well, I never! Here am I just reading that most thrilling passage about the sulphur mines!" Personally I cannot make out this strange coincidence at all. My wife and I are homely people and lead a simple life—we are both chronic vegetarians—in one of the least pretentious suburbs of Kidderminster. Is this metempsychosis or mental hypertrophy or what? I am incompetent to judge, and have written to Mr. HEINEMANN and Sir OLIVER LODGE; failing them perhaps one of your readers could throw light on the subject.

P. N. BILBURY.

"The Nasturtiums," Parsifal Road, Kidderminster.

DEAR SIR,—Well knowing your deep interest in all psychic phenomena, I make bold to communicate to you the following remarkable incident. My aunt, who has recently been suffering from influenza, was reading Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON'S great work *Aylwin* in the breakfast parlour of our house, a semi-detached suburban villa, last Wednesday afternoon, and was so fascinated by the narrative that her temperature rose to an alarming height and she was obliged to take a large dose of antipyrin. Subsequently, on comparing notes, it turned out that while she was in this excited state I was waiting to catch a train at Dunton Green. To complete the coincidence I should add that my aunt's Christian name is ISABEL, and that she was born in Berners Street. Is this a union of souls, or what? Perhaps one of your readers will be able to throw light on an experience which is all the more remarkable when I say that neither I nor my aunt are acquainted with Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, but are simple suburban folk who do not dress for dinner and have never seen the ZANCIGS.

ELI J. PEGLER.

"The Pines," Swinburne Avenue, Crouch End.

DEAR SIR,—Last Thursday night I was dozing in the billiard-room of my house when I suddenly dreamed that I was looking out of a College Window on a number of Eton boys who were reading the life of WALTER PATER on a Hill of Trouble. On my recounting the incident to my wife shortly afterwards she exclaimed, "How strange! At that very moment I was engaged in trimming my Benson Lamp." I ought to add that I have never been at either University, and that my wife and I are simple homely folk without any pretence to academic culture.

ERNEST PINCHIN.

"Marina," Renaissance Road, Woking.

"This is to make an ass of me."
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 1.

"THE Earl of SELBORNE to-day took the oats as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal."—*Glasgow Herald.*



NO PEACE FOR THE WILLING.

Sir Birrell. "MY LIEGE, I AM RETURNED FROM MY FORLORN QUEST!"

King Bannerman. "WELL, JUST HAVE A WASH AND BRUSH UP, AND THEN I WANT YOU TO START OFF TO IRELAND ON ANOTHER. WE'RE RATHER SHORT OF CHAMPIONS JUST NOW."

CHARIVARIA.

The Daily Chronicle is asking, "What has London got in return for the increase in its rates of one farthing in the pound?" Our contemporary sets forth a long list of answers to this question, including one headed "Lunacy."

"The poll taken by the Incorporated Law Society has resulted in favour of a committee being appointed to consider rules for the keeping of accounts by solicitors." There is no doubt that clients are strongly in favour of solicitors keeping their accounts instead of sending them in for payment.

The details of the opening ceremony at the new Old Bailey are now being arranged, and there is again a persistent rumour current in Notting Dale that a number of our leading burglars will be knighted on that occasion. Should these hopes be dashed to the ground, we fear that an ugly outbreak of crime will ensue.

"Two tortoiseshell butterflies," says a contemporary, "were captured at Bishops Stortford yesterday." Our contemporary does not tell us what the miscreants had been up to.

The Field Army, as proposed by Mr. HALDANE, will comprise a Wireless Telegraph Company. This will be an innovation though, of course, even in the Boer War, we already had Horseless Cavalry Regiments.



THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Importunate Lady (who has been subjecting the M.F.H. to a running fire of questions.). "IS THE SKIN OF THE FOX ANY USE?"

M.F.H. "YES." *Lady.* "WHAT FOR?"

M.F.H. "FOR KEEPING THE FOX WARM, OF COURSE!"

The gentleman who accused the Admiralty of playing ducks and drakes with the Fleet was actually paying that body a compliment. The *Drake* has just been congratulated by the KING on her excellent gunnery returns.

Mr. HALL CAINE must really look out. There are rivals in the field. We extract the following from the preliminary announcement of a tale by Mr. LE QUEUX which is to appear in *The Illustrated Mail*:—"We can honestly say it is the best story that has ever appeared in our pages. We have Mr. LE QUEUX'S permission to say so."

The Metropolitan Mayors' Association has drawn up a Code of Etiquette, and it is proposed that Robes, Chains, and Badges shall be worn at public functions at which Royalty is present, but, on most other occasions, only Chains and Badges, however inclement the weather may be.

Since the fact has been published that the coachman of the Lord Mayor of LIVERPOOL wears a livery which cost £40, that functionary, it is said, goes about in constant fear of being stolen.

Two public houses suddenly collapsed in Limerick last week, falling with a crash to the ground. It is supposed that they were overloaded with drink.

SCHOOL MEALS
ACT AT WORK

said a newspaper placard the other day. Indigestion?

A testimonial from a number of grateful little admirers is, we hear, in preparation for presentation to Professor HALLIBURTON, who suggested in a lecture at the Institute of Hygiene on "The Diet of To-day" that over-eating contrasts favourably with under-eating.

To commemorate the visit of the South African team to England a fund is being raised to endow beds in hospitals, and it is proposed that they shall be reserved for the use of football referees.

America manufactured 38,000 motor-cars last year, but they killed only 134 persons. We look for things on a larger scale than this from America.

"Return of herrings exported from Yarmouth" was the title of a paragraph in a contemporary last week. The homing instinct of some animals is wonderful.

It is denied that, as a compliment to the Suffragettes, the name of Parkhurst Prison is about to be changed to Pankhurst Prison.

One of the duties of the City Sword-bearer, it is stated, is to keep the LORD MAYOR reminded of the banquets which he has to attend. The fact that this functionary has to be armed with a sword bears eloquent testimony to the fact that even a Civic dignitary revolts, at times, against over-feeding.

"Two bridesmaids were in attendance. . . They carried bouquets of violets and fancy bags, the gifts of the bridegroom."

Is there not some confusion here? Surely it was the bridegroom who had the fancy bags?

COVENT GARDEN AS A WINTER RESORT.

Monday, Jan. 14.—The programme for the opening night of the Winter Anglo-German Opera Company consisted of *God Save the King*, the German National Anthem, and *Die Meistersinger*. All three items were ably conducted by Herr REICHWEIN, but it was in the last that he achieved the most marked success. It was a great test of endurance on everybody's part, for the opera was played without any cuts (except a hurried one which I took from the joint at a neighbouring grill after my exertions in assisting at the First Act). I cannot believe that more than a small section of the enthusiastic audience succeeded in plumbing the pedantic technicalities, literary as well as musical, of this profoundly erudite work. But the appeal of its entrancing melodies must always endure when the local conditions which inspired its design have lost their interest for all but the student of the history of song-technique. It is, perhaps, a misfortune, since Opera needs to be very explicit in action, that the humour of *Die Meistersinger* depends upon its words and their appropriate setting rather than upon its situations, except in the scene of the serenade; and there the effect is spoiled by WAGNER's damnable trick of iteration. Herr GREDER, in the part of the comic *Beckmesser*, did his possible to split our sides; but I saw nobody carried out in convulsions.

Age does not seem to have withered the powers of that veteran prize-singer, Herr ERNST KRAUS. As a lover he may



Beckmesser . . Herr Greder.

have lacked the agility of adolescence; but vocally he was most things, from a lion to a sucking-dove. Frau BOSETTI as *Eva* had not much singing to do, but she made up for this by her smile, which she directed upon her gallant knight with extraordinary perseverance and conviction. Herr FEINHALS richly deserved the bays bestowed on *Hans Sachs* at the second time of thinking. If only *Eva* could have chosen him as her suitor (*ultra crepidam*); for never did a cobbler to better purpose decline to stick to his last.

With the exception of *David* (Herr BESSARD), who sang charmingly, the prentices, or *Lehrbuben*, as the text felicitously describes them, were a rather scratch lot chiefly women in the most unbecoming short jackets and long hose. I suppose it was WAGNER's idea of diversion to have them messing about with the furniture all that time in the First Act. If so, he grossly miscalculated the effect of these juvenile trivialities, which merely distract the eye from the main action, and are quite stupid in themselves.

On Tuesday night I was determined to be in at the death of *Tristan*, and fortified myself to this end by omitting the First Act. In the Second, the love-duet went exquisitely; and Herr VAN DYCK was delightful in the easy confidence of his bearing. He did a great deal with a voice whose natural qualities lent him very little assistance. Frau LITVINNE as *Isolde* sang nobly, and so did Frau MARIE BREMA as *Brangäne*, though she suffered from a tremolo, not altogether to be explained by nervousness on account of the indiscretion of her mistress. Then came the turn of *König Marke* (Herr Dr. FELIX VON KRAUSS), who was dressed like a high priest and delivered his sacerdotal homilies in a voice of superb resonance. On his arrival, when the crisis clamours for immediate dramatic action, there was the usual *mauvais quart d'heure* of silent and embarrassed tension, broken only by the garrulous comments of the orchestra. And when he did begin to sing, it was so slowly that he could scarcely find syllables long enough for the notes. However, all this was WAGNER's doing and not the Herr Doctor's; his contribution to the business was an utterance of almost incredible volume and potency.

"Is there much more to come?" said a young colonial to me in the *foyer*.

"Only *Tristan's* death," I replied with an air of encouragement.

"Oh, then, we shan't be long," said he, cheerfully.

Little did he guess, bright, sanguine boy, that the moribund hero's last top-note would prove to be the immediate harbinger of the early milkman. As it was he left before the end, and murmured, while passing my stall, "Can't stay for the funeral. Got a friend coming to breakfast."

Over the terrific anticlimax of the last Act (for the tragedy really ends, of course, with *Tristan's* mortal wound) I will not linger. As the temple-music of the Greeks was employed to drown the bellowing of sacrificial bulls, so the orchestra strove to outdo the dying shouts of *Tristan*. *Kurwenal* (Herr BERTRAM) sang better, and provided a lot of humorous relief with his quaint attitudes and hairy make-up. The



"Is this death? I was never in better voice in my life!"

Tristan . . . . Herr Van Dyck.
Kurwenal . . Herr Bertram.

scrap at the gate was one of the most perfunctory sham-fights I have ever witnessed; and the villainous *Melot*, as he fell, had all he could do to get his helmet clear of his head so as to avoid concussion of the brain. But what impressed me most was the speed of *Isolde's* ship (this was before the days of turbines). From the time of its being sighted on the horizon by the look-out piper to the moment of *Isolde's* appearance, in evening dress, at the castle gate, not more than five minutes by the clock was cut to waste. This was the best performance of the long night's work, and the orchestra's splendid achievement under the sensitive handling of Herr NIKISCH was an easy second.

Thursday.—*Der Fliegende Holländer.* The orchestra was again *kolossal*, and each of the principal actors seemed to have just the kind of voice that was wanted for his part. Frau VON WESTHOVEN brought to the romantic *rôle* of *Senta* a very sympathetic intelligence and reserve. The Skipper (Mr. HINCKLEY) did high credit to his sea-born race, and sang like the Briton he is; while his steersman—Mr. CUNNINGHAM, another Briton—was a fine sample of the sentimental tar. If Herr BERTRAM as the Dutchman was not quite the equal of VAN ROOY in vocal power, he interpreted his tedious part with quite as nice a feeling for the abysmal gloom of its



THE HAUNTED OFFICE IN DUBLIN CASTLE.

Mr. Birrell and some of his forerunners in the Chief Secretaryship:—Mr. Bryce, Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Wyndham and Mr. A. J. Balfour.

detachment. But he bore a very poor resemblance to the property portrait of himself as a *Wandering Jew*.

The part of *Erik* is never quite in the picture, and Herr NAVAL, who has an excellent voice, was inclined, except in the dream passage, to import into it a somewhat alien character, which recalled the customary type of protesting lover that adorns the Italian school of Opera.

The only faults in the performance were those of the stage management. At one time the lightning came out of the sky in a sort of hose-spray: at another the dawn turned up before it was due and had to be sent back. But the chief defects were in the nautical manœuvres. In the first Act the Norwegian ship fouled the Dutchman's rigging and displaced a small patch of sky. But a worse *fiasco* came at the end. The Dutchman's ship has to work in duplicate for the sake of perspective—a large edition for shore-work, and a smaller one for flying across the distant main. Well, in the finale, the large edition took revenge on the Norse ship by fouling her rigging and stuck for quite a long time. This naturally delayed the smaller edition from coming on in the distance and foundering. Meanwhile *Senta*, who might have almost jumped aboard the ship that had stuck, could not indefinitely delay her suicide, and so had to precipitate herself from the quay long before the Dutch Flier went under.

The week would have been all WAGNER but for a slight relief on Wednesday evening, when WEBER's *Freischütz* was given. Herr ERNST KRAUS, as the hero *Max*, appeared with his eyes almost obliterated with inward grief, and they remained in this distressing condition throughout the play. Not to be outdone, Fräulein MARCELLA CRAFT, as *Agathe*, wore a large towel round her head at the start, but, contrary to orthodox methods in Opera, improved in health, and after a slight relapse in Act III. was ultimately married in robust spirits. There was very little of her—one of the slightest heroines ever seen in an affectionate *rôle;* and she must, of course, get much fatter before she is allowed to figure in Wagnerian opera, unless perhaps to take the part of *Senta*, who, for some unknown reason, is permitted, as in the case of Frau VON WESTHOVEN, to have a graceful figure. The Wolf's Glen in Act. II. has been better done elsewhere, and did not make people's flesh creep properly. The Wild Huntsman and his hounds across the troubled sky were not what *Mr. Jorrocks* would have approved, even after a hunt dinner.

Finally, the *Devil* appeared to be suffering from influenza. O. S.

IT is rumoured that the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL has become a Peter Pantheist.

RESURRECTION COOK.

I THINK that if I ran the Haymarket Theatre, with all its pleasant memories and associations, and could hire to act in it such artists as Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY and Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, I should be tempted to do something more exciting with the opportunity than *Lady Huntworth's Experiment*. I do not propose to quarrel with it, however, because it is not something different from what it sets out to be. And there is nothing for anyone to be ashamed of in it. Amusing the children is a worthy and kindly occupation, and the big children who are the bulk of English playgoers like this sort of thing. They like tales and characters and situations which are very much of the stage, and they don't very much care about any novel reflection of contemporary life. In this play Mr. CARTON has given them what they like, and has not bothered about what they don't very much care about, and he has done his work skilfully. He must not think this account of it "superior" or patronising. I happen to like other sorts of play better—some of Mr. CARTON's, for example, in which I think he has put a great deal more of real fun and observation—but I should be delighted to think that I could write a purely theatrical play half so deftly.



Lady Huntworth . . Miss Compton.

I enjoyed my evening, and much of the enjoyment came from the fact that I had seen the play before. I like revivals, because it gives one an opportunity of comparing methods and manners of acting. On the whole, however, it is wise not to make these comparisons out loud; of two people you annoy one, and what is the good? One comparison I had looked forward to making and could make it not. Mr. HENRY KEMBLE was to have played Mr. ERIC LEWIS's part of the amorous vicar, but he was ill—may he soon recover!—and his part was taken, with a clever imitation of his manner, by Mr. FRED LEWIS. (By the way, I ought to have said, for fear the reader does not remember, that the story is of an innocent *divorcée* who takes service as a cook in a vicarage and attracts the loves of vicar, butler, and a dashing captain who ought to have married the vicar's niece, because he had saved her father's life.) Mr. ERIC LEWIS's great asset is affability, Mr. KEMBLE's, unction; and I look forward still to the comparison.

Mr. HAWTREY is of course the captain. It is a part he could play with his left hand, so to say, or in his sleep, and of course he plays it perfectly; but it is by no means up to the weight—I intend no unpleasant and quite preposterous suggestion that he is stouter than he was—of this delicate and accomplished comedian.

Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH is now the dipsomaniac husband. I do not object in the least to a finished study of dipsomania—Mr. GROSSMITH's is perhaps the best I have ever seen—but I do wonder why the public thinks dipsomania funny. A genially excited man may be amusing, but an habitual drunkard—and Mr. GROSSMITH gives you the real thing—is of all objects the most depressing. Nor do I see anything funny in a butler dropping his h's. (As a matter of fact, you would find few butlers who do; the whole comic treatment of servants is a glaring anachronism.) Probably both ideas of humour are centred in a feeling of superiority: *we* don't drink or drop our h's. But I must not air these individual differences.

The comic servants of Mr. HOLMAN CLARK and Miss POLLIE EMERY, given the convention, are both funny. More than funny is Mrs. CALVERT as the vicar's sister; it is rich, ripe comedy, and I really long to see her and Mr. KEMBLE and Mr. HAWTREY, three players who have the rare and precious gift of building reality round them, at their breakfast together. Miss WIEHE is a charming *ingénue*, and Mr. ACKERMAN plays a curate of some generations ago—if he ever existed off the stage—in the accepted manner.

And then there is Miss COMPTON as the aristocratic cook. It is enough to say that she plays the part precisely as she played it before. It was written to suit her especial gift, her suave, easy, good-natured manner, and very well it serves that purpose. Still, with such a fine cast, I really can't help thinking that if I were Mr. HARRISON I would have made Mr. CARTON write me a finer play. RUE.

A PLAY THAT SHOULD CATCH ON.—*Miss Hook of Holland*.

A WARNING TO HUMORISTS.

["Successful people," says *The Ladies' Field*, "are usually quite devoid of humour; indeed, nothing militates against success like a sense of humour."]

TRULY the risks of existence are tending to multiply themselves alarmingly as civilisation grows more complex. We now have a fresh and threatening contingency which every far-seeing parent or careful young man on the threshold of his career should bear in view. Our attention is directed this week to the serious danger, both social and pecuniary, incurred by the individual who develops a sense of humour. Those who are wise in time will, needless to say, insure against the same.

The field of operations is large, as it is probable that every grown-up person, including even those in the lunatic asylums, credits himself or herself with possessing the faculty (or drawback) in question. That this sense of humour, however, is not quite so prevalent as self-imagined may be gathered from a consideration of the recent boom in the Trade Returns, the proceedings in Parliament during the past session (though these, too, might have been more successful and therefore less humorous), the behaviour of the suffragettes, and plenty of other general evidence.

Still, a provident father should by no means neglect to guard his infant progeny against the possibility of its turning out a Humorist. The risk is not large, we admit. The rate of premium, therefore, need not be a deterrent. We suggest, then, that as soon as any baby begins to "take notice" Miss OPPENHEIM or some other professional face-reader be called in to hold an inquest on the child's features and determine whether an incipient twinkle or twitch in the eye is due to stomach trouble or to a perception of the queer side of things. The urgency of insurance would vary accordingly. The family doctor might also be allowed to have his say as the boy or girl grows older, while indications could be gathered from school reports and other more or less impartial authorities.

In fact, as long as the prospect of material and professional success is still in the remote future, it is imperative to secure a policy against the outbreak of a sense of Humour. Any sound and reputable office will negotiate the surrender value of such a policy in case the holder becomes financially independent and consequently unable to take or make a joke. Bed-rock rates would doubtless be granted to undertakers, passive resisters, pantomime clowns, heavy tragedians, the KAISER, Mr. KEIR HARDIE and President ROOSEVELT.



Spinster (under mistletoe and the influence of its associations, to nervous gentleman, who has been asked to take a wall-flower down to supper). "NOW DON'T YOU TAKE ANY NOTICE OF MY SCREAMS. JUST YOU *MAKE* ME!"

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

A SCENE was once being played in the Suburbs in which appeared two Ladies, of whom one was of the kind called Domesticated and the other belonged to the Emancipated variety. The former kept her Husband's Photograph in her Work-Basket and was continually weeping over it (for she had left him in a Tiff), and the latter, much annoyed by the Archaism, not to mention the Noisiness, of these Manifestations, was endeavouring to persuade her Weaker Sister to throw the Picture into the Fire. At length she succeeded, and the other flung the piece of Cardboard into the Fireplace with a vigour meant to be commensurate with the Momentous character of her Decision. But by chance it fell upon the inch of lighted Candle that was playing the part of a flickering Fire in the grate, and immediately igniting set aflame the surrounding scenery (that is to say, the cardboard fireplace) so that the two Actresses had much ado to stamp it out. And when they had safely accomplished it, they glanced round before resuming the Dialogue, half expecting that the Audience would meanwhile have stampeded; but, on the contrary, it was all there, highly delighted at the Author's supposed happy device for symbolising the swift Judgment that (in the Suburbs) follows upon Contempt of Established Institutions.

Moral.—You never know your Luck.

A DAILY paper recently stated that Prince ROBERT DE BROGLIE, who is conducting the Tivoli orchestra, had "rejected his father's overtures again." Whilst it is interesting to note that Prince DE BROGLIE's musical tastes are inherited, one cannot be surprised that in their present strained relations the Prince should decline to introduce his parent's compositions to the London public.

A Human Mat.

"GIRL (respectable, age about 18), wanted for front doorstep."

Hampstead Paper.

"*Balbus ædificabit murum*—Balbus was building a wall. That is a sentence graven deeply on the memory of many excellent citizens whose knowledge of Latin has been scattered by the preoccupations of the more important interests of modern life."

Evening Standard.

So it would appear.

Fashions for January.

"THE bridal corsage was completed by a bevy of pretty bridesmaids."

Weekly Scotsman.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IN this age of little hustlers it is a pleasure to find book like LUCAS MALET'S *The Far Horizon* (HUTCHINSON) that has the large and leisured manner of an ampler day. But it is a pity that the author has not devoted to the realisation of her leading characters a little more of the tireless energy which she has been content to lavish on the rather tedious figures which fill her suburban background. When a hero is not introduced to you till he is past fifty, you have so much lost ground to make up that you cannot afford to have your time wasted on extraneous diversions, even by way of comic relief. At first, having before me the memory of a lurid scene in the career of the legless *Sir Richard Calmady*, I imagined, when the retired bank-clerk with the virginal record was taken in hand by *Poppy St. John* of the light morals, that she would find piquant methods of correcting his inexperience. But I was wrong. For, though the book contains a few traces of the old license (if I may say so with discretion) it was soon made clear that LUCAS MALET had renounced the vanities of a certain phase of her literary past. Unhappily her reform, in itself a most desirable thing, is permitted to find expansion in a sort of special pleading for the faith of her adoption. In the Spaniard *Iglesias*, who is received into the Roman Church (in his case it is merely a natural reversion from no particular creed to the creed of his forefathers), we have a noble type, solitary and contemplative, set in arbitrary antithesis to a caricature of an Anglican clergyman, pompous and banal amid his circle of fourth-rate flatterers. LUCAS MALET'S new zeal has here blunted her sense of judicial propriety, to the great detriment of her book as a work of art.

As for *Poppy St. John* with her chiaroscuro contrasts, it is a character rarely found in life, and, when found, is always recognisable as having been put there for the sole purpose of proving that fact is stranger than fiction. It is matter for astonishment that the change wrought by *Iglesias* in her tastes and ideals should have left her language untouched. Her speech in his death-chamber, where she addresses the only other mourner (a poor faithful orthodox creature) as "my best beetle" is just a little jarring.

When LUCAS MALET revises her work for some future edition, she may think well to excise one of the two following passages (each descriptive of London at night), which cannot both be needed within a space of twenty-four pages: (1) "The light leaves heaven for earth; and walks the streets, with much else far from celestial, until the small hours move towards the dawn and usher in the decencies of the day." (2) "The very earthy light which, in great cities, flares out when the light of heaven dies, to walk the streets, with much else of doubtful loveliness, till it is shamed by the cold chastity of dawn." Perhaps she may think better still, and excise them both.



HORRIBLE DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

OTHER, I'M AFRAID THIS ANIMAL WASN'T QUITE RIPE WHEN IT WAS KILLED.

Some months ago every one was reading a delightful book entitled *Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle*. Mrs. CHARLES BROOKFIELD follows up well-merited success by a volume dealing with the personal history and characteristics of *The Cambridge Apostles* (PITMAN). Growing out of the Cambridge Conversazione Society, the brotherhood eventually became limited to a dozen men, all belonging to Trinity. Not for more than 1800 years had there been such a notable dozen working in close companionship. To mention some of their names is to suggest a constellation. Among the twelve were RICHARD TRENCH, who from the Deanery of Westminster went to the Archbishopric of Dublin; FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, MONCKTON MILNES, CHARLES BULLER, STERLING, HENRY LUSHINGTON, TENNYSON and his loved friend ARTHUR HALLAM. Naturally the Apostles penned epistles, chiefly addressed to each other. Mrs. BROOKFIELD, having access to private archives, prints a charming selection. She also presents brief but admirably compiled biographies of college friends who in every case won distinction in the world outside the University. Not the least fascinating episode in the common story records how ardent youth organised, and in maimed fashion succeeded in carrying out, an expedition to Spain with the object of relieving its population from Bourbon tyranny. TENNYSON, in company with HALLAM, actually descended on the Pyrenees with money and ciphered despatches for the revolutionists. Happily they were driven back by discovery of a state of hopeless jealousy among the leaders of the revolution. Thus was TENNYSON spared to write "In Memoriam." The volume is enriched with portraits of the Apostles, with one exception taken in the bloom of early manhood. They are striking faces.

Hitherto I have not known much more about Quetta than that (according to Mr. KIPLING) JACK BARRET was sent there to meet his death and met it within the month, and now that I have read the chapter on it in Mr. EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL'S book *The Tourist's India* (SWAN SONNENSCHEIN) I can only conclude that JACK BARRETT must have been a singularly delicate person. Quetta seems to be a very nice place. So, in fact, does the whole of India. On the roads near Rangoon you can cycle into buffaloes, and you can get quinine at every post-office. You need not fear snake bites, for Mr. REYNOLDS-BALL offers some half-a-dozen different remedies, including the heroic suggestion that "a pinch of gunpowder might be placed on the wound and exploded." He also appends some genuine specimens of Babu English. One of them, "Orpulent and Predominant Excellency," I venture to wrest from its context, a petition to Lord CURZON, and apply to the book. Lord CURZON was uncertain whether the intention of the petitioner would best be served by inserting a C or by omitting an R. For my purpose I employ both (in turn). The volume is rich in point of interest, and fairly fat in point of size. I have not yet had an opportunity of testing its utility, but I intend to as soon as I have mastered that section of the "Appendix" which deals with sea-sickness.

WINTRY NOTES.

FACTS ABOUT THE THERMOMETER.

(*By an Old Philadelphia Meteorologist.*)

"PUZZLED" writes from Balham to ask what exactly is the difference between the Thermometer and the Barometer. This opens up a very interesting subject, and one which, during the present cold snap, must have been in the minds of many of my readers. Briefly, the distinction may be put in this way: the barometer (that is to say, the mercury inside it) cannot get below 29 or above 32; the thermometer can, and very frequently does. If, then, your barometer is found to measure "25 on grass" (a technical term, which I may explain later on), you may be pretty sure that your chemist has misled you, and has given you the wrong article.

* * * * *

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the present weather is the extraordinary part played by the thermometer; so that some further remarks about this instrument may not be out of place. There are three kinds of thermometer, known as Centigrade, Fahrenheit, and Réaumur. Réaumur may be dismissed at once, as it is so difficult to pronounce. M. CENTIGRADE was an Alsatian scientist, and his first work was to invent the thermometer which bears his name. His second was to invent the Fahrenheit thermometer. About this an interesting story is told.

* * * * *

Fahrenheit is the German for "fur-coat." Now M. CENTIGRADE was a man of plebeian birth; and, as soon as he had made a little money by his first thermometer, he decided that his one method of attaining an aristocratic appearance was to purchase a luxurious fur-coat in which he could parade himself before his less fortunate neighbours. He accordingly bought his coat, and for a time was to be seen in it in all weathers. By-and-by, as the novelty of the thing wore off, he began to find that a fur-coat in the summer was, if anything, a hindrance to his enjoyment of that season. He went still further, in fact; until at last he made the important discovery that there was one particular point on the thermometer to which the mercury had to descend before a fur-coat could be worn with any sort of comfort. He called this the "Dew-point." So, nowadays, when we say that the thermometer is "above Dew-point Fahrenheit," we mean that the weather is too mild for our fur-coat. "Below Dew-point Fahrenheit" implies that that article of clothing may safely be worn.

* * * * *

It is obvious, of course, that the Fahrenheit system is useful only to those of us who are able to indulge in the pomps and vanities of this world. Our poorer brethren invariably use the Centigrade thermometer. It is a pity that these class distinctions should still hold; but so it will be, until the Réaumur method is universally adopted. The continued run of *Les Merveilleuses* makes us think that that day may not be so far distant after all.

* * * * *

Anybody may construct a Centigrade thermometer for himself. The manner in which it is done is to be found in all the scientific text-books, but I will just give it briefly here, in case any of my readers have some spare mercury with them.

* * * * * *

Having procured a glass tube, you put your thumb at the bottom end, and pour in the mercury at the top. (Be careful not to spill any, as it is unlucky, besides being hard to pick up again.) When you think you have got enough in, you stop pouring; and at the place on the glass where the mercury ends you scratch "100" with a diamond. Later on you take your thumb away from the bottom, and put something else there—a piece of stamp-paper, say. In doing this some of the mercury is sure to slip away; and you will consequently find that the top of it is now much lower than it was. You mark this new place "0." You now have your thermometer. The intermediate marks you can make at your leisure.

* * * * *

It only remains to add that if the mercury comes through the stamp-paper at the bottom, you have the phenomenon known as "Below zero." That this occurs so rarely in England is but one more testimony to the excellence of our Postal Department.



"THERE'S NO 'OLDING 'IM NOW, SIR, SINCE 'E'S GONE INTO KNICKERS—'E'S THAT *POMPTIOUS!*"

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XX.

The General Post Office.

IT may be wondered by the visitor to the G. P. O. why so large a building is needed, when most of the work of the Post Office is done out-of-doors by postmen; but just as there are wheels within wheels so there are small offices inside big ones. There are, for example, the various stores: here a cellar full of gum, there the mortuary for dead letters. In one long room countless workers are engaged in perforating stamps by a policy of pin pricks invented by Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P. Next door a regiment of old men, all very toothless, are applying gum.

The constant noise that we hear, like distant artillery, is from the door-knocking class in Room A, where boys are taught to be postmen.

The horrible odour that permeates the basement is from the vat of anchovy sauce into which ordinary envelopes are dipped, to convert them into telegram envelopes. The problem of how to get rid of this fishy smell has been occupying Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON'S waking and sleeping hours for many months, and is in part responsible for the far-away look and distant manner of so many post-office counter-clerks—a handsome prize having been offered for a solution.

But it must not be supposed that the preoccupation of post-office counter-clerks throughout the country is wholly the result of cogitations upon this knotty point. Classes for instructing candidates in counter etiquette are continually in progress all over this great building, with special lectures by accomplished officials on the complex art of not seeing a customer for five minutes; appearing to be deadly busy while doing nothing; serving customers out of their turn; absenting oneself gracefully from the Express Delivery and Telephone counters; and generally behaving as if any one who dared to want to buy a stamp or send a telegram was either a cattle-maimer or one's oldest hereditary foe.

No expense is spared to get the best instructors possible, the towns and villages of the United Kingdom being scoured for their rudest forefathers. Around the walls are busts of heroes of the blunter life—DIOGENES, Dr. JOHNSON, Sir ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM, and so forth.

But the most interesting room at St. Martin's-le-Grand, as the General Post Office is humorously called, is that in which the trained staff of deductors is at work deciphering cryptic addresses. As everyone knows, this is a branch of industry on which our Post Office particularly prides itself.

Let us watch these astute intellects at work. See, they are all bending their brows over an envelope. It is addressed to "His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Piccadilly, E.C." But there is no Piccadilly, E.C. Here is a quandary! What to do? The chief sends out to borrow from the nearest public-house a directory, for although called *The Post Office London Directory* this useful work is never kept in Post Offices. But the charge for consulting it is a penny, and this penny, being public money, cannot be paid without a voucher, signed by the head of the Deducting Department and countersigned or authorised by the Postmaster-General. That dignitary chances to have gone out of town to unveil a new pillar-box. A special reply telegram is therefore sent there to get his authorisation, and meanwhile we must wait.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL (IN THE PLUMED HELMET) UNVEILING A PILLAR-BOX IN SYDNEY SQUARE, BUXTON.

We do so, continuing our explorations in this fascinating building—peeping into this room and that, and watching the various industries in progress: here an artist completing the sketch of a new stamp for the Scilly Isles; there a young architect submitting a design for an improved pillar-box which can be used also for a cabman's shelter, kiosk, a lamp-post and a slot machine; in another room a gentleman writing a dramatic criticism in several languages.

We look in at the club-room of the Express Messengers, with its portrait of the Postmaster of Crawley on the wall, and its rows and rows of bottles of slow gin; and we take a candle and examine the bumps of the Comptroller who decides that Herne Hill shall be charged as one word in a telegram and Charing Cross as two.

By the time we have done all this and had lunch, the reply is received from the P.-M.-G. authorising the expenditure of a penny, and the *Directory* is fetched. The staff of deductors rush at it as one man, and it is some minutes before order can be restored and the pages mended. It is then found that a Duke of DEVONSHIRE really does live in Piccadilly; and although Piccadilly is not in the East Central but the Western district it is determined by a majority of three to try at Devonshire House and see if the letter was really meant for that destination, the powerful argument being brought forward that there is no other Piccadilly in London, although it is believed that a street in Durban is so called.

A day or so later it is learned that the experiment was crowned with success, and instructions are sent to the Press Department to prepare a paragraph for the papers recording this, the latest, triumph.

A Chance for Mr. Churchill.

"WANTED.—A proper Ham and Bacon Curer. Pay Rs. 30, free board and lodging. The pay will be increased from Rs. 30 to forty or fifty if the candidate is able to do the work of an under-secretary too.—Apply to the Private Secretary to the Raja of Kalakankar."—*Pioneer.*

"THE KING'S ANNIVERSARY. CELEBRANING THE ACCESSION."

Northern Daily Telegraph.

"Cele-braining the printer" might be the next headline.



PAX BEERBOHMICA.

[The Kaiser, who is preparing a welcome for Mr. Beerbohm Tree in Berlin, has authorised the statement that "the Drama is a Mediator between Nations."]



SCENE—*Platform of a wayside railway station. An express has just rushed through.*

Mother. "DID IT MAKE YOU JUMP, DARLING?"

Darling (bravely, but in tears). "N-NO. B-BUT IT MADE MY D-DOLLY JUMP."

HOLIDAY COURSES.

["I believe it would be far more useful to the nation if our English public schools were places where our boys went in their holidays, and that in term-time they stayed at home and learnt something."—*Professor J. J. Thomson.*

I am sorry to note that the author of these lines has put an entirely unwarrantable interpretation on the learned Professor's admirable paradox.—ED.]

WHERE is the pedagogue can stay
Collected, calm and cool,
When duty prompts him to survey
The modern public school?
A thousand faults the critics find:
It atrophies the youthful mind,
And boys once good or clean (or both)
Become a seething sink of sloth.

Some say the fish is badly boiled;
Some blame the blankets; some
Aver the intellect is spoiled,
While others say, the tum.
Some swear there's too much Greek and stuff,
While others vow there's not enough,
But one and all in this agree,
The schools are bad as bad can be.

So far as this I do not go,
Nor utterly condemn;
I think it possible to show
One humble use for them.
In term-time I would keep the boys
Encircled by domestic joys,
But back at school they should be found
As soon as holidays came round.

Then gladly to the class-room door
I'd see the urchins go
To trifle with the *Gallic War*
Or sport with CICERO;
I'd see them toying at their ease
With PLATO or DEMOSTHENES,
Or make the idle moments fly
Among the frolic verbs in -μι.

The lightsome moods of EUCLID too
I would not wholly drop;
I'd have the youngsters chuckling through
The Forty-Seventh Prop.
I'd teach them in a few bright words
The quaint absurdity of surds,
And set them gaily to discuss
The humours of the calculus.

Of course, I would not wish to make
Their holidays too long,
Because they well might learn to take
A view of life that's wrong;
They might be tempted to suppose
Life frivolous as Latin prose,
And all the world might seem to them
As light as TAYLOR'S Theorem.

But when their minds had thus been freed
From over-stress and strain,
I'd send the urchins home to lead
The strenuous life again.
With hungry souls they would return
To things that matter; they would burn
For that which does not pass away—
The pantomime and music play.

THE following paragraph will be highly appreciated by the mere mother:

"A toy dog requires to be handled with as much care as a baby. Some people take them up by their front legs. That is as cruel as it would be to take a baby up in the same manner."—*M.A.P.*

Of course the proper way with babies is to lift them by the loose skin at the back of the neck.

"Lady Secretary wanted by Dentist; good teeth essential."—*Morning Post.*

THE awful ivory traffic again.

CHARIVARIA.

MUCH has been made of the exploits of the Duke of the ABRUZZI, but the most marvellous of his ventures appears to have escaped the notice of every paper except the always interesting *Daily News*. "The Duke," reports our contemporary, "is going direct to Turin, and it is understood that he will shortly embark there on one of the Italian Government ships for a prolonged cruise." There are evidently land-ships as well as air-ships.

It is denied that, during the friction between Sir ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM and Rear-Admiral DAVIS, the German EMPEROR expressed the heartfelt wish that nothing might arise to disturb the good relations which he hoped would always exist between Great Britain and America.

The Lords, Mr. BIRRELL announces, are to be given a second chance. *If they do not take that*—well, *then* they will be given a third chance.

More shocking Revelations about the Lords! From Mr. STEAD this time. "*The average area of each peer is about 38,000 acres. This is no natural growth. It has been artificially fostered for nearly nine hundred years.*" Personally, we have never yet met a peer of the above dimensions; but if we ever do we shall agree with Mr. STEAD that it is no natural growth.

A conference of those interested in the beautifying of large cities is to be held in the summer. It is rumoured that a public-spirited gentleman who is interested in the movement will then come forward with an offer to present statues of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER to one hundred of our ugliest towns.

Miss EDNA MAY has evidently been put on her mettle by the insinuation that she is not a great actress. She now wears yet another new dress in the corn-field scene in *Nelly Neil*.

"The Man with a Hoe" is the title of an article in *The Rapid Review*. Is he, we wonder, a relation of "The Man without an Aitch"?

One day last week three hundred Lancers from Bruges rode into the village of Sainte Croix, and, after beating all the peasants they could find, ransacked the taverns, shops, and houses. Many of our own old-fashioned hostesses are complaining of the growth of roughness and horseplay in the Lancers.

An omnibus driver who was a witness at the Wandsworth County Court stated that he had thirty years' experience, and had driven in the Coronation Procession and the Delhi Durbar. We should have thought (but this may be just our ignorance) that for an omnibus to get mixed up in the Coronation Procession and the Delhi Durbar was not the best possible testimony to the skill of its driver.

There would seem to be no limit to the ambition of the motor omnibus. At Barnes, last week, one of these vehicles attempted to supplant the L.C.C. steamboat service. The incident proved that a motor possesses one advantage over a horse. You may take a horse to the water but you cannot make it drink. The motor omnibus was soon filled with water.

It was proposed at a meeting in Manchester of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association that the Postmaster-General should be asked to train telegraph messengers as musicians to enable them to earn a living when the age limit is reached. All persons who have heard telegraph boys whistling in the street will wish the movement every success.

Those who are precluded from embarking on the career of an artist owing to their being unable to stand the smell of oil-paint will be glad to hear that, according to *The Daily Mirror*, a Leicester lady has designed some wonderfully artistic creations by the use of common house-flies, onions, and fish scales, in the place of oils.

There is nothing like calling a spade a spade. *The Gentlewoman*, in discussing the health of Cabinet Ministers, says, "Probably Mr. HALDANE has the stoutest physique of any member of the present Government." Certainly, to look at Mr. HALDANE, one would never imagine that he was opposed to a policy of Waist.

THE following reads rather sadly:

"PHONOGRAPH, poor tone, and 12 records, 3s.6d., or exchange treadle fretsaw."—*Evening News.*



BY DEGREES.

(*Channel Tunnel. Train stops for the Third Time.*)
Passenger. "WHERE ARE WE NOW, GUARD?"
Guard. "FIFTY-ONE NORTH, ONE AND A HALF EAST."
Passenger. "OH—THANKS!"

A Chelsea Pensioner.

"BLACKHEADED GULLS. — One with only one leg has returned to Chelsea Bridge two years running."—*The Countryside.*

SURELY not *running!*

On a City Office Wall.

"IT is of the greatest importance that the Fire Alarm arrangement now fitted up in the Office should never, under any circumstance, be touched by any Member of the Staff."

Her Sunday Out.

"Woman (Young); must be used to stove; sleep in; closed Sundays."—*Daily Chronicle.*

How she must look forward to Sunday!

THE GREAT STRIKE.

Our Special Representative has again outdone *The Daily Mirror*, and obtained some items of exclusive news regarding the great music-hall strike. Disguised in a light check suit, a blue chin, a thick gold watch-chain, and a smart little brougham, he has gone in and out among "the profession," and heard many things which he had no business to hear.

I learn (he writes) that Miss Marie Lloyd is ready to start at any moment on a tour through the country in a motor-car of a vivid red colour. Her purpose is to address roadside meetings from her car, in the hope of arousing the people of the country to a sense of their duty in this great struggle. (Costumes by Worth, wigs by Clarkson. Parish and Borough Councils interested should apply for terms to Miss Lloyd's manager.)

It is rumoured that Little Tich is to appear in a new *rôle* and will address a meeting of the National Alliance of Employees. It will be his first appearance on the boards with boots of normal size and a serious look on his face. It is anticipated that the effect of his appeal for his fellow-sufferers will be of a highly pathetic order.

Miss Victoria Monks has long desired to become a Suffragette, but has been prevented hitherto from taking an active part in the movement by her contracts with various Managers. The strike affords an opportunity, which she intends to use to the full, of being present at the next suffrage scrimmage, and *The Weekly Dispatch* hopes to publish a series of articles from her pen under the title "From Halls to Holloway; My Fourteen Days of Agony."

The Zancigs have not yet settled whether to join the strikers or not. For the first time in the harmonious years of their married life they discover that they have two minds with two single thoughts instead of only one. The husband feels that duty calls them to strike; the wife takes the opposite view. M. Zancig has made all the signs he can think of, but Madame persists in having a thought all to herself. It is feared that this regrettable deadlock is likely to shake the confidence of the public in the genuineness of the performance of this gifted couple.

"Princess Trixie" is devoting much thought to the question of the strike. She will record her decision on the blackboard at the Palace Theatre, at a special matinée to be given on her recovery from her regrettable indisposition. It is feared by the V.A.F. that will be "Neigh."

A famous serio-comic, addressing a meeting of ladies, urged her hearers to stand firm and play the man. This has caused some annoyance to Miss Vesta Tilley, who feels that the competition in her line of business is already great enough.

Mr. Gus Elen has been understood to express some surprise that, considering his proficiency in the dialect of the London working-man, he was not asked to occupy the position which Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., filled at the commencement of the strike. His word of consolation to the strikers is, "If yer ain't got no wurk, yer cawn't git the sack." This is believed to be the dialect which costs the Managers £40 a week.

In chatting to our Representative, Mr. Arthur Roberts made a clever impromptu conundrum. "What gives Mr. Adney Payne?" was the question. Unfortunately, our Representative does not exactly recall the answer, but it was one of those smart little things for which Mr. Roberts is deservedly popular.

Exeter Hall is still unaffected by the strike. This is also the case with the performance of *The Bondman.*

The report that Mr. Chirgwin's eye was blackened while he was on picket duty is unfounded.



Doctor (looking at clinical thermometer). "Hello! This won't do—hundred-and-three!"
Golfing Patient. "What's bogey?"

Sparks of Milk from our Anvil.

"Neither of these artists show a spark of the 'milk of human kindness' w in Dickens' prose redeems his tendency to caricature."—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

NATURE STUDIES.

"PARTIES."

THAT celebrated and voluminous German, Dr. ANTON BRAUSEWITZ (he is, as everybody knows, a Doctor of Philosophy and an Associate of all the ethical and paidagogic Societies in the world) has observed in the fifty-ninth chapter of his epoch-making treatise, "The Child-mind viewed in Relation to Ancestral Development and the Existing Cosmos," that "A child with other children playing loves to exercise its mimetic faculty, and displays in thus sporting two characteristics distinguishing these human sprouts from the full leafage of later years. For it has both an imagination oversoaring the ordinary boundaries and a strictly limited power of expressing in language its thoughts." The beautiful truth wrapped up in this somewhat cumbrous phraseology, which I have freely translated from the original German, was brought home to me not very long ago. It happened that, owing to the temporary illness of the lady of the house and the absence of the nurse, I was left in full charge of two little girls aged respectively 4¾ and 5½. The hour was six o'clock P.M. They had had their tea, and another hour still separated them from their beds. What were they to do? My own suggestions, thoroughly well-meant, were received with a polite contempt. At last HELEN, the elder, said in a tone of authority, "We will play parties," and ROSIE, the younger, at once agreed.

"Parties," it appeared, was a game that could be played by two or more and as often as the rules of bed-time permitted. The necessary persons of the drama were a hostess and a visitor. On this particular occasion, in order that I might be included in the revels, the extra part of butler was assigned to me. The *mise-en-scène* was simple. On a small tea-table my handkerchief was spread to represent a tablecloth, and on this was set an assortment of ash-trays, matchstands, small bronze ornaments from the mantel-piece, and ancient india-rubber balls which had once been carried triumphantly on the noses of boats that had been Head of the River at Oxford or Cambridge. These various articles represented the usual paraphernalia of an afternoon tea-table, tea-pot, milk-jug, sugar-bowl, cups, saucers, &c. To have had real cups and saucers would have spoilt the game. Everything having thus been prepared, ROSIE, who was to be the visitor, wrapped herself from head to foot in an Indian shawl (black with a red border, embroidered with gold) and left the room very gloomily, HELEN, as hostess, remaining seated in solemnity at the table. An imaginary bell having then been rung, the butler left the room and joined the wrapped visitor in the passage:—

The Visitor. Is Mrs. THOMPSON in there?

Butler. Yes, Madam. What name shall I say?

The Visitor (*in a flash of invention, but without a smile*). Lady O'BLANG!

Butler (*knocking and announcing*). Lady O'BLANG.

[*Lady* O'B. *enters, still without a smile, and advances on* MRS. THOMPSON, *who remains seated.*

Mrs. Thompson. Oh, good morning; how are you? What time are you going?

Lady O'Blang. I've been a very long time coming, so I must stay a long time. [*A pause.*

Lady O'Blang (*sitting down*) And how is little CHRISTOPHER?

Mrs. Thompson (*carelessly*). Oh, he's quite well. [*Another pause.*

Mrs. Thompson (*pouring tea from an ash-tray into a match-stand*). Do you take your tea with sugar?

Lady O'Blang. No. Only two pieces, please.

Mrs. Thompson. Do you take half a cup?

Lady O'Blang (*resolutely*). Full, please.

Mrs. Thompson. Could you stop to eat a piece of cake?

Lady O'Blang (*with a sigh*). No, I must go very early.

Mrs. Thompson (*offering her guest an india-rubber ball*). The black side of this ball is toast. The other is bread-and-butter.

Lady O'Blang. Toast, please.

[*The meal draws slowly and solemnly to a close. Lady* O'BLANG *rises.*

Mrs. Thompson (*effusively*). Come and sit down with me and have a little chat.

[Lady O'BLANG *sits down, but immediately rises again.*

Lady O'Blang (*beginning to re-wrap herself*). Will you give me a piece of chocolate, because I'm late going.

[*The Scene ends.*

The parts of visitor and hostess were then interchanged and the play was replayed, and so on for four full performances of varying incidents and merit. Finally there was a dinner party which the hostess began by reading from an envelope representing a *menu* the following bill of fare:—

"Roast beef, mutton-chops, pudding, pie and beef-steak." The guest said she would have pie and beef-steak, which were handed to her in the shape of a paper-weight and a pen-wiper. During the whole of the performance they never once lost the air of portentous gravity with which they had started. "Parties" must not be played in a spirit of levity—that much is obvious. The learned BRAUSEWITZ, however, does not refer to this aspect of the matter. Probably it did not occur to him that anybody could ever indulge in smiles or laughter.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

THERE'S a strange pale light in the lowerin sky
(According to CLIFTON BINGHAM),
And a hush on the shore where the shadows lie
(As mentioned by CLIFTON BINGHAM);
There's a rose in my heart that is like to die,
For somebody's waiting to say "Good-bye!"
And I don't know who, and I don't know why—
But I have it from CLIFTON BINGHAM.

There's a homing swallow on yonder tree
(Belonging to CLIFTON BINGHAM),
There's a star for you, and a star for me
(And another for CLIFTON BINGHAM).
There's a strange sweet song in the wandering sea,
And a strange sad song in the murmuring lea—
And little they know that they're going to be
Adapted by CLIFTON BINGHAM.

I've stolen the beautiful thoughts above
From a volume by CLIFTON BINGHAM.*
There's a good deal more of it—all about love,
As relating to CLIFTON BINGHAM.
There's "*Good night, Daddy,*" and "*Days of Yore,*"
And "*Shall I never behold you more?*"
"*Flickering shadows,*" "*Westering suns,*"
And simply no end to the *Only ones.*
There's a *Dove*, a *Lily*, a *Moon*, a *Kiss*,
Each bringing its different kind of *bliss*.....
And the horrible part of it all is this
That *somebody*'s got to sing 'em!

* *Lyrics without Music* (J. W. ARROWSMITH), 2s. 6d.

Inquiry.

"DERNIER RESSORT" writes:—"I want a recitation suitable for giving when we have friends. We have numbers of friends: more, indeed, than we can really do with in a small house like ours."

"Fully one half of the catch has been kippered, and the remaining two-thirds freshed."—*Northern Herald.*

THIS only leaves a paltry $-\frac{1}{6}$ to be bloatered.



Affable Sportsman (to stranger on thoroughbred). "A lot of blood about that horse of yours, Sir!"
Stranger. "By Jove, you don't say so! Must have got into some of that confounded wire!"

COLLATERAL HEREDITY.

[Dr. Emil Reich, in his latest book, *Success in Life*, reminds young men about to marry that "heredity goes transversely, side-ways, not in straight lines," and that therefore they ought to study carefully the uncles and aunts of the young women they propose to make their wives.]

My heart, Amanda, beats for thee—
Nay, why this wild surprise,
These doubtful glances shot at me
From unbelieving eyes?
Meet-to-be-loved, pray understand
I offer thee my heart and hand.

True, other maids may be more fair;
A brighter gold may shine
In radiant Chloe's waving hair
Than ever did in thine;
But if her Aunt 's not so to me,
O, what care I how fair *she* be?

Although by all devices known
To woman's magic art
The others woo me, thou alone,
Amanda, hast my heart.
Beloved one, I simply can't
Resist thy fascinating Aunt.

Ah me! I love to watch her sit
Beside her woolwork box,
I thrill to see her deftly knit
Your Uncle 's winter socks;
A passion agitates my soul
When she evolves a buttonhole.

And when we dine I scarce can stand
The beating of my heart
As I behold her lily hand
Dispensing apple tart.
What more can mortal long for? This
Is absolute domestic bliss.

Nor am I tuned to lower pitch
Of rapture when I con
The bundle of perfections which
Compose your Uncle John.
In his benignant form I find
An Uncle wholly to my mind.

Then, darling, need I more explain?
The virtues which endear
This matchless couple to thy swain
In thee should reappear:
Their rare perfection ought to be
Transversely handed down to thee.

Strong in my faith in Nature's laws
My heart I sternly steel,
And when sweet Chloe pleads her cause
I turn upon my heel.
I love thy Aunt—thy Uncle too;
Then pray be mine, Amanda! Do!

WHEN BERTIE SKATES.

When Bertie skates the ladies fly
With startled glance and stifled cry,
As brandishing a knotted crutch
With hands that grip, and claw, and clutch,
Like Juggernaut he hurtles by.

The ice receives him hip and thigh
With thumps that echo to the sky
While stars its glassy surface smutch
When Bertie skates.

His friends avoid him. Even I
(Betrothed to wed him in July)
Scud like a rabbit from his touch.
In point of fact, it 's wiser much
At home to shelter safe and dry
When Bertie skates.

The Brotherhood of Art.

In the picket-lines,
Jan. 24, 1907.

Dear Mr. Punch,—My blood boils for my poor downtrodden colleagues who are being starved in order that popular artistes like myself may roll in motors on a salary of £7,500. Cruel, cruel Managers! Yours cordially,

Arthur Elvin Lloyd-Tich.

Peppery Colonel. "GOOD HEAVENS, SIR! HAVEN'T YOU GOT A BLACK SUIT?"
Irrepressible Sub. "YES, SIR, BUT I'M SAVING IT FOR YOUR FUNERAL!"

FEB. 1.—PARTRIDGE SHOOTING ENDS.

Diary.

HARBINGER of the hunter's moon aloft!
  Familiar of the wheat's despoilèd floor!
Through Spring and Summer though I've missed you oft,
  In Autumn's ember I have missed you more,
And found you evanescent as a bubble
When I have sought you on your native stubble.

As at each season's end with pained surprise
  I total up game book and cartridge bill,
I mark in memory the covey's rise,
  And fire again the shot that failed to kill—
A humbling moment when I have inferred
"Thou wast not born for Death, Immortal Bird."

Again I see myself in youth's conceit
  Go forth your vigilance to circumvent,
My trusty lethal weapon all replete
  With double charge for your undoing meant,
Whose premature explosion (though stag fever)
Let Autumn sunshine into the retriever.

Ofttimes since then in screen of wattle swathed
  When whoops the hireling hind, your doom's foreboder,
Waiting I've watched you come, and pass unscathed,
  Mid stifled imprecations from my loader,
Who blushed the while Incompetency's traces
He hid by pocketing my cartridge cases.

So would I have you, not on eager wing
  Calmly contemptuous of my futile lead,
But when, by courtesy of friends, you bring
  Unwonted savour to my daily bread;
Then will I raise my glass, your welfare wishing,
Though next September I shall take a fishing.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

[In the *Daily Chronicle* of Monday week, Jan. 21, we read how, whilst digging his knife into a cake made in honour of his birthday at a Carnarvon Liberal conversazione, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, the President of the Board of Trade, jocularly remarked, "This is what I should like to do with the House of Lords."]

THE pleasing ferocity evinced in the above episode is, we have good reason to believe, by no means confined to the gifted Cambrian who presides over the Board of Trade. At a luncheon recently held at Guildford Mr. BRODRICK, as he plunged his fork into the breast of a singularly well-developed Surrey fowl, exclaimed in accents vibrating with passionate sincerity, "That is what I should like to do to Mr. HALDANE."

Again, Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, while recently playing golf at North Berwick, had the misfortune, the ground being very hard, to break the head of his favourite driver, which flew off to a considerable distance. As the eminent politician picked it up he remarked, with great intensity of feeling, "I only wish it had been WINSTON's head."

Sir HENRY HOWORTH, the length of whose letters to *The Times* is only equalled by the chivalrous moderation with which he refers to his political opponents, was recently presiding at the annual banquet of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Extinct Mammoths, of which he is the Prime Warden. The *pièce de résistance* was a superb palæolithic haggis, and as Sir HENRY drove the blade of his diamond-hilted carving-knife into it he shouted in clarion tones, "That is what I should like to do to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE."

IT is rumoured that at the Court Theatre *The Campden Wonder* is to be followed by a dramatised version of *The Napoleon of Notting Hill.*



OVERDUE.

BRITANNIA (*on quay at Kingston*). "ANYBODY SEEN MY WHITE ENSIGN? I'VE BEEN WAITING A WEEK FOR IT."

MR. PUNCH. "YOU'VE *GOT* TO WAIT, MA'AM; THAT'S THE NEW SYSTEM."

[Earthquake at Kingston, January 14; arrival of first British warship, January 22.]



(Ethel has been taken by her Grandmamma to call upon her new Aunt.)

The New Aunt. "SO YOU ARE EIGHT YEARS OLD? NOW HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I AM?"

Ethel. "YOU'RE NOT VERY YOUNG, ARE YOU?"

The New Aunt. "WELL, I'M NOT QUITE SO OLD AS GRANDMAMMA."

Ethel. "OH, GRANDMAMMA NEVER *TRIES* TO LOOK YOUNG!"

THE SELFISHNESS OF SCIENCE.

(*By Raymond Blatherbie.*)

THE increasing prominence which is now being given in the Press to descriptions of the personalities of eminent scientists and anticipatory accounts of their discoveries, is, I have, alas! unfortunately good authority for stating, by no means invariably relished by all the leaders of this confraternity. In order to confirm this view of the situation, within the last few days I have called on several scientific luminaries and found that there is a deplorable and anything but public-spirited disinclination on their part to welcome any intrusion on their privacy. As if leading scientists (to give them the name they most dislike) were not everyone's property!

My first visit was to Professor RAY LANKESTER at the South Kensington Museum. On presenting my card I was shown into a room in the interior of which was a structure resembling a bomb-proof turret.

"Take a chair," said a voice from inside the turret. I obeyed, and the turret immediately began to revolve until I was conscious that a shining barrel was trained on my person. The movement then ceased and the invisible Professor began. "Understand," he said in short sharp tones, "that I am not a popular preacher. I may or may not be typical of the spirit of modern science, but unless you give me your solemn word that you are not going to describe the configuration of my cranium, the colour of my eyes, the pitch of my voice and the way I do my hair, I shall press the trigger of this Winchester rifle."

I hurriedly gave him the requisite assurance.

"Very well," continued the Professor; "it will simplify matters if I tell you that I am not always glad and grateful for the boon of life, that I am not necessarily a pleasant companion over a cigar, and that when I talk in my sleep there is not a healthy ring in my voice. Lastly, if I should happen to make an important discovery you are the last person to whom I should communicate it."

Realising that no alternative was left but to withdraw from contact with so hopeless a reactionary, I left the room and took the 12.30 from St. Pancras to Cambridge, proceeding immediately to the residence of Sir GEORGE DARWIN, F.R.S., the President of the British Association and son of the illustrious CHARLES, whom unfortunately it was never my privilege to interview. (Hence possibly — to quote a caustic friend — some serious lacunæ in his memoir on the habits of earth-worms.) Here at any rate, I thought, I may be sure of a cordial and intimate conversation with one of the brightest stars in the scientific firmament. It is painful but necessary to state that my disillusionment at Cambridge was even more pronounced than at South Kensington. Hardly had I placed my hand on the latch of the gate when a sharp explosion was heard, and a deep-throated voice was heard issuing from the dining-room window:

"Missed him, by Jupiter!"—the favourite planet of the Plumian Professor. Hurriedly taking cover behind a clump of laurels, I stated my name and intimated that I should be glad of

the Professor's views on the origin of species, bimetallism and a few other cognate topics. Realising that I was unarmed, Sir GEORGE put away his weapon and came on to the lawn. "You will pardon my mistake," he observed, "but I thought you were the *Maily Chronical* man, and instinctively seized my Rook rifle. He has been dodging about here for the last week with the avowed intention of feeling my bumps, for all the world as if I were a demnition dromedary, and I have had to take strong measures."

"But surely," I expostulated, "such an attitude is unworthy of a great thinker who holds that the whole universe is a vast expression of spiritual reality, and is nourished with the perpetual vision of the splendour and glory of the eternal Cosmos?"

GEORGE DARWIN—I call him GEORGE in spite of everything, though I had never seen him before, for he is a great and noble-hearted, though short-tempered, man—said nothing, but made a signal to somebody outside, and a brawny constable dashed into the garden, collared me with brutal roughness, and ran me out into the road before I had time to explain that I was not HAROLD the last of the BEGTHWAYTS.

On my return to London, somewhat shaken and saddened by this painful experience, I resolved, after a good night's rest, to proceed to Birmingham and interview Sir OLIVER LODGE. Here, at least, I felt that I was sure of a sympathetic welcome and ample opportunities of exploiting my impressions of an expansive and commanding personality. Imagine my surprise and dismay when on arriving at Birmingham University I was informed that the Principal had gone into retreat and was camping out in a field near Edgbaston in the company of several trained pelicans. Hurriedly hailing a hansom I drove off to the spot indicated, and there, sure enough, in a moujik's dress similar to that worn by Count TOLSTOI, was my dear friend OLIVER LODGE. (I should explain, in defence of this intimacy, that I once spoke to him through the telephone.) There could be no doubt that it was he; the great domed forehead, reminiscent, in BEGTHWAYT'S luminous phrase, of the Mosque of S. Sophia at Constantinople, proclaimed his identity with trumpet tones. And yet *quantum mutatus ab illo!* Refusing to express a single opinion either on the ZANCIGS or the Channel Tunnel, he waved me aside with a peremptory gesture, observing, "Trespassers on this Lodge in the Wilderness will be persecuted. Beware of the Pelicans."

A sadder, if not a wiser man, I returned to town, pondering on the suicidal detachment of science, which, by rejecting the advances of refined journalists, condemns itself to a sterile and atrabilious obscurity.

[Henceforth I devote my energies to cricketers and New Theologians. They never retaliate.]

THE CHUNNEL AGAIN.

[Mr. JOHN WARD, M.P., is reported to have made the following remarks: "It (the Channel) should be constructed without the slightest attempt being made at fortification or preparation for destruction, or any other absurd suggestions of similar character. *With a raft and proper boring apparatus and fifty practical men, I would destroy the tunnel at any time, for practical purposes, within three or four days.*"]

THERE was a tube beneath the sea;
And fifty navvies bold were we.
The enemy crept across one day,
When there was no one in the way.
So we went out upon a raft;
The enemy thought that we were daft.
We dived and dug and rose for air,
The enemy didn't seem to care.
We suffered from the choppy waves;
But Britons never shall be slaves!
The raging foe laid bare the land;
But we were digging through the sand.
Captive our beaten army lay:
But we were boring through the clay.
We heard the prisoners tramping through,
While we were blasting all we knew.
And so the weary days went past,
But we were getting there at last.
Then peace was signed, oh, sad to tell,
As we were drilling through the shell,
It was too late to stop, alack!
We drowned the prisoners coming back!

IMMORAL TALES.

I.—THE YELLOW VASE.

ONE day Mama said to THOMAS and HENRY, "My dears, a Wild Beast Show has come to the town, and if you are both very good boys you shall go with your Papa and me this afternoon to see it."

But as ill luck would have it, while the two boys and their constant companion *Fido* were playing in the parlour that morning, what should little HENRY do but throw down a beautiful yellow vase with puce-coloured spots, that stood on the mantel-shelf, and break it into bits!

At this the poor lad was sadly frightened. "For," said he, "I fear Mama may be vexed, and perhaps not take me to the Wild Beast Show after all."

"Not a doubt of it," replied his brother, "since I know that the Yellow Vase was a present from our Uncle JAMES. But," continued Sly TOM, "why should we not lay the blame upon *Fido* here? Then he will be punished and not we."

To this, however, HENRY would not agree, for he was a good little boy, and knew, moreover, that the *Fido* excuse was wearing a bit thin.

"No," said he firmly, "I shall say that I alone did it, because I have found that Truth always pays best in the Long Run."

"Quite right," said his Papa, who had entered the room unobserved, and who was heartily glad to see the last of the Yellow Vase, "and now put on your things and we will set out at once for the Show. But as for TOM, he must remain at home and go supperless to bed."

So Naughty TOM was left to meditate upon the Reward of Dishonesty, while Papa and Mama and HENRY went to the Show, where a Wild Beast got into the sixpenny seats and eat them entirely up.

Moral.—Look Before you Leap.

II. THE CAKES.

RUPERT and ALFRED were two little boys at school, whose birthdays came on the same day, though they were not twins. The reason they were not twins was because they had different papas and mamas, and indeed were no relation to each other at all.

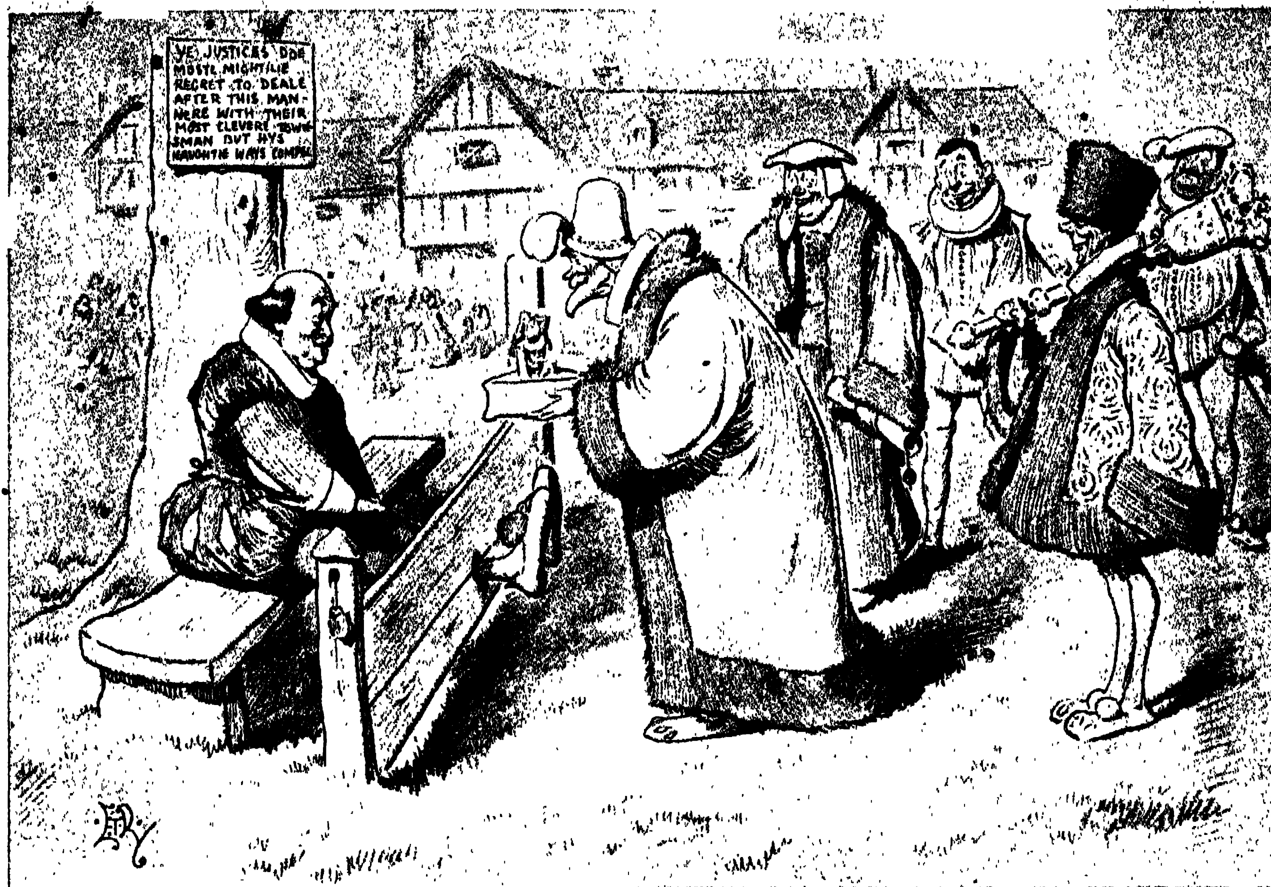
However on this day they each received a beautiful large cake, full of raisins and candied peel, and covered all over with the most delicious plaster of Paris that can be imagined. Now ALFRED, who was a very unselfish little boy, took his cake at once to the Master, and having obtained permission, he cut it into forty slices, so small as to be worth practically nothing at all, and gave one to each of his school-fellows at tea-time. In this way every boy got just sufficient cake to make him angry that there was no more, while ALFRED himself was content with the buttered paper and the approval of the Master, who, having countermanded the eggs previously ordered for tea, warmly praised his conduct.

How different was that of RUPERT! This greedy lad, satisfied as to the excellence of Alfred's cake, withdrew with his into a lonely spot, where, I blush to say, he consumed it all himself. The result of this was that he was enabled to pursue his studies with such increased energy that all his friends complimented him upon the change; moreover, having now acquired a distaste for the inferior cake sold at enormous profit in the school tuck-shop, he saved his weekly pennies for the benighted heathen, and in short became a pattern for all who knew him.

Moral.—Never leave to others what you can do yourself.

III.—JANE.

JANE was a little girl who had one grave fault; she was sadly fond of her own way. Her Papa, willing to read her



MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANTS. STRATFORD-ON-AVON. No. I.

"YE MAYOR OF STRATTEFORD DOTH PRESENT YE FREEDOM OF YE BOROUGH TO MASTER WILL SHAKSPEARE. THATTE MASTER WILL DID AT YE MOMENT OCCUPIE YE TOWNE "STOCKES" FOR SOME LIGHT-HEARTEDE MISDEMEANOURE DID LEND A CERTAIN IRONIE TO YE FESTIVE OCCASN."

a lesson in this, once said to her, "To-morrow, my dear JANE, is your birthday, and on it you shall if you please do exactly whatever you like, without hindrance from Mama or myself."

"Thank you, dear Papa," replied JANE, "that will be very pleasant." So she set to work to decide what she should do, while Papa went out to purchase a bottle of noisome but reformatory medicine, of which he foresaw that there would shortly be considerable need.

On the following morning as soon as it was light JANE rang her bell violently, and having by this means disturbed the entire household, she ordered a substantial breakfast in her room at 10.30, and composed herself for the enjoyment of several additional hours of refreshing slumber. When she came downstairs Papa asked if she intended to visit the forbidden pond, "in which case," said he, "we should save time by putting blankets to the fire at once."

To this, however, JANE replied that nothing should induce her to risk her birthday upon so dangerous a pastime, adding that she had instead engaged an electric coupé for a round of the principal toy-shops in company with her friend CLEMENTINE, a child of Low Manners with whom her parents had strictly forbidden her to associate. Accordingly the little girls, having spent the morning, and much else, in this agreeable fashion, lunched together at an expensive restaurant, and were afterwards so fortunate to secure by telephone two returned stalls for the *matinée* at Drury Lane. They reached home however in excellent time for dinner (personally ordered by JANE from a reliable caterer's) and concluded the evening with a Surprise Party, of which, though the party was JANE'S, the surprise unquestionably belonged to Papa.

Altogether the day, which, including purchases and motor-hire, stood Papa in a matter of one hundred and fifty pounds, passed off without the slightest hitch, while for JANE it provided an object lesson, which she never afterwards forgot, of the admirable results, which, with ordinary prudence, may be attained by little girls who are allowed to have their own way in everything.

Moral.—Don't make generous offers unless you're sure they 'll be declined.

A RONDEAU OF POPP.

[MR. JACOB I. POPP, tobacconist and news-agent, of High Wycombe, who was fined 2*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* costs on Saturday for keeping his shop open on a Sunday, has now been fined 266 times for this offence.—*Daily Paper*, Jan. 21.]

DEAR JACOB POPP,—When themes are few,
And all the papers reek with rot,
One item 's always fresh and new—
That fine you pay upon the spot!

The hobby you indulge in, true,
Has cost you up to now somewhat
Dear, JACOB POPP;

Yet, sad indeed would be our lot
If your exploits were lost to view,
But happily the law cannot
Within a prison-dungeon you,
Dear JACOB, pop!

["This raises the question of the actual birthday of CHARLES WESLEY, which is recorded on the Abbey memorial as 108, whereas in the Dictionary of National Biography it is attributed to the present year."—*Leicester Daily Post.*]

WE have no hesitation in saying that neither is right. Guess again.

AFRICA JIM.

THE LION-KEEPER'S STORY.

(With acknowledgments to Dagonet and some of the minor poets.)

AM I fond of the critturs?—Not 'arf, Sir! I've tended 'em nigh thirty year!
And never but once in my lifetime 'ave felt the least atom o' fear!



And that's why they cotton to me, Sir! They're smilin' now, lovin' and sweet!
Look at that one a-lickin' 'is kisser, 'e knows 'oo to look to for meat!
Are they fierce? Lor bless yer kind 'eart, Sir—I'd a little gal six years of age,
Who used to go each blessed mornin' right slap bang inside o' the cage!
She 'ad a particiler fav'rit. Yus, "Africa Jim" was the one.
Lor! 'Ow she would fondle and pet 'im, and pull out 'is whiskers for fun!
Well 'e *was* a hot 'un, I own it—'e'd often get regular wild,
But 'e'd calm down and purr like a kitten on 'earin' the voice of that child!
'E'd sometimes get tearin' the others, that vicious young African cub,
Then KATIE—she'd lecture an' scold 'im, an' make 'im go short with 'is grub!
And, s'elp me, I firmly believe, Sir, that brute understood all she said;
Why, 'e'd 'owl like a two-legged Christian when she said—"Naughty boy, go to bed!"
Well, KATIE just kep' 'im in order, and trained 'im for days upon days
Till Africa Jimmy, the Savage, turned round and fair mended 'is ways
Till one night—one black night in November—ah! the scene comes up vivid as life—
I sat in my snug little parlour, aside of the hearth, with me wife;
And the thunder was roarin' that night, Sir, in a way I shall never forget;
And the lightning was vivid and bright, Sir, and the rain was most wonderful wet.
Our child was supposed to be sleepin' all cosy and safe in 'er bed,
When me wife turns to me of a sudden, and in accents of terror she said:
"Oh BILL, if you loves me at all, dear, just humour a motherly whim,
And don't let our dear little KATIE go near that there Africa Jim!
There's a sort of a curious *something* I sees in the look of 'is face
When she takes 'im 'is meat of a mornin', and 'e puts up 'is paws to say grace;
I'm sure it's a positive warnin', so, BILL, if you love little KATIE,
Git the great brute condemned by the Guv'nor, and poisoned before it's too late!"
But I laughed at 'er fears, like a block'ead, as I deeply regret to this day,
And I says to 'er (lovin' and kind-like), "Sich nervousness! Oh, git away!"
But I stopped. What was that—gracious heavens!—that sound? I 'ad 'eard it afore!
With the sound of the wind and the thunder, there mingled old Jim's sullen roar!
My wife wellnigh fainted with terror, but I dashed as if mad up the stair
To the room of my dear little KATIE. O 'orror! the child wasn't there!
Then I saw on a table afore me a hastily scrawled little note;
With a feverish eye I perused it—an' this is what KATIE had wrote:
"Dear Daddy, in case you'd be frightened, I've just writ these few words to say
We've been and forgot altogether to feed the poor lions to-day.
So I'll do so, to save you the trouble—and I hope by the time this is read
I'll have slipped out the back way and fed 'em, and safely returned to my bed."
(And it seems to me strange at this minute—though I didn't much care at the time
To think as the poor little darlin' should come to 'ave writ it in rhyme.)
Oh, the bitter remorse o' that moment! The dear, thoughtful kiddie was right.
With a scream like the cry of a Parrot, I hurried out into the night!
Well, I got over 'ere in a jiffy—and then to the truth I awoke
When I saw that the cage there was empty, the bars all a-twisted and broke.
Then I runs to the keeper's snug quarters, I knocks up me stout-'earted mates,
An' we all went as Britons together for Africa Jim—and our fates!



And we found 'im down there by the snake-'ouse—and the look of remorse in his eyes
Told a lot—but not nearly so much, Sir, as his wisible increase in size!



Angler. "HANG IT! IS THERE A DRY SPOT IN THIS BOAT WHERE I CAN STRIKE A MATCH?"
Boatman (*who has been disappointed as regards refreshment*). "TRY MY THROAT, SIR!"

"Mates," I cried, "what's to do? What's your sentence?"
And they all as one man, in one breath
Gasped out, in one tone, at one moment, the one monisillible "Death!"
And one of 'em gives me a rifle, and whispers, a-hissin' like, "Shoot!"
An' I fair shook with hunger for vengeance as I took careful aim at the brute!
Then a scream rang out all of a sudden; up rushed, as if crazy, me wife,
Flung her body 'twixt mine and the lion's, and implored me to spare the brute's life;
"For," she cries, "I could never a-bear it, to think as old Jim should 'ave died,
Shot down like a four-footed heathen, with our poor little KATIE *inside!*"
So I says, after thinkin' it over, "Well, mates, I must do as I'm bid,
For you see, in a manner of speakin', I'd be shootin' my own little kid!"
And they all of 'em answered "Ay, ay, mate," and kicked up no end of a fuss
(They all says "Ay, ay" at sich times, Sir, though in ornary talk they says "Yus!").
So we locked 'im that night in the snake-'ouse till we'd mended the bars of 'is cage,
But from that very moment 'e fretted—which was strange in a beast of his age.
'E 'adn't no 'eart to be playful, 'e 'adn't no taste for 'is meat,
Seemed to know a kind mistress is better than a short gasternomical treat!
And when KATE 'ad been missin' a fortnight 'e lay on the straw-littered floor,
Give a sob, 'alf a kick an' two tail-wags—an' Africa Jim was no more!

And I thinks, as I gazed on 'is carcis, "as sure as I knows my own name,
I knows what that animal died of—*combined indigestion and shame!*"
But just as we'd made all arrangements for a sort of a lion-in-state
Up come, unexpected, a pleeceman—and who'd 'e brought with 'im but KATE!
We was fair mad with joy, you may guess, Sir; but 'er little eyes blinked and grew dim
When, with tears of affectionate sorrow, she 'eard the sad news about Jim.
And she told us she saw 'e'd escaped, Sir, so followed 'is footprints that night
Till she found 'im a-maulin' a *burglar*, and fainted with shock at the sight!
An' the pleeceman, who'd followed the burglar, discovered me poor little KATE
Lyin' out by the gates there unconscious, in no end of a terrible state.
And they'd kep' 'er a week at the station—for when the poor kiddie come to
They thought that her mind was a-wandrin' when she said as her home was the Zoo!
Poor Jim! 'Twarn't the *burglar* as killed 'im—excuse that effemminit sob—
But the jemmy and lanterns and pistols was a trifle too much of a job.
And 'is carcis stands stuffed to this day, Sir, beneath a glass case in the 'all
Of KATE's lofty mansion at Brixton, as you'd see if you 'appened to call;
For KATE's in the circus perfession—an' there's no better turn to be seen
Than the 'ippodrome's latest sensation—"KATRINA the Great Lion Queen."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

There is a good deal of sanity in the want of method with which Mr. T. H. S. Escott has compiled his *Society in the Country House* (Fisher Unwin). From century to century he flits, buzzing about from one country-house to another, like a bee in a bean-field, gathering honey where he may. But methodless as the making of it may seem, his book gives a very charming picture of English houses and house-parties, ancient and modern. Are you in love with the days of old? Then go with him to "Penshurst." Mr. William Shakspeare *may* be there, and you are certain to find William Harvey (of circulation fame), and Robert Burton (of the *Anatomy*), and Spenser, and Giles Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh being unavoidably prevented, by a previous engagement in the Tower, from accepting Lord Leicester's kind invitation. Or you may motor down to "Clouds," to the Percy Wyndhams, to meet George Wyndham and Lord Dunraven (possibly talking Devolution), and Arthur Balfour and the Rayleighs and the Elchos; or to Bourne End, where our only M.P. is entertaining the Oxford crew; or to Hatfield, or Petworth, or Goodwood, in fact pretty well anywhere and anywhen you like, coming across hosts of interesting people and many a good story by the way. Of which last the following, an oft-told story, of which one never tires, may serve as a sample. One day, when dining with Wilberforce, Archbishop Trench thought himself overtaken by his life-long terror, paralysis. "At last," he murmured, "it has come. Total insensibility of the right side." "It may console you," said the lady next to whom he was sitting, "to know that it was *my* leg you were pinching."

Mr. Vincent Brown is a writer of powerful tragedies. I fancy he has been called another Thomas Hardy, but he is not that by a long way. Still, for those who like powerful stories (full of great emotions) here is a good one—*Venus and the Woodman*, published by Hutchinson. Unfortunately Mr. Brown gives us a little light relief now and then in the shape of letters between *Bernard Grey* the provincial reporter (who discovers the murder), and his colleague *Scott*. These are the dreariest reading imaginable, though perhaps Mr. Brown means them to be typical of a provincial journalist's humour. If so I congratulate him; but I would much prefer him to stick to his studies of the seventh and eighth commandments. There is rather a good vicar, Mr. Champneys, who "had the Cambridge manner, which is so delicate a bloom of social insolence that only artists and snobs perceive it." I ought to explain that *Bernard Grey*, the "reporter," is a very magnificent fellow indeed—personally I hate him—who reads Newman ("one of the few modern writers on whom he could rely for the mood of severe simplicity"). I was surprised at this until I remembered that Mr. Walkley was once called a reporter by Mr. Bourchier.

Before Port Arthur in a Destroyer (John Murray) completes a trilogy of the war between Russia and Japan. Previous books were written from other points of view by Russian officers accompanying the fleet in its voyage from the Baltic, or taking part in the battle which shattered Russia's naval supremacy. The writer of this third personal diary is a Japanese naval officer, who discreetly preserves anonymity. This enables him to write with fuller freedom, even sharply to criticise some of the manœuvres of the invincible Togo. The narrative, simply written, accounts for the issue of the Titanic conflict. Whilst the Russians blundered along in ill-found ships, with guns out-ranged by the adversary, with discontented crews and champagne-drinking officers, the Japanese left nothing to chance. Their vessels, from the flagship to the smallest destroyer, were as trim as if they had just left the dockyard. Their guns represented the latest resources of civilization. Their plans were laid to meet all possible contingencies. Above all, officers and men were inspired with passionate patriotism. If they could not win the day for Japan, they could die for her. An hour before the torpedo flotilla struck the first blow in the epoch-making struggle, attacking the astonished Russian fleet anchored off Port Arthur serenely awaiting formal declaration of war, the divisional Commander summoned the Captains of the Japanese destroyers to his ship, and explained to them the plan of the attack. "I do not consider it necessary," he added by way of final word, "to remind you that no boat, even if damaged, must fall into the hands of the enemy." Nor did any. The crews of maimed vessels went down with them, amid exultant shouts of "Banzai!"



THE "APPROVED LANGUAGE" RECORDER.

It may come in with the Taximeter.

The latest volume in the "Highways and Byways Series"—*Highways and Byways in Berkshire*, by J. E. Vincent (Macmillan)—save that it has one glaring omission, is a very entertaining and admirable piece of work. But this omission is serious. Mr. Vincent knows his country well, knows its great names well, knows its literature well,—gossips pleasantly and with authority on *Tom Brown* and the White Horse, *Two Years Ago* and Lambourn, Miss Mitford and *Our Village*, the Icknield Way and the Grey Wethers; misses no good inn and no good scenery; and yet there is this terrible count against him—that he does not describe the magnificent mansion and estates of the Member for Berks! Toby or not Toby—that was the question; and he answered it in the negative. O, Mr. Vincent!

More Military Economy.

"Wanted—Good General for country, small family. No bread or shirts."—*Carowa Free Press.*

One feature of *The Daily Mail* we have missed lately. Morning after morning we have scanned its leader page, looking in vain for some trace of the well-known style. Then chance sent us to the *Portsmouth Evening News*, and there we read:—

"Havant Petty Sessions.—Bartholomew Kennedy, a tramp, was sent to prison for seven days for begging at Havant."



GOING IT!

She. "After this, what do you say to a jaunt on one of the new Tubes?"

THE BAR ON STRIKE.

The Protagonists.—The "L.A.R.F."—the "Legal Artistes Representative Federation," an alliance of barristers, expert witnesses and court hands.

The "J.J.P.A." the "Judicial Jokers Protection Association," an alliance of judges and magistrates.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Feb. 8.—The "L.A.R.F." decide to demand:—(1) equal joking rights with the Bench; (2) equal prominence in law reports to their own jokes and those of the Bench; (3) a "barring clause" of a maximum 5*s.* or two days for "contempt of Court."

Feb. 9.—They present their "Charter" to Judge SMYLY and demand point-blank acceptance of it. Judge SMYLY refuses to be bar-beaten.

Feb. 10.—Meeting of the "J.J.P.A.," presided over by the Lord Chief Joker. The Bench resolves to "stand pat" and fight wig to wig against the "L.A.R.F."

Feb. 11.—General Strike declared. Judge SMYLY'S Court picketed by Mr. RUTHLESS ISAACS, K.C., and Mr. DOOKS, K.C., who distribute handbills calling on the public to freeze out Judge SMYLY'S jokes.

Feb. 12.—The Bench engage a professional pugilist to get Mr. DOOKS in chancery.

Feb. 13.—A "blackleg" barrister is snowballed in the Strand and blackballed in Pall Mall.

Feb. 14.—Mr. PLOWDEN sits on the Bench with Judge SMYLY to render jocular assistance if required.

Feb. 15.—The "L.A.R.F." issue a manifesto stating that the "star" Bar artistes are fighting for the rights of their weaker brothers, and asking the public to stay away from the Courts until the "Charter" is signed by the "J.J.P.A."

Feb. 16.—*The Daily Bail* prints a pageful of letters from representative readers, among them the following:—

Sir A. Kekewich (*Chancery Bench*).—"Am supporting the 'J.J.P.A.' on principle, but do not remember ever to have heard a joke in my Court."

"*An Usher.*"—"The way we are suppressed is something cruel. The other day I no more than said: 'Silence for the Master of the Roley-Polies!' when I was dropped down on like a ton of hot Collins."

Feb. 17.—The "L.A.R.F." engage the Court Theatre and put on a screamingly funny breach of promise case with an absolutely "star" cast.

Feb. 19.—The Bench retaliate by engaging Mr. G. B. SHAW as expert witness at the New Bailey.

Feb. 20.—Packed Court to hear a murder case with expert evidence by Mr. SHAW. Roars of laughter from start to finish. Evening papers make hay.

Feb. 21. Influx of young barristers from the Highlands, the West of Ireland and the Wilds of Wales to fill the vacant places left by the strikers.

Feb. 22.—A prominent K.C. secedes from the "L.A.R.F." He is ducked in Pump Court.

Feb. 29.—President ROOSEVELT proposes a Peace Conference. The KAISER at once telegraphs that he will act as arbitrator.

Feb. 30.—Arbitration agreed to. Extra large size of relief from all concerned.

EASY.

A Legend of Bournemouth.

There once was a moke that drew a chair,
And the name of the moke was *Easy:*
His coat was matted with thick grey hair
Wherever it hadn't been rubbed quite bare,
And his wind was a trifle wheezy.
This moke did duty in Bournemouth town,
Where the hills go up and the slopes go down;
And he drew a chair, as I said before,
On the cliff that edges the Bournemouth shore.

There never was anything patienter
In life or in song or story
Than this same *Easy*, who wouldn't stir
Unless his proprietor laced his fur,
His fur which was thick and hoary.
It was "Get up, carn't yer," and "Stir your stumps,"
And "Now we 're off," and "What-ho, she bumps!"
And "Excuse me, mum, if I made too free,
But the donkey 'll be the death o' me."

He might have been eight or nine or ten,
He might have been twelve or twenty;
For none of us knew precisely when
He first swam into the ken of men,
But we judged that his years were plenty.
His eyes were luminous, large and meek,
And his nose was soft as a young girl's cheek;
And his ears he waggled them to and fro,
And his pace was a mile an hour or so.

He refused to follow the ways of ants,
Who never put in a rest-day;
And his owner was garbed in a pair of pants
(He was one of the oldest inhabitants)
That had managed to see their best day:
In frayed old pants, and a gaberdine,
The raggedest robe that was ever seen,
And a purple face, and a thing that sat
Askew on his head and was called a hat.

He liked his fares to be thin and light,
This moke as he went a-chairing;
And then, when the Bournemouth sun shone bright
On the sands, the sea and the Isle of Wight,
He started out for an airing:
He started out, but he soon stopped dead,
And I can't repeat what his owner said;
And the fare observed, "It 's a shame to baste
A beast, but you see he *won't* make haste."

So matters went on till one fine day,
When there wasn't a cloud in heaven,
With his harness polished and bright and gay,
The moke came round in the usual way
At a little before eleven.
And he stood at the door and waited there,
With his chair prepared for a lady fare;
And his head was drooped and his forelegs bent,
Like Patience upon a monument.

And a voice said, "*This* is the donkey? Law!
Do you think he can really do it?"
And *Easy* he turned his head and saw
A sight that struck on his heart with awe—
No moke could have cottoned to it—
For the figure that stood at the *Pension* door
Was a lady of twenty stone or more;
And what with her rugs and wraps and that
She certainly seemed to be far too fat.

The lady advanced to occupy
The chair: she was all but in it—
When, lo, with a tympanum-piercing cry,
The moke from the door-step seemed to fly
In less than a quarter minute.
The mind of the beast was soon made up,
For the look of the lady had filled his cup;
And before you could say Jack Robinson
The donkey and chair and all were gone.

And away and away and away he flew,
While his owner after him shuffled;
And up the hill like a flash he drew
His chair with a pace completely new,
For his feelings were sadly ruffled.
And faster and faster along the flat
He sped to escape the lady fat,
Till he came to the edge of the cliff, and then
Went over, and never was seen again.

* * * *

And still, when the nights are wild and chill,
And the furious winds are shrieking,
The ghost of a donkey scales the hill
At a break-neck pace with a cry that 's shrill,
And his chair comes after him creaking.
And men say this is the very one
Who fled from a lady of twenty stone;
Who had never in all his life gone fast,
Till he sighted her bulk and went at last! R. C. L.

"WILLIAM BAKER": THE NEW PARLOUR GAME.

"William Baker" is simple and inexpensive, yet full of genuine healthy excitement. It can be played with money, nuts or war medals. Those who object on principle to large stakes may even use confetti.

To start the game, the following advertisement is put in a paper:- "Will the relatives of the late William Baker, who died between the years 1890 and 1906, kindly communicate with —— ——? [here supply full name and address of the promoter of the game] and they may hear of something to their advantage."

For obvious reasons it is advisable to advertise early.

With the aid of the following rules any intelligent person (and "William Baker" appeals peculiarly to persons of intelligence) may grasp the principles of the game.

The players having assembled (this is an essential point) all the letters (unopened) are dealt round, with the exception of twenty-one which form a pool.

The first player (usually a lady) then opens her top envelope and calls out in a clear voice the degree of relationship which the writer claims to the late W. B. Having done that, she neatly tears her letter across, and all the other players pay her her score. She is followed by the gentleman on her right, who plays his top envelope exactly in the same manner.

Note.—Widows and Birth Certificates entitle a player to draw one letter from the pool.

The scoring is as follows:—		Points.
Widows	count	25
Brothers and Sisters	„	7
Sons and Daughters	„	6
1st Cousins	„	4
Do. once or more removed	„	3
2nd, 3rd and 4th Cousins, whether removed or still there	„	1
Cousins of 5th or greater power	„	0
Those who claim to have lent the late W. B. money	„	– 5
Solicitors	„	–10



SHADOWED!

OR, THE TEMPTATION OF ARTHUR.

"IF I WAS ONLY SURE NO ONE WAS LOOKING—I'D THROW THE WRETCHED THING OVER!"

CHARIVARIA.

The Home Secretary and the police authorities have been attacked for allowing an innocent man to remain in prison. But justice demands that it should be remembered that a large number of guilty persons are allowed to remain out of prison.

A gentleman who has been reading about the preliminaries of the Thaw trial asks whether a Talesman is the same thing as a Storyteller: or simply means a Monkey.

It is feared that the title of Mr. Cyril Maude's new theatre, The Playhouse, may cause it to be confused, in the minds of country cousins, with the House of Commons.

A correspondent inquires whether the Urania Society is the Music Hall Stars' Union.

Mr. Tree desires it to be known that there is no truth in the statement that has been made public in a London paper that he contemplated appearing at a Music Hall. The assertion that he intended to take the part of Harry Lauder during the strike was thought improbable by many persons.

A proposal put forward at the Labour Party's Conference in favour of organising a party with the ultimate object of overthrowing the present competitive system and establishing public ownership was defeated, as Mr. Keir Hardie said it would be an error to impose Socialism on an unprepared people. is good to think that our masters, though strong, are also humane.

The theft of metal from Chatham Dockyard is now confirmed. It seems too bad that when the members of the Cabinet lie awake all day thinking how they may save a few pounds for the nation, even at the risk of weakening the Navy and the Army, they should be baulked in this way.

A Metropolitan Magistrate has declared that a monkey has as much right to use the pavement as a man. This decision will anyhow obviate the many vexed questions of classification which would have arisen had the contrary view been held.

Humility has never been the leading national feature of the Welsh. Yet *The South Wales Echo*, after stating that the ice at Newport was "about two miles in thickness," made no boastful comment, but modestly added that it was "perfectly safe."



A FAITH CURE.

Fond Mother. "Are you feeling better now, Darling?"

Small Boy. "Yes, fank you, Mummy. Nuffin' like a bun for a headache. A *big* bun. *Little* ones are no good."

The Roman Catholics of Brazil have presented the Pope with a volume bound in solid gold and studded with diamonds and emeralds, and *The Times* cheap book movement is considered to have received a serious set-back.

The fact that some Roman pavement has been discovered at Colchester reminds us that much of the pavement in certain districts of London is disgracefully old.

The Reader, the other day, contained an inquiry from a correspondent as to how to become a Flat Porter. The answer will surely be supplied by a motor-car?

Occasionally one is left thinking. This is the position in which we found ourselves after reading the opening sentence of the article on Bridge in a recent issue of *The Westminster Gazette*. It said:—"My correspondent Mr. E. Coupland . . . . writes to me saying that I am wrong in thinking that a rubber is not played in nearly such a short time as one would suppose." Help!

"Young Man (23), with five years' experience in leading Publishers, desires to better his position."—*Publishers' Circular.*

But what better position *could* there be than that of leading our publishers? It is what even Mr. Hooper cannot do.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

Mr. Punch's Untrustworthy Guide to London.

Chapter XXI.

The Great Termini.

"Termini," you must understand, is the plural of "terminus." No gentleman says "terminuses," just as no lady says "omnibi." These are the fine shades of London culture, which you will have to acquire if you are to mix with the *haut ton* as one of themselves.

Terminus means the end. King's Cross, for example, is the end of the Great Northern. However long you sit in the train after arriving at that station, you will not be carried any further. It is well therefore to get out and take a cab or bus.

You have to guess the name of the terminus you are at, because it is never posted up, as it is in the case of wayside stations. On receipt of twopence any porter will, however, inform you where you are. Under this sum no porter will do anything. It is not that he is not paid by the Railway Company which employs him, but that he wishes to prove his freedom as an Englishman. Show him twopence, however, and he is your slave.

Why it is necessary for Railway Companies' servants to be paid twice over, no one has ever discovered; but so it is. Ordinary persons, such as clerks, editors, shop assistants, ministers, doctors, are paid only once; but porters are paid twice.

There was once a man who took his courage in both hands and asked the porter who had put his boxes in the luggage van to give him a good reason why this heavy premium should be put upon daily duty. The porter said nothing, and the courageous passenger settled back in his seat, convinced that he had performed a public service; but when he reached his destination he found that his boxes had been left behind on the platform. The moral is: Do as others do, or you will be done.

Except for this mania for receiving twopence, porters are quite nice fellows, who always say "By your leave" before grinding your toes to powder or nicking little pieces out of your knee-cap.

The termini of London are very different in character. Charing Cross, for example is restless; St. Pancras is sedate. London Bridge is fussy; at Euston every train suggests that it carries a corpse. Paddington is rich and complacent; Liverpool Street is bourgeois and anxious. Victoria – but of Victoria it is not too proper to speak, for it is from this terminus that trains go to Brighton. In short, Victoria is the station for thick veils.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

An Auction of Articles left by Passengers in Railway Carriage Hat-racks.

Chapter XXII.

Railway Flotsam and Jetsam.

There are few persons who can lay their hands on their hearts and honestly say that they have never left anything in a railway carriage. Statistics show that at one time or another everything has been left in a railway carriage, from a big drum to marriage lines, from a baby to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The odd thing is that so few of these waifs and strays are claimed that every year a sale is held for their dispersal, at which the most astonishing bargains can be obtained: babies for a shilling each, for example; umbrellas five a penny; books cheaper than *The Times* can do them; pianos at the price of firewood: and so forth.

Chapter XXIII.

How to Travel Free.

There are only three ways of travelling for nothing. One is to get under the seat; but that is dirty. Another is to leave the train just before it reaches the ticket-collecting station and walk the rest of the way; but that is dangerous. The third way is to say 'Season." This last is the most popular.

Chapter XXIV.

Some Sound Advice.

Let us conclude with a few rail maxims.

1. Wait till the train stops. (This important counsel, by the way, is often altered, by the elision of the first letter of "train," to "Wait till the rain stops"—an adaptation which keeps carriages in a roar. No real humorist ever travels without a pocket-knife).

2. If you are asked by a company of strangers to join them in a game of cards—decline.

3. Avoid foot-warmers, unless your soles are made of something stronger than leather.

4. Don't pull the communication-cord without good reason, or you'll have to pay a fiver.

5. Don't be surprised, when you do pull it, if the train doesn't stop.

6. Give a wide berth to gentlemen with thimbles, peas, and cards in sets of three.

7. If a carriage contains only a young man and a young woman obviously engaged, choose another. Play the game.

And, above all——

8. Keep plenty of twopences ready. You will have a bad time if you don't.

(*To be continued.*)

"Mr. Albert Midlane, author of 'There's a friend for little children," has just celebrated his 82nd birthday at Newport, I.W., by writing a birthday poem, of which the following is one of the verses:—

"LINSEED COMPOUND cures Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief. 9½d. and 13½d."—*Bristol Daily Mercury.*

We like the *motif*, but the metre is new to us.



Reporter. "TO WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR GREAT AGE?"
Oldest Inhabitant. "I BAIN'T SURE YET, SIR. THERE BE SEVERAL O' THEM PATENT MED'CINE COMPANIES AS IS BARGAININ' WITH ME."

A HINT TO CUDGERS.

(*An Echo of "Punch, brothers, punch," by Mark Twain.*)

The Daily Express of Jan. 29 has unearthed a new slang vocabulary—that of the motor-bus men. A few such flowers of speech are as follows:—

Rabbit: an inside passenger.
Monkey: an outside passenger.
Gumboil: a passenger who takes up the room of two.
Pill: a passenger who goes the whole distance from the starting place.
Cudger: a passenger who stops the vehicle when alighting.
Tipper: an omnibus inspector.
Spot: a private detective employed by the Company.
Tintack: a vehicle that keeps in front and takes all available passengers.
Up the staircase: a vehicle that lags behind another.
Hutch: the inside of the motor omnibus.

To such disrespectful appellations we can only reply with a familiar transatlantic jingle, though, personally, we are not in the habit of cudging, and have hitherto disapproved of the practice. Even rabbits, however, will turn, and may some day, perchance, elaborate a slang of their own by way of self-defence. Meanwhile, accompanied by the buzz of the bus:—

Cudge, rabbits, cudge, cudge with care,
Cudge if you 'd hear the conductor swear!
Cudge if you 're a monkey coming down the stair,
Cudge if you 're a gumboil with a single fare!
Cudge if you 're a pill,
Cudge if feeling ill,
Cudge if there 's a tipper come aboard your hutch,
Cudge if you 've a game leg, cudge if you 've a crutch;
Cudge if there 's a tintack tacking on in front,
Cudge if up the staircase "Arrows" join the hunt!
Cudge if you 're a spot,
Cudge if you are not;
Cudge, in fact, like anything, for sure you owe a grudge
To the slangy motor-bus men who have coined the verb "to cudge"
Cudge, therefore, cudge, and the skidders will despair,
And invent politer nick-names, if you cudge with care!

Our Financial Column.

"EUSTACE" wants to know how to live on nothing a day for three months. Really, EUSTACE, you must not ask us such riddles again,—but seriously speaking, why not try assaulting a constable in the execution of his duty?

"HOXTON."—(1). One way of getting warm in cold weather is wearing a fur coat.

Messrs. SKINNER, the well-known furriers of Cheapside Hill (this is strictly between ourselves of course), are making some simply lovely evening wraps which should suit you down to the ground. Of course a fire would come cheaper.

(2). STANLEY HICKS is SEYMOUR BRETT'S brother; no, you cannot tell them apart unless you see them together.

THE LIMIT;

Or, Overheard in the Book-shop.

(With acknowledgments to the enterprise of "The Times.")

A number of recent and exceedingly bully American books, of which *The Dimes* has bought the sole rights for England, are now on view at the *Dimes Museum*, and visitors to this exhilarating place of entertainment will have the opportunity of comparing the prices named by *The Dimes* with those ordinarily charged for similar books by members of the Publishers' Trust.

Notable among these books is the superb local directory of Jacksonville, Mo. English readers may not be aware that there are no fewer than thirty Jacksonvilles in the United States, but the Jacksonville in question is pre-eminent by reason of the fact that it is the birthplace of our Mr. Jackson, to say nothing of the fact that its staple manufactures include candy, pumps and windmills, cigar-boxes, patent swings, and flavouring extracts. The population of Jacksonville is large and steadily growing. It has several churches, numerous banks, and a magnificent sewage-farm, a full account of which will be found in the Directory, copies of which, bound in red American cloth, may be had at the *Dimes Museum* for the sacrificial price of 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Another of these American books—and a very interesting one—is the *A.B.C. Guide* of the Memphis and Charleston and Nashville and Chattanooga Railways, the intersection of which is one of the most romantic features of Jackson County in North-east Alabama. As English readers are doubtless aware, there are in the United States no fewer than 20 counties and little short of 200 townships, called Jackson. The Time-Tables, which are handsomely bound in paper covers, will form a very attractive feature in any gentleman's drawing-room. Had a member of the Publishers' Trust secured the English rights they would certainly not have been listed at less than 10*s.* *The Dimes* prices them at 6*d.* More than that, any of these Time-Tables may be had on appro.

A charming companion volume to Joaquin Miller's *With Walker in Nicaragua*, is *Hooper of Nebraska*, by Joel Emery Cropper. Hooper, strange as it may appear, is not the name of a man, but, as a reference to *Lippincott's Gazetteer* will conclusively prove, of a romantic village in Dodge County, Nebraska. It has four churches, two banks, and a butter and cheese factory, and must not be confounded with Hooper, a post village in Weber County in Utah, which is noted for its manufacture of soap, lumber, marmalade, and moss. Mr. Cropper writes with infinite gusto, and his chapters are enriched with a number of spirited sketches, reproduced by hektograph, of the leading citizens of the neighbourhood. The original price of his book was 50 cents: it is now offered at the ridiculously low figure of 17*s.* 10*d.* No retired Admiral can be really happy without this top-hole work.

Among these books, again, are some novels of transcendent interest—*Chronicles of Mount Chestnut*, by Otis Pike; *Confessions of a Penitent Pork Packer*, by Hephzibah Stanleyette Bangs; *In a Phippsburg Sawmill*, by Amos Skrimshanks, and *The Keelhauling of Bodega Bostock*, by Terence Macpherson O'Damrosch—all of them published in America (as they would naturally be in England also) at 6*s.* The inclusive price named for them by *The Dimes*—which makes no extra charge for the often deeply interesting marginal notes penned by former readers of these masterpieces—is 1*s.* 11¾*d.*

To obtain an absolutely first-class book of recent scientific research for 3*s.* 3½*d.* is a surprising experience for earnest but impecunious students. This, however, is all that is charged for clean copies of *How I Squared the Circle*, by Jasper Schenectady Boggs, the eminent scientist of Jonesborough, Texas. The environs of Jonesborough, it may be added, are of great beauty owing to the undulating character of the ground and the structural attractions of the county lunatic asylum, of which Professor Boggs is one of the chief ornaments.

1*s.* 2*d.* will purchase a nice copy of the Catalogue of Dry Goods sold at the only store in Waltersburg, an attractive post hamlet in Pope County, Ill., which contains one or two boarding-houses, and a mill for the manufacture of stockinette. It is up to every member of *The Dimes* Book Club to read this literary peach.

ANNALS OF PHYSICAL RESEARCH ON COMMON-PLACE CONCEPTIONS.

"That a watched pot never boils."

The first point in the research was to determine whether a watched pot ever does boil under the influence of the naked eye.

Following the example of another well-known physicist (need I mention Rayleigh by name?) I made use of simple apparatus composed of common utensils.

I placed an ordinary kitchen saucepan containing 5 litres of water at 15·00° C. above a gas burner and noted the time taken to reach 100° C. when ebullition should set in.

I watched the pot intently, and at the end of 18 mins. 48 secs. was astonished to see the water boil.

I then considered the possibility of time aberration due to various kinds of watching. I tabulate the time taken for boiling in each case.

Manner of watching.	Time till ebullition.
Directly	18 mins. 48 secs.
From concealed position	18 „ 48 „
From tail of eye	18 „ 48 „

The remarkable agreement of these times shows that the manner of watching is of no consequence.

I next determined the effects of different kinds of sight on the phenomenon. Dealing first with defective sight the following results were obtained, other conditions being the same as before:

Kind of sight.	Experimenter.	Time till ebullition.
Long	T. Bowling, Esq., R.N.	18 mins. 48 secs.
Short	Myopius Barnacle, Esq.	18 „ 48 „
Squint	{ angle of 30° / „ „ 45° / „ „ 60° }	18 „ 48 „

The next kinds of sight, though abnormal, cannot be described as defective.

Kind of sight.	Experimenter.	Time till ebullition.
Double sight	Tavish M'Tavish, Esq.	18 mins. 48 secs.
Far sight	Worldly Wiseman, Esq.	18 „ 48 „
Sight taken by gutter urchin, one hand		18 „ 48 „
„ „ „ „ „ two hands		18 „ 48 „

These results, which are extremely concordant, show definitely that a watched pot boils under all ordinary conditions in contradiction to popular ideas on this subject.

It is my duty to thank those gentlemen mentioned in this paper for the kind assistance they have afforded me in the experiments recorded.

Style in the Provinces.

"When accused called he was well-dressed. He wore a silk hat and leather leggings."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

TO THE AMERICAN GIRLS.

My loves (to use a hackneyed phrase),
Whose charm provoked an instant passion
In one who ever spent his days,
And not a little ready cash on
The tribute proper to the sole address
Of loveliness;

Whose arts inspired an easy flame,
And primed a chest with mild elation,
When THEODORE (my Christian name)
Oozed from the western railway station,
And lightly boarding the electric car,
Said "Here we are!"

There be poor fools, who hardly dare
To praise the form that Beauty graces;
Not so this bard, who, though his hair
Has ceased to sprout except in places,
Still perpetrates the stickier kinds of rhyme,
From time to time.

O sweet, as to the female breast,
The charms of cheap but transient blouses;
As to the soul with drought oppressed
The dream of imminent carouses;
Sweet, as a crevice in the explorer's pants,
To hungry ants;

So sweet they loomed upon my sight,
Your easy ways, your natty figure,
Your sweet *insouciance;* I was quite
(To turn a phrase) a finished nigger,
Ere I could mutter, Take, O take, I pray,
Those lips away.

Mesdames, although 'twere hard to say
Of what rare charms the mistress each is
Speaking collectively, I may
Refer to you as "perfect peaches,"
Whereon this love-bird pines (my heart, be still)
To whet his bill.

It's not your flow of pretty talk
That stamps you as the queen of creatures,
Not that you wear the Gibson walk
And cultivate retroussé features,
It is—why blow me (as the saying goes)
If THEO knows!

It's not the intellectual range
That leaves a paralysing frost on
The conversational small change
Of the inhabitants of Boston;
Not that you look divine (as rumour states)
On roller skates.

It is—but there! I'd hate to tell
By what mysterious arts you tame us,
Not mine to probe the secret spell
That ever made you justly famous
For mopping up with sedulous agility
Our young nobility.



"LET AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

Solicitor (*making a concession to his client in the matter of charges*). "WEEL, SANDY, SEEING I KENT YOUR FAETHER, I'LL MAKE IT SAX GUINEAS."

Sandy. "GUID SAKE, MON! I'M GLAD YE DIDNA KEN GRANDFAETHER!"

Let others solve the point. Be mine
The poet's more distracting pleasures.
Of California's maids divine
To sing the praise in artless measures,
Shall be the task of my declining years,
My pretty dears.
ALGOL.

IRISH LIVE STOCK.

The Irish Times, under the heading of "Live Stock," prints the following advertisements:—

"Good Donkey for Sale, or in part exchange for Pony, 12 hands. — Briarly. Dundrum, Dublin."

"Half Swiss Goat, very good, 30s.—Address, K. 742 this office."

It will be observed that in the first of these advertisements it is not stated which part of the donkey is for exchange: presumably the ears and the bray.

As to the *Half* Swiss goat, we are puzzled to know how it is purchasable at 30*s*. as "Live Stock." Possibly, however, the advertisement will be satisfactorily answered by the Connaughtman of whom it is recorded:—

"I wakes myself up in the mornin'
Wid a cannon I brought from the East,
Then I kills half a cow for my breakfast,
Before milkin' the rest of the baste,
Lest the crayture should go to waste."

"We fear that the public for such a work as *Die Verkaufte Braut* is no more numerous than was that which neglected *The Barber of Bagdad* last summer and ignored *Don Pasquale* when the Grand Opera Syndicate gave its monthly revival."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

WE fancy that the public which ignored *Don Pasquale* was more numerous than *The Daily Telegraph* thinks. Quite a lot of Philistines in Haggerston had never even heard of the thing.

NEW NAME FOR THE STRIKING MUSIC-HALL ARTISTES.—The Scala-wags.

Motto for the Scala audience: "The Pleasure we delight in physics Payne."



A FALSE ALARM.

Village Dame. "AH, I DO THINK AS GENTLEFOLK DON'T KNOW WHAT TROUBLE BE. THERE'S MY DARTER NOW, JUST LOST THE LAST ONE O' SEVEN, SHE 'AVE, AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE SHE'VE TOOK WI' 'EM, FEEDING 'EM ON THE BEST. BUT 'TWERE NO USE; THEY'VE A' DIED ONE AFTER T' OTHER."

Squire. "DEAR, DEAR! I'D NO IDEA YOUR DAUGHTER HAD HAD SO MANY CHILDREN." *Dame.* "CHILDREN! I BE TALKIN' O' *PIGS!*"

THE FRUITOCRATS.

[A food-crank has recently announced that fruit will soon be the sole article of diet among cultured people, meat being relegated to "the lower classes and persons of unimaginative mind."]

LONG before the craft of canners
  Had preserved the ox from fate,
Parties with superior manners
  Fed on beef and wild boar's pate:
As for HODGE (and here the feudal
  System showed its latent flaw),
Reckoned as a hopeless noodle,
  Nuts sufficed to stay his jaw.

Culture changes with the period,
  Yet we hardly dreamed her old
Gastronomical criteria 'd
  Set in so severe a mould:
Now, it seems, while ploughmen's revels
  Last until the tension hurts,
Fashion's more exclusive levels
  Live upon their bare desserts.

When the fires of day, that dabble
  Ether's dome with sanguine smears,
Herald bacon for the rabble,
  Such is not the case with peers:
These their undisputed wit owe
  To the fact that peach and plum
Break their morning fast, and *ditto*
  Turn up stewed for prandium.

Authors and divines, whose fancies
  Bid them browse on Ceres' boons,
See in nutshells new romances,
  Sermons in the stones of prunes:
Thus their genii indulging
  They despise the plebs, who show
Less concern for cranial bulging
  Than to cram the void below.

As for us, no claim to learning,
  No regard for rank, can stem
Floods of proletariat yearning
  Timed to surge at 1 P.M.:
Though it prove a loutish station
  And incompetence to crop
Fruits of fine imagination—
  Waiter, fetch that mutton-chop!

Invaluable for Flat Dwellers.

FROM a Sale Advertisement:—

"Pianos may be had on Mr. A——'s New Hire Purchase Principle, in which is included a *free insurance on the life of the hirer.*"

THE latest thing to avoid is the wool-flock bed. According to *The Lancet*, the flock of four of them was examined by two experts, and found to contain respectively 3, 10½, ¼, and 22 million organisms per gramme. We understand that the Back to the Land movement is making great progress among several of the organisms in the fourth flock, who speak in glowing terms of the unused open spaces that one comes across in almost every gramme of the first bed.

Mr. Punch apologizes to his readers for his inability to present them with smudgy photographs of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE and the Editor of *The Daily Mail*, in this week's number. Mr. GLADSTONE, it will be remembered, has not yet received an apology from the Editor of *The Mail* for the campaign of vituperation which that paper carried on against him at the time of the D'ANGELY case. It would have been interesting at this moment to have been able to compare the features of the two gentlemen.



SOCIALISM UNDER HATCHES.

Captain Von Buelow. "WE 'VE SETTLED THE MUTINEERS, SIR!"
Admiral Hohenzollern. "GOOD! THEN NOW WE CAN GO FULL SPEED AHEAD!"



OUR ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.

The awful result of his very first attempt to become a curler.

A FIRST IN MAUDES.

No one wishes success to Mr. Cyril Maude more heartily than I, and I was quite delighted to sit in the most comfy stall I have ever sat in—on the first night of "The Playhouse."

I was, however, just the least little bit in the world dubious about my ability to keep my good wishes and heartiness as active as I should wish for four hours or so, which I reckoned would be the period of their exercise, since the ordinary bill of the evening was to be supplemented by the National Anthem, an address written by Mr. Shaw—who is not apt to be as brief as he is witty—a duologue by Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier, and something unspecified from Mr. Tree. One grows older and a slave to habit, and although dining an hour before the usual time with no chance of supper is a trifle when duty calls, I was not absolutely certain that it might not chill, ever so slightly, the spirit of jollity. Mr. Maude said himself, in the course of his comic speech, that he was not dying to play *Toddles*, could in fact omit *Toddles* if it interfered with the said speech, and I rather wish he had omitted it. I fear I debated with myself the propriety of singing the National Anthem at home while I dressed, and arriving a bit late. But then the next item might not be *Toddles* but Shaw, and one doesn't hear Madame Clara Butt sing the National Anthem every day in the week.

So I went in good time and was glad. She was in splendid voice, and sang with a fervour that did one good. Then followed *The Drums of Oude*, a weird little play of the Indian Mutiny, which would, I think, have been weirder still if the English officers had been made a little less conscious of the theatrical possibilities of their situation. And then rather a weird thing happened to *me*. I was given an envelope, within which was—a bribe? banknotes? chicken-sandwiches? No—a list of the aristocratic and distinguished people present. Why I was given this list I do not pretend to know. Was it to bid me mind my manners and behave nicely in such company? To make me humble and reverent, or to bless the fate which had preserved me for such a splendid association? I suppose the intention was kind, but I felt quite abashed, until my self-respect was restored by remarking that I knew better than the writer how to spell some of the names in question.

Mr. Shaw's "address" came next. It turned out to be a piece of rather childish but very genial drollery, Mr. Shaw for once sinking the wit in the kind-hearted romp, so to say. It must have been rather a difficult thing for Mr. and Mrs. Maude to do, since they had to exaggerate a pretended nervousness—Mrs. Maude apologising for "Cyril" and so forth—while all the time, given such a sympathetic occasion, they can hardly have helped feeling nervous in reality. They did it delightfully. Then *Toddles*. On the opening of a fine new theatre with such a good-old-English-sounding name as "The Playhouse," after the National Anthem I should have thought something other than an adaptation of a second-rate French farce would have been appropriate—but I will not stray into criticism. It was finely acted, and Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier and Mr. Tree were all that could be wished afterwards. And so, still well-wishing and hearty, one went away.

A word about the theatre itself. Mr. Detmar Blow has built Mr. Maude a very pretty and sensibly arranged house. The floor is all stalls, the widest and most comfortable I have occupied, as I said, except in a cathedral. I sat in one where normally the pit would have been, and was quite happy. Still, the stage did seem a little distant. But the average playgoer, I hope, is not a grumbling old thing like Rue.

HENRY'S IDEA

OF THE PETER KEARY SYNDICATE.

"Do you know PETER?" HENRY asked me one morning. He asked it very earnestly, and I considered a long time before replying.

"Not well enough to call him PETER," I said at last.

"Well, it's an amazing thing," said HENRY. "You're the fourth person I've asked. A hairdresser, a cabman, a waiter, and now you. I go haphazard among the professions, searching for friends of PETER, and —"

"Perhaps if you mentioned his other name—"

"His other — —? Oh, well, it's KEARY, if you want to know. But we always think of him as PETER. He practically asks us to on page 5. I go about saying to myself, 'Would PETER like this, and would PETER —'"

I made one last effort.

"Who is he, and what's the book?"

HENRY took up a paper-covered volume, and began to turn the pages.

"You're very dull," he said. "I don't think PETER would like you at all. The book is called *Get on or Get out*, and personally I read it by mistake, thinking it might have a word or two by JESSOP in it. But as a matter of fact it has nothing to do with cricket at all. It's all about success in life; and what I want to know is, Who is PETER that he should talk?

"You remember how I have always said that Mr. HOOPER was not a real person at all, but just the embodiment of an idea? Well, I'm beginning to think that it must be something the same with PETER. I fancy PETER will turn out to be a syndicate; and a syndicate formed by four persons who really *can* talk about success. These, of course, are Mrs. SEIGEL, Lord AVEBURY, Lord NORTHCLIFFE, and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON; and I do think that, when four people like that get together and write a really helpful book, one should stand respectfully by and listen to what they have to say.

"You see, it is obvious that if there really were such a person as PETER KEARY we should have heard of him by this time. MASTERS (whom nobody takes any notice of) says that there is such a man, and that he's by way of being Editor of *Smith's Weekly*. Of course I feel sure that that's a splendidly successful thing to be; but I don't think a man in that position would dare to write as PETER has.

"For instance, on page 2 he says, 'You must get on or you will get out. If you have not earned more this year than last it stands to reason you have not got on.' Now what I mean is that that would be such jolly awkward reading for SMITH. He'd feel that he was in honour bound either to give PETER a rise or else to kick him out. Even PETER couldn't risk leaving an alternative like that in the hands of an employer called SMITH.

"Besides, no man would go about asking the public to call him by his Christian name, and telling the public anecdotes of his boyhood. But it's just exactly what a Syndicate would do. Half the success of the St. James's Restaurant was due to the fact that it could be referred to knowingly as 'Jimmy's.' And in the same way PETER KEARY, Ltd., has much more chance of selling the firm's books if it can be known and loved in a million homes as PETER.

"My idea is that Lord NORTHCLIFFE planned the book, and Mrs. SEIGEL actually wrote it; while Lord AVEBURY and Mr. ASHTON put in bits about books and music, and so on. For instance, on page 101 there is a chapter on *The Food of Genius*, which points out, among other things, that 'MENDELSSOHN never cared much for the pleasures of the table,' but could 'live for a week on a sausage and a loaf of bread.' Now it is absurd to believe that one single man writing on the secrets of success would introduce padding of that kind; but one can easily picture Mr. ASHTON, when once he had been let into the Syndicate, insisting on contributing his proper, if irrelevant, share to the wit and wisdom that were flowing around. Again we are told that 'DRYDEN in his sixty-eighth year commenced the translation of the *Iliad*, his most pleasing production.' Lord NORTHCLIFFE alone would never have made such a fact public; but with Lord AVEBURY joining the board after allotment, who can wonder that literary criticism came into its own again? However, even so (and notwithstanding the inclusion of GUY BOOTHBY in the Index under Great Men of Literature) AVEBURY must feel a pang of jealousy now and then that ASHTON was given four pages in which to describe the Boyhood of Great Musicians.

"If you look in the Index again you will see that most space is given to NAPOLEON, and on the very first page you are told that 'Little NAPOLEONS sit in the same office with you and shake hands with you.' That (with the title '*Get on or Get out*') gives the clue to the mind which planned the whole work. With regard to the hand which wrote it, this is, as I said, Mrs. SEIGEL'S. There is no mistaking the style. All through the book I was looking anxiously for the advertisement part at the end; and it was rather a shock when I realised that there were going to be no pains and dizziness that journey after all.

"Of course there must have been great discussion among the members of the Syndicate as the book began to grow; in fact I should regard the whole thing as a compromise rather. I mean that I should doubt if the four of them were ever in perfect agreement as to any whole chapter.

"Now and then, though, one comes across a paragraph which seems as though it may well represent the views of them all. Take this for instance about HALL CAINE:

> 'They did not see that behind the piercing eyes a mass of human machinery could pulse and throb, and set tears or laughter flowing or rippling in whatever part of the world a printed book was to be found.'

"I defy you to say whether it was the proprietor of *The Daily Mail*, the literary naturalist, the home physician, or the brother *coiffeur* who inspired that.

"Of course the book will sell. There are always plenty of people in the world who like to be taken in hand and shouted at. They will read the book, and they will write to thank my dear PETER. And so, if there really is a paper called *Smith's Weekly* and an editor of it called KEARY, that gentleman will be put to a lot of trouble to explain about the Syndicate which is using his name. He will have a right to feel annoyed with Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Lord AVEBURY, Mr. ASHTON, and Mrs. SEIGEL. He might almost bring an action . . . ."

THE FOUNTAIN PEN.

This is the tale of what GWEN did,
Of how half-a-crown she expended
Not far from the great church that WREN
did,
Where her week's shopping GWEN now
and then did
With a friend (I don't know what the
friend did).
In that shop was a pen which pretended
But it hurts me to tell *what* that pen did,
Though at first I considered it splendid,
And wondered why all other men did
Not use one of . . . don't be offended,
This is not an advertisement—(when did
You ever find I'd condescended
To advertise things that are vended?)
My motives you've misapprehended
And my story you so have extended
(That *I* think it was time it was
ended!—ED.)

"FOR SALE, a good doctor's Half-Brougham."
T. P.'s Weekly.

THE great point for the would-be purchaser to decide is whether the half-brougham of a good doctor is more useful than the whole brougham of a bad doctor.

SUGGESTED title for the discussion on the Channel Tunnel question:—"The Great Bore War."

A SECOND CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

The suggestion of Dr. A. R. Wallace in *The Fortnightly Review* that in a reformed House of Lords room should be found for a number of eminent writers has created an extremely favourable impression in Fleet Street, as the following letters abundantly show:

Dear Sir,—I think it will be generally admitted that if the principle embodied in Dr. Wallace's striking article is carried into practice, one writer, and one only, should have an *ex officio* claim to a seat in the House of Lords—the Poet Laureate. In support of this view there is surely no reason why I should not quote some chaste yet impassioned lines which appeared many years ago in the pages of *The National Review:*

Happy, thrice happy, is that State
Wherein the Bard, arrayed in ermine,
Should, in the councils of the Great,
For ever and all time determine
Why is the *Pyrus* called *Japonica*
Beloved by the divine Veronica.

I am, Sir, with profound respect,
Your obedient humble servant,
A. A.

Dear Sir,—It may interest you to hear that the Committee of the Eumenides Club—which has recently been founded for the purpose of furthering the cause of Feminism—has agreed on putting forward the following list as representing the eight women who most deserve peerages in their own right:

John Strange Winter.
Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Miss Marie Lloyd.
Miss Christabel Pankhurst.
Mrs. Alec Tweedie.
Mrs. Zancig.
Miss Billington.
Madame Clara Butt.

Faithfully yours,
Sarah Birtwhistle, Hon. Sec.

Dear Sir,—All will depend on what is meant by a "man of letters." Personally I have no doubt whatever that the epistolary form, especially when addressed to the public prints, is the highest expression of the human intellect. Unfortunately I understand that there is already a Lord Ashton in the House of Lords. Viscount Woking, however, has a euphonious ring about it.

Faithfully yours, A A².

Dear Sir.—Dr. Wallace's scheme for the representation of literature in a revised House of Lords is excellent so far as it goes. But the process of selection cannot be entrusted to an artificial or a restricted electorate. In a democratic age like ours there is only one test of merit—that of circulation. Applying this criterion I find that the Editors of *Bradshaw* and *Whitaker's Almanack*, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Hocking are certain of their elevation. The arguments by which it is sought to push the claims of Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. John Morley are not worth the considerious consideration of

Yours faithfully,
The Man in the Street.

Dear Sir,—You may be glad to hear that the result of the plébiscite of the readers of *T. P.'s Weekly* has placed the Editor easily at the head of the list of literary men whom it is desirable to elevate to the House of Lords, Mr. William Le Queux being a bad second, closely pressed by Mr. Max Pemberton and Jerome K. Jerome. When the necessary legal formalities have been carried out, I have good authority for stating that Mr. T. P. O'Connor will take the title of Lord Slewther of Blarney, and Mr. Max Pemberton that of Lord Cassellbosse. Yours faithfully,

Mungo A. Pape.



TAKING THE LIMELIGHT AT WESTMINSTER;

or, the Latest Thing in Ministerial Coryphées.

Signorinas Macnamara and McKenna "take the Boards" simultaneously (Local Government Board and Education Board respectively). Prolonged applause from their many admirers.

The Hibernian Touch.

"Owing to the severe frost, all the Rugby matches were postponed in England, Scotland and Wales on Saturday, with the exception of the last Irish International trial game at Dublin."

The Daily Telegraph.

The days at which Gillingham Town Council dust carts call at various streets have been notified by the Town Clerk as follows:—

"On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the forenoon.
(Except Good Friday, Whit Monday, August Bank Holiday, and Christmas Day)."

The coming L.C.C. Election.

We understand that Mr. George Alexander, though standing as a Municipal Reformer, is in favour of extending the tram system down St. James's Street. If this is true, Mr. Cyril Maude will feel compelled to withdraw his support from his brother manager's candidature.

THE AMATEUR MOTOR-BUILDER.

This is a story in sections and this is the

First Section.

There must be no mistake about what we are going to say. Charles was not a motorist. Apart from a slight acquaintance with the Vanguard No. 6 Service he was in no way connected with motors. He neither made, designed, sold, cleaned, painted nor repainted motor-cars. He did not even write the advertisements for the retailers of motor goggles or other accessories. At whatever personal inconvenience to yourself it must be borne in mind that Charles was not a motorist.

All companies, firms or persons that profess to manufacture motors keep a small staff to invent and a large staff to execute motors. The production of motors is the appointed task of these employees, and, if they are satisfactory employees, they do produce motors. We ask you to note this. You can please yourself whether you bear it in mind or not. On the other hand, neither Bartell's nor any other Bank employs its clerks to invent or execute motors. The work of the Bank-clerk is to bank. There is no obligation on him, express or implied, to produce or assist in producing motors.

Why then did Charles, a clerk in Bartell's, aspire to fashion a motor?

The Second Section.

Bartell's Bank was much to blame in the matter. It is the reprehensible habit of this firm to turn its clerks loose upon the world at four o'clock in the afternoon. The Local Manager should at least have noticed a crooked tendency in Charles's nature and treated him accordingly. Charles might have been retained permanently in the Bank buildings, the Bank recompensing itself (for all we care) by abstracting weekly a substantial sum from Charles's salary as a nominal charge for Charles's lodging.

Are we justified in ending our section at this point? We think that we are.

The Third Section.

There was worse to follow. The Bank, once merely careless, became criminally negligent. The clerks, Charles with them, were paid a week's salary and ejected at one o'clock on Saturdays. Anyone but a firm of bankers would have foreseen the results of such conduct. Charles spent his spare time in the designing of, and his salary on the materials for, a motor. And observe: Where design ends, manufacture begins.

Gather what information you can from that and come along to the next section.

The Fifth Section.

(Do you want the fourth section? You shall have it in a moment.)

The car, when finished, was of doubtful speed and obviously unfitted for marine work. Nevertheless Charles christened it *The Ocean Greyhound.*

"Charles," we said, "the name is absurd."

"Possibly," he answered. This shows you how obstinate Charles was.

The Fourth Section (by request).

"The manner of its working," explained Charles, "is as follows, that is to say:—Clad in innumerable furs and surrounded with the necessary *hauteur de motor* you place yourself in the seat confronted with the handle. Nonchalantly (*i.e.* 'with a reckless smile') you grasp the handle and, when you wish to start, you pull the same. If the car does not start (give it a minute or two to make up its mind) you pull the handle again. If the car does not start then, you decide that after all to-morrow *would* be more convenient.

"Once started, sooner or later you will want to stop. There is a strong possibility of your doing so if you push the handle (there is only one handle). If the handle has been pushed as far as it will go and still the car does not stop, you trust that the engines will have the good sense to stop of their own accord. Otherwise you go on.

"In the matter of direction, to go forwards you raise the handle; to go backwards you depress the handle. Only crabs and idiots want to go sideways, and this car is designed neither for crabs nor for idiots. Finally, if you want to remain as you are, you leave the handle severely alone."

Shall we now go on to the sixth section or would you prefer to sit it out?

The Sixth Section.

"No, Charles," we said. "We have every confidence in you and are convinced of the safety of your car, but yet, such an illogical thing is the human disposition, we shall not be there."

We were not there. That is a most important fact and must not be forgotten. Repeat it over and over again to yourself, thus:—We were not there. We were not there. We, etc.

Was Charles there? Charles was there. Were we there? We were not there. Therefore

This is Charles's account of what happened.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is an excellent maxim, of which no one approves more thoroughly than I. Still, it was the Hen's fault. There were nineteen courses open to that hen, any one of which would have saved both herself and the car. The first was to turn to the right; the second, to turn to the left; the third, to remain where she was. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh will at once occur to you, and for the remaining twelve you must take my word. There being, as I have said, nineteen courses open to that her, that hen took the twentieth."

This is the postscript elicited by the question that we (who know Charles) put.

"Ah, the handle. By a remarkable and unfortunate coincidence, the handle had but a moment before become detached, and at the time lay loose in my hand."

The last section and the main narrative end there, *i.e.* at "hand." But there remains this to be said. Charles and ourselves had the hen for lunch.

"One hundred and seventy-six pounds, two shillings and threepence I reckon this bird has cost me," said Charles.

"It is nice eating," we answered, "but seems hardly worth the money."

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.

O English girl, divine, demure
(As Mr. Dobson somewhere calls you),
For whose sweet smiles and glances pure
The amorous youths, beneath your thrall, sue,
You say that Chivalry is dead,
And that you loathe our ways of wooing,
And fondly ask what cause has led
To our deplorable undoing.

I answer: In the good old days
Our brave gallants would thrum upon a
Guitar, and sing their ladies' praise,
Just as a Spaniard lauds his Donna;
In ringing tones those courtly men
Would plead the old, ecstatic passion,
But oh, we lost our manners when
The serenade went out of fashion.

How sweet it must have been when she
You madly loved, unbarred the shutter,
And wakened by your upper G,
Looked out and let her 'kerchief flutter;
Conceive the scene: the window-sill;
A delicately-rounded elbow;
The dainty face; the eyes that thrill;
Below her, an immensely swell beau.

And then, beneath the evening star,
To praise her lips, her eyes, her bright hair,
And gladly suffer the catarrh
Brought on by singing in the night air!
But, Phyllis, nowadays I fear,
That were there but the mildest May dew,
You 'd find no modern cavalier
Would risk a chill to serenade you.

Perchance, once more the Golden Age
May come, and that on which my heart 's set
Will be the fashionable rage
With those who constitute the Smart Set.
Till then the old Gregorian chant
Will still sum up our foppish danglers,
(I 'll give its modern variant),
Alas! not Angels these but Anglers!



"CONFOUND YOU BOYS! IF YOU COME ROUND THE CORNER AT THAT PACE YOU OUGHT TO RING A BELL."
"WE'VE JUST RUNG ONE!"

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

THERE was once a Second Act whereof the Scene was a Howling Wilderness, in which the Heroine and her Blind Father were painfully pottering about without even Hats upon their devoted Heads;* for the Villain, when he foreclosed the Mortgage on the pretty Cottage with the Wicket Gate where they had resided in Act One, had sold everything by Auction. The last few thousand miles had been a little too much for the Heroine, and, dropping her Heavy Father upon a Rock Right of Centre, she picturesquely measured out her Grave upon another one Down Left, just as the Red Lime Sunset faded and the Stage became almost completely dark. Then the two Lions that lived in the Howling Wilderness were dimly seen running to and fro, sniffing ominously: each Beast with an enormous Tuft tied to the end of his Tail, so that he looked like part of a Coat of Arms come to life. And when the Audience heard the sniffs and saw the waving Tufts they shuddered, doubting not that the poor Outcasts were about to be eaten up before their very eyes; but just then the Hero, who happened to be taking a Walk in the Desert, came along and fought with both Lions at once, making as if to strangle them with their own Collars as they leaped fiercely upon him. And after a terrific Combat, the Lions lay down Dead at a word, and allowed him to place a Virtuous and Victorious Foot upon their prostrate Bodies. The volume of Applause that greeted this Tableau was such that, when the Curtain fell, somebody rang it up again, supposing a Recall to be demanded; whereupon there was a momentary Apparition of a very merry Heroine holding out two Dog-Biscuits, and two Lions sitting up in front of her, wagging their Tufts prodigiously.

Moral. - Never see more than you are meant to see - if you can help it.

FROM CHILDREN'S CHAT, by "Grandma," in *The Times of Natal*: -

"I want you, my dears, to write me a short snake story, something that really happened to someone you know; and if you can tell me of a child being really bitten I shall be glad to hear about it."

Truly it is said that a child's best friend is his grandma.

Reading Without Tears.

"JUST after leaving Godolphin vicarage on Thursday, the horse Dr. F. CHOWN, of Townsend, was shaking, and was able to resume his practice on riding slipped on the frozen road and fell, slightly injuring itself. Dr. CHOWN escaped with a little Sunday."- *The Cornishman.*

Too Clever by Half.

THE remarkable unanimity of really great minds has often been noticed. Regard, for instance, these two quotations from SHAKSPEARE and *The Manchester Guardian* respectively:

"Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall."—*Shakspeare.*

"Special police have been inquiring diligently into the outrages, but the culprit has managed to elude them. More ordinary police have been sent into the district."—*Manchester Guardian.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

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No gentle converse filled them out—
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But boys are now, it seems, content
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A mixture which, as like as not,
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Still, Messrs. CHAMBERS publish it,
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His latest novel (UNWIN), made,
Wisely enough, a mental note
Of certain *dicta* of his trade;
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When man is wed his woes begin;
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And likewise let the best man win.

Taking for plot the recipe
Two men, one maid—a good stock line—
He plans, with rustic scenery,
A fairly passable design:
One swain conducts the maid to church,
And when the other heaves in sight
She leaves her husband in the lurch—
Which, frankly, serves the fellow right.

The tale, in short, jogs on its way,
Scenting the finish from afar;
Promising, straight out, clear as day
Except in one particular
It's called *The Sacrifice*, and I
Have probed and probed in vain the plot
To find who sacrificed, and why,
Where, how, and when, to whom, and what.

Literary Notes.

WE gather, from a preliminary puff (or two), that a well-known writer is bringing out a book entitled *Smoke*. No doubt it will be issued in volumes.

For immediate publication, a novel of London life, with strong realistic interest:—*The Blind 'Bus-Driver: or, Twenty Collisions in an Hour.*

ON FLATS.

ALTHOUGH the sanitary arrangements are always described as being "up-to-date," it is just as well to find out *what* date is referred to.

Are you surprised that all your windows are overlooked by neighbours? That's nothing! Heaps of little things have been overlooked by the landlord himself.

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INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE EXPENSE OF INSURING YOUR DOMESTIC ... ADOPT THE ABOVE PRECAUTIONS DURING THE ASCENT OF MARY ANN ... COALS?

THE PILOT OF THE SHANNON.

THE mighty MICKY MCBRIDE
  Was working her out to sea:
Pride of the Shannon-side,
  And prince of the pilots, he.

There came a little chap
  Of the peery-query school,
With his ears in the flap of his cap,
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He looked at the rising mist,
  And he looked at the lowering sky,
And he blew on his fist and hissed,
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  As he shred the shag in his bowl,
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"Each rip of a rock," said he,
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AN ARITHMETIC PAPER.

I.—MR. THOMAS BROWNRIGG, who keeps a china and crockery shop, has 1519 pieces upon his shelves. A lady calls in the morning and buys two vases, a boy calls in the afternoon and buys a penny mug, and a bull, passing down the street, calls in the evening. Mr. BROWNRIGG is wearing a red waistcoat. State how many pieces of crockery are in Mr. BROWNRIGG's shop at closing time.

II.—An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman come to a ferry on a cold day in mid-winter. The ferryman states that he can only take one passenger across at a time, and that owing to the severity of the weather his charge will be sixpence instead of threepence. The Englishman demurs, but finally pays and goes over; the Irishman demurs also, but finally also goes over.

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NATURE STUDIES.

THE BEDROOM CLOCK.

I HAVE no liking for clocks at any time: that is to say, for clocks that go. So long as they are content to be silent ornaments I can tolerate them, but I hate to see the irrevocable minutes slip away under their hands or to hear them announce in their brazen voices the death of the hours. But of all clocks the bedroom clock is the most detestable, for it adds to its ordinary irritations the capacity to keep a man awake by its infamous ticking and its ruthless pedantical striking.

In the matter of this particular clock, however, I had no option, for it stood on the mantelpiece of a bedroom which had been assigned to me in a seaside hotel. It was an honourable room, for it had once been a sitting-room, and amongst the relics of its former splendour it still retained this mausoleum of black marble which did duty as a time-piece. Nothing more ponderous and gigantic could well be conceived. It was as solid as the British constitution, and, apparently, as immovable as a well-fed Archbishop. It seemed, when first I saw it, to add an air of traditional comfort and dignified repose to the apartment in which my nights were to be passed.

When the moment for turning in had arrived, I slipped luxuriously into an acre of bed and began to compose myself to sleep. It was then that I first noticed the ticking of the clock. I had entered my bed on the side nearest to the fire-place (where, by the way, a cheerful fire was burning), but under the stress of this regulated din I soon moved away until I found myself lying on the extreme edge close to the door. It was in vain. The ticking which had been so gentle in the daytime now sounded like reiterated strokes of doom. I began to doubt my powers of sleep. Perhaps if I wound my sheet tightly round my ears—but before I could do this the clock committed an enormous imprudence: it set to work and struck eleven. Big Ben was a baby to it. Boom! Boo-oom!! At the third stroke I was out of bed, and the clock and I faced one another prepared for a desperate conflict.

Of course I had determined to stop it. Its weight and the height at which it stood made the operation difficult, but I was not in the mood for being stayed by difficulties, and I made up my mind at all costs to get at its back, where, I judged, I should find a lid that would give me access to its pendulum. First I tried to draw it bodily towards me, but it resisted successfully. I then seized one side of it, and by the application of great strength managed to return the penny, or rather to dislodge the clock. Slowly and reluctantly and with a horrid scraping noise of marble on wood it pivoted and came away in my hands until I had got it to an angle of 45. I saw the lid, but it opened the wrong way, and I had to pull the clock still further before I could lay open its works. At last I did it, and then, cautiously inserting an eager finger, stopped the pendulum. Five minutes for refreshments.

Of course I couldn't leave the clock in this absurd position. The chambermaid would have spotted it on the following morning; she would have suspected me of having committed some complicated tort upon the furniture, and in any case the clock would have been set going again. I was compelled, therefore, to move it back. I began with great care, but the shameless thing stuck so obstinately that at last I pressed too hard; it jerked and jolted, and—tick! tick! there it was once more in full blast. End of round two, with a knock-down blow for me.

By this time my legs were scorching, and I was in a profuse state of perspiration. To save my legs I girt myself with the bed-cover round my waist and came up to the scratch again. Rounds three and four need not be described at any length, for they were an exact repetition of rounds one and two. The clock had now got its back against the wall and, in order to mark its triumph, had struck the quarter after eleven in the manner of a cathedral. What was to be done? If I could somehow stop the pendulum without shifting the clock—Eureka! I would incline its top over until the pendulum was pressed up against the works and stopped, and then I would slowly allow the clock to settle back again. No sooner thought than done. I took hold of the top and with a mighty muscular effort inclined it over. Crash! Bing!! Boom!!! The pendulum dropped off its hinge, and the clock began to tick violently at the rate of a million to the minute. The hands went travelling with a visible celerity over its face. In a brace of shakes it would strike twelve, and so go on striking with hardly an interval all night through.

I shall not relate in detail how I moved it again; how I opened its infernal lid; how a hole was singed in the bed-cover; how I fished in the clock's entrails and found and replaced the pendulum (for by no human power could I stop the curtailed hinge from ticking away the night); and how I finally triumphed over it, not without tears and silent execrations. On the following morning the clock-man came on his weekly round to regulate the hotel clocks. At mid-day my clock was going again. There was nothing for it. I changed my room.

THE CONSTANT LOVERS; OR, THE AGE TO MARRY.

["A woman of Stevenage, Herts, aged seventy-six, is going out to Australia to marry her old lover, whom she last lost trace of fifty years ago. Since their separation the woman has been married three times and the man four."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

She.

THROUGH all the long years that have passed since you courted me—
Fifty long years, to confess to the truth—
Constant affection alone has supported me,
Love for the lad who was king of my youth.
True, since we parted my name has kept altering,
Orange has frequently bloomed on my brow,
But while on my lips the coy "Yesses" were faltering,
I was adoring thee then, love, as now.
No girlish passion mine,
No blustering fusee
Which flares a bit when it is lit
And then goes O-U-T.
A passion more divine
Within this bosom rages;
The furnace hot which dwindles not
Is only ripe old-age's.

He.

While you, little lovebird, were Tom-Dick-and-Harrying,
Wooed by the swains in the land of your birth,
I, like yourself, was persistently marrying
Far, far away at the ends of the earth.
But, spite of appearances, dear, of a surety
Still to my earliest love I was true,
And now my fond heart in the bloom of maturity
Beats more than ever, beloved, for you.
No boyish passion mine, etc.

Together.

The poets may prate—and there always are plenty, dear,
Ready to harp on that elderly string—
Of passionate youth and divine sweet-and-twenty, dear—
I have no patience with that sort of thing.
Your lasses and lads lose their hearts all too readily;
Love is a passion for women and men;
Then here's to the flame that has learnt to burn steadily!
Love isn't love till you're threescore-and-ten.
No { boyish / girlish } passion mine, etc.



THE MAMMOTH DIN CITY.



THE EXTREME PENALTY.

She. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIS EXECUTION?" *He.* "I'M IN FAVOUR OF IT."

BURNS TRANSLATED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The immortal name of ROBERT BURNS has been so much in everybody's mouth of late that I venture to call attention (through the medium of your columns) to my forthcoming translation of the great Scots poet. As doubtless you have noticed, previous editions of his works have been published in the original tongue in which they were written; and although in most cases a Scots-English Dictionary has been superadded, yet to a busy man the business of looking up each word separately, and of working out a translation for himself, must have been an unduly laborious one.

In my translations I have endeavoured throughout to render the thoughts of BURNS in all the directness and simplicity of their original diction; and if, to accomplish this, I have been compelled occasionally to sacrifice the lilt and musical sweetness of the immortal ploughman's verse, yet a little reflection will show that some such sacrifice was inevitable. Rhyme and reason seldom go together, and, in the interests of humanity, I have thought it best to preserve the reason at the loss of a rhyme or two; for, in the works of a master, the substance is ever preferable to the shadow.

But perhaps this is better shown by means of an example; and I am therefore taking the liberty of enclosing a specimen translation, which, I trust, you will put before your readers.

I am, &c., ANGUS MCJONES.

AULD LANG SYNE.

I.

It would be a most improper proceeding to cancel the claims
of antique friendship;
And to refrain from remembering them;
That is why we ask if such connections should be foregone,
Together with the days that were a long while since?

Chorus.

A long while ago, my dear,
In other days;
We will partake of the proffered refreshment
For the sake of the past.

II.

Each of us has run all over the place
And gone daisy-picking;
But we have become dead-dog-tired
Since those days. [*Chorus as before.*

III.

We have gone paddling by the sad sea waves from shortly after breakfast, until the boarding-house gong has sounded for luncheon,
But you have been dwelling in another parish since then.
[*Chorus as before.*

IV.

Still, considering all things, I offer you my hand,
If you will condescend to extend your digits towards me;
And, if we have sufficient wealth between us to account for the diversion, we will just have twopennyworth more, to be shared in equal parts,
For the sake of the days that have been.

Chorus.

A long while ago, my dear,
In other days;
We will partake of the proffered refreshment
For the sake of the past.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

Mr. Punch's Untrustworthy Guide to London.

Chapter XXV.

The Mint.

Let us begin by saying that it is quite useless to carry (as many do) a large empty bag or sack to the Mint because such things are taken away when you go in, and every one is carefully searched on leaving. It is even impossible to secrete a few small coins (such as half-sovereigns, sixpences, threepenny bits) under the tongue, for a special official, with an excellent dental diploma, is there for no other purpose than to foil such ingenuity.

The first room that one enters, after having all one's pockets sewn up and receptacles removed, is the metal room. Here are huge vats of melted gold and silver and bronze. In the next room is the alloy, for if pure metal were used the sovereigns would be so soft that people might take them for cough lozenges.

In the next room are the moulds into which the metal is poured. In the next the coins are milled, a large staff of old pugilists being retained for this purpose. This room is known as The Floss. A notice over the door says, "Threepenny bits not admitted." This refusal to allow threepenny bits to be milled led some years ago to a demonstration on their part. But although they got Dr. Tanner to speak for them, it was useless.

The chief of the Millers, from his Mephistophelean appearance, is known as Goethe. Picture postcards of him, with his head on Mr. Justice Darling's body, may be bought at the door. He lives entirely on *crême de menthe*; he wears a white hat (for obvious reasons); and doesn't care a Dee.

Chapter XXVI.

The Great Strike.

In the next room is the mastiff, who is retained to bite the coins to see if they are good. This reminds us that the most interesting chapter in the history of the Mint was the great strike of 1873, owing to the high-handed conduct of an over-zealous official, who fined one of the most popular of the workmen half-a-crown for some petty act of insubordination. The result was that all the hands came out. For a while the greatest consternation prevailed, as it was feared that a money famine would ensue, but by a brilliant inspiration the management, acting in co-operation with the police (who notoriously know the addresses of all the leading criminals), persuaded a number of the most expert coiners in London and the provinces to lend their services. In spite of determined pickets these brave fellows were at their posts regularly every day, and thus the difficulty was tided over until the strikers came to their senses. The snidesmen then returned to their dens and resumed their proper trade.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

Visitors being conducted through the Mint.

Chapter XXVII.

Mint Nicknames.

All the officials of the Mint have their pet names. Thus the Governor is known as "Charles Lamb," and the head of the Shilling Department, "Bobs."

Chapter XXVIII.

Other Coinages.

Money is not the only thing coined at the Mint. It may not be generally known that phrases are coined there too. Three or four rooms are devoted to this purpose, where some of the ablest of Fleet Street's young brains meet three or four times a week to enrich the language. All the best new words and locutions are invented here. This department has not long been opened, but it has been found to be of the greatest service. All kinds of people resort to it for assistance. Thus, in the old days a bus conductor, wishing his driver to advance the vehicle a few yards along the kerb at one of the regular stopping places, used to express his needs verbosely. One of the first duties of the new phrase-coining department at the Mint was to provide him with the terse command "Irerup."

Chapter XXIX.

Attempts.

Several desperate attempts have been made on the Mint, but none have been successful. The latest is our own.

SHAKSPEARE CLARIFIED.

Shakspeare was, of course, the "Shaw of Avon." This explains, and to a certain extent excuses, many obscurities in his plays. To the learned scholiasts and commentators who have habitually misunderstood this great man, these notes are cheerfully dedicated.

"Othello's occupation's gone!"

What *was* his occupation? Some have suggested, from his colour, that he ran a Moor and Burgess touring minstrel company, but there are grave objections to this view. Moor granted, who was Burgess? No!

Othello typified the country-house Smart Set man of Shakspeare's day.

"Rude am I in my speech" gives the clue to his character at once.

"Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter" shows clearly that he was experienced in country-house theatricals. A hint as to his restaurant mode of life is given by "I shall not dine at home," while the most conclusive proof of all comes in the last Act. *Othello* smothered *Desdemona* in a *pillow-fight!*

Why did Shakspeare give Bohemia a sea-coast in the "Winter's Tale"?

This has been put down to sheer ignorance. Shallow critics, to miss the obvious symbolism of it! Are not all Bohemians waiting for their ships to reach shore?

(To be continued.)

"Lady recommends 2*d*. or single as maid."
Scotsman.

Mr. Punch modestly recommends 3*d*.

TO A SEAGULL.

CHILD of the air's illimitable zone,
Thou spirit daughter of the sea and sky,
Full many a bard has ta'en thee for his own,
And so, of course, do I.

In thee the winged symbol of Romance,
The finer spirit panting to be free,
Sees what, if only given half a chance,
He might aspire to be.

A soul ethereal, pining to discard
All earthly ties and live at Nature's beck—
And that, if I may say so, 's where the bard
Is talking through his neck.

Thou to the baser, more material mind
Art but a wildfowl, and as such endued
By kindly Nature with an unrefined
But lively lust for food.

Nor art thou such a thing as I should deem
Could lend enchantment to a poet's views;
More cogent reasons urge thee as a theme
For ALGOL's tragic Muse.

O when, my bosom bound in triple brass,
I lay on deck, a prey to fierce unrest,
What time, a sailor, I designed to pass
The Channel's foaming crest,

Thine was the voice invoked mine ears, above
The throb of engines and the tempest's breath,
As I lay prone, and more than half in love
With easeful death.

Thine was the genial but derisive yell
That jeered at me as, striving all in vain
To look as if I hadn't been unwell,
I crept on land again.

And later, tossing in a restless sleep
Born of the swaying of the Paris Mail,
I felt anew the terrors of the deep,
And heard thy mocking wail.

Once more (in dreams) I strewed that leeward bench,
The helpless plaything of the raging blast,
Feeling convinced that each internal wrench
Would surely be my last.

And now I never stroll upon the beach
And watch thee soaring blithely overhead;
Or pause on London Bridge and hear thee screech
For casual doles of bread,

But poignant memory conjures up anew
That sickening hour when I essayed to brave,
With ignominious results, the blue
And oh! so restless wave! ALGOL.



Waitress (handing stodgy-looking steak). "AND WHAT WILL YOU HAVE TO FOLLOW, SIR?"
American Customer. "INDIGESTION, I GUESS!"

THE USELESS WILES RESTAURANT.

[With apologies to the enterprising programme of another restaurant of similar name.]

Ideal Luncheon Menu for 1s. 6d.

Ape-nuts Soup.
Mussels.
Anterior Deltoid of Cabbage
with Proteid Sauce.
Plasmon Chops and Samson Tyres.
A deep Breath.
Sandowiches.

Programme of Lectures, social afternoons.

Every Friday:

Scullery Demonstration, of 5 courses, (Chutney to Shortcake.)

Every other Friday: Lectures.

C. B. FRY on "Cocoa and Concentration."
HYGIENE SANTÉ on "Toning and Developing," followed by a Hypo Bath.
W. T. STEAD on "Posing."
SMACKENBIT on "Wrestle's Milk."
EUSTACE MILES, M.A. on "Sterno-Cleido-Mastoids I have met."
WILLIAM SIKES on "Shoplifting."

Notes may be taken and no questions asked.

"Saturday was vanishing day at the Royal Hibernian Academy."—*Cork Constitution.*

VANISHING Day in England starts directly after Sending-in Day, and continues for some weeks. No doubt it is the same in Ireland.

"The Marquis DE SOVERAL is one of the best dressed men in Society. He does not play Bridge, but his ready wit makes up for the deficiency."—*Tatler.*

THIS is unlike most people, who are not readily witty, but make up for it by playing Bridge.

MY SAD NOVEL.

If I had had any notion how my characters would have behaved they should never have come to that delightful country-house party in Chapter 1. But I thought Clodagh (dark, queenly heroine), Vivian (blonde, stalwart hero), Lord Villancourt (well-preserved and wealthy villain), and Lady Sue Maltravers (blonde she-villain) might be trusted anywhere. However, after that evening at Bridge—ten-pound points and ten thousand pounds on the rubber—I had induced Clodagh to meet Lord Villancourt in the billiard-room. Vivian I had ordered to be asleep under the table and to wake up just in time to see the wicked peer give Clodagh a cheque. Then he was to emerge and demand an explanation, which the proud Clodagh would refuse. Thus right at the beginning there was a beautiful misunderstanding. (Of course in Chapter 40 it would be explained that Lord Villancourt was merely paying his annual subscription to the local Mothers' Meeting.) Nothing could have been simpler than the hero's words—"Clodagh, what means this? Why do you take money from this unprincipled reprobate?" Would you believe that instead that wretched Vivian said, "Clodagh—halves!"

("Vivian," I remonstrated, "at the very outset of the novel you have made yourself unsympathetic. *The Times* Book Club will never send an emissary disguised as an Indian Raja to get fifty copies of your adventures at wholesale price. A few more indiscretions of this kind, Sir, and I shall cast you into an inebriates' home for the rest of the novel.")

However there was still hope. I hid Clodagh behind a palm in the conservatory. Before her very eyes Vivian embraced Lady Sue Maltravers and exclaimed, "I have always loved you dearly, Sue." (In Chapter 41 I would have shown that Lady Sue had untruthfully told Vivian that she was his sister by his father's first wife.) When Clodagh heard this declaration she was to denounce Vivian as a base deceiver. Instead the humorous little wretch remarked, "When you 've quite finished kidding the old girl, Vivie, you might take me down to supper."

("Clodagh," I exclaimed, "you are ruining my plot by your malice. Will Mr. Hooper pose as the head of an Icelandic Free Library to get copies of your adventures at thirty per cent. discount? Be very careful, or you shall be thrown from a motor and lose your fatal beauty.")

There was just an atom of hope left. Lady Sue was to open a parcel by mistake which was addressed to Vivian, and seven pounds of morphia were to be scattered on the breakfast table. In Chapter 42 it would be described how Lord Villancourt had induced Vivian to order this for him, as his chemist refused further credit. The falling of the morphia was Clodagh's cue. In a beautiful Walls-of-Jericho speech she was to denounce Vivian as a miserable, enervated morphiomaniac and cast him off for ever. Would you believe that the deceitful hussy exclaimed, "I wish you 'd lend me your hypodermic syringe, Vivie. Mine 's broken."

("Clodagh," I said angrily, "I can trust you no longer. You shall be married in the next chapter, and I hope your husband will beat you. Do you think Mr. Hooper will put on green spectacles and false whiskers to get copies of such life and crimes as yours on the cheap?")

Still, I felt the marriage would make up for much. I had such a lovely description of bride and bridesmaids' dresses I had copied from *The Lady*. Anyhow, the novel would be certain of a fine circulation amongst dressmakers. But those wretched characters threw me over once more. Vivian and Clodagh slipped out and were married at a registry office—without bridesmaids, or wedding-cake, or cheering peasantry—without even the special hymns I had chosen for the occasion.

(I met them just as they had perpetrated this last outrage. "Clodagh and Vivian," I cried, "your author curses you. But your ingratitude shall be sorely punished. You shall never get published at all." And they didn't.)

THE SIMPLE PLAN.

["The true way to keep young in body is to keep young in heart, to face life with that optimism, freedom from foreboding, and light-heartedness which are the usual accompaniments of youth."—*Gentlewoman.*]

Dear ladies, I sigh when I see how you fly with a tremulous fear to your glasses
To find if a trace has been left on your face by old Father Time as he passes.
Each vanishing charm you peruse with alarm; each wrinkle and crinkle you study,
And you get quite a turn when you suddenly learn your complexion begins to grow muddy.
You shrink when you light on a hair that is white, but rather than weakly surrender,
With a twist and a tweak and a half-suppressed squeak, you pluck from its place the offender.

My heart becomes sore (as I hinted before) to reflect on the sorrows you go through
When you first ascertain that your efforts are vain and that age is beginning to show through.
But, ladies, why bear such a burden of care? I ask you again, why endure it?
I've studied the cause of old age and its laws, and I'm only too ready to cure it.
Then away with the puff and your ointments and stuff! Away with your powder and lotions,
For, to tell you the truth, the whole secret of youth is to cultivate proper emotions.

You need hardly be told you will never grow old if you cling to youth's characteristic.
Then, ladies, be bright! Let your hearts remain light, and your outlook on life optimistic!
You must always refuse to give way to the blues: there is nothing that proves so corroding
To the bloom that is seen on the cheek of eighteen as the trick one may get of foreboding.
Whatever befall, never worry at all. If you are not desirous to hurry
The lines that Time ploughs on your lily-white brows, you never—no, never—must worry.

So, happen what may, still contrive to be gay—though the chauffeur elopes with your daughter,
Though the butler is found lying prone on the ground in a puddle of something and water,
Though the boys catch the mumps and come out in big lumps, though the parlourmaid wakes in the morning
With a touch of the 'flu, and the tweenymaid too, and the cook says she wants to give warning.
It is simply a knack, when you 're stretched on the rack and the dentist is cracking your jaw-bones,
Not to think of the tooth, but remember your youth, and to smile in the face of the saw-bones.

Get On or Get Out.

"A visitor, in proposing the donor's health, wondered how he built up such a fine business, and Mr. B., in reply, said he could easily enlighten them. . . . . He gave each man a week's holiday every day."—*South Wales Echo.*

This is all very well, but so few of us can spare the time to do that. Next tip, please.



Churchwarden's Wife (irritably, after Service). "IT'S NO USE YOUR WEARING THOSE BLUE GLASSES, JOHN, IF YOU *WILL* SNORE!"

A VALETUDINARIAN'S VALENTINE.

IF you were hoping, PHYLLIS, to receive
On Thursday instant, by the Love-God's post,
Endorsement of the vows I pledged one eve
Last August, on our bracing British coast,
Forgive me, if I send no Cupid's knot
Nor toasted hearts, like savouries of fried roe,
To symbolise a passion soon forgot
When summer languished, and we left the Hydro:
Where is the ozone now to fire my blood?
Where are those beneficial baths of mud?

Our pulses echoed to the breakers' shout,
The pine woods were a tonic when we kissed,
The saline breezes cleared our heads from doubt,
The management controlled our diet-list.
What pain to think of those salubrious meals,
The cream, the eggs (our landlord kept his own hens)
Now as I sit and shake from head to heels,
Expecting asthma, *et lignum reponens:*
What pain to dream of tender smile and tiff
When Love's receptacle is frozen stiff!

Perhaps, when earth disdains the icy lumps
That Winter squanders from her wastrel stores,
And Phœbus' radiating process pumps
The circulation through my cardiac pores,
When Summer, ornamenting bower and brake,
To Nature's canvas has appended "pinxit,"
And that electric course he bids me take
Has proved the curative my doctor thinks it,
There may, but, mind, I do not say there will,
Be symptoms of the old internal thrill.

Till then the incident must count as past:
Yet murmur not at man's ingratitude:
Transfer your protest to the stormy blast,
And leave me to concoct my patent food.
I foster relics of the sweet complaint,
I keep that lock of hair you kindly scissored,
But if the feast-day of our amorous saint
Must fall inside a month of frost and blizzard,
The proper day, my dear, for Valentine
Is surely February 29!

Heavy Work by the Bishop.

"A PROCESSION was then formed, and the Bishop, carrying his pastoral staff, the font, reading desk, pulpit, and altar . . . . ."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"FOR SALE.—Mahogany Sheridan Inlaid Bedroom suite."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

"Belonging to Mrs. Malaprop" would have added a pleasant touch.



Lady (*to new Milkman*). "Now, Mr. Jones, I hope I can rely on the purity of your milk. I had to give up Mr. Smith because his milk became two-thirds water."
Mr. Jones. "You can rely on this, Mum. It 's bin paralysed by the public anarchist."

ANNALS OF PHYSICAL RESEARCH ON COMMONPLACE CONCEPTIONS.

II.—"That all that glitters is not gold."

The variety of the subjects dealt with in this research necessitates the following sub-divisions:—

I.—The Mineralogical Results.

Substance.	Amount of Glitter.	Amount of Gold.
*Pure Gold	100 per cent.	100 per cent.
Peruvian / Nicaraguan } Gold...	80 "	0 "
Eldorado.............	100 "	0 "
Gold Leaf	100 "	100 "
Gold Flake............	40 "	0 "
*Snide	90 "	0 "

[* For the substance I am indebted to Mr. W. Sikes, for the name to Mr. Geo. R. Sims, and for the figures to my imagination.]

II.—The Social Side.

Subject.	Experimenter.	% Glitter.	% Gold.
Smart Set	Father B. Vaughan	100	0
		[with personal bias.]	
		80	10
		[as recalculated by myself.]	
Vanity Fair	J. Bunyan	100	0
Mlle. Fifine de la Fantaisie	Mrs. Grundy	100	No pure gold observed.

Finally we have the *Chemical Section*:—

Substance.	% Glitter.	% Gold.
Sea-water (1) in sunshine	95	·000001
Sea-water (2) in fog	0	·000001
* Koh-i-noor	800	0

[* Owing to the expense of this last experiment I have been granted the sum of £7 by the Royal Society to defray the cost, for which generosity I tender my best thanks.]

THE HERALD.

Unwelcome dish! my palpitating heart
Thrills at the sight of thy strange, mottled hue,
Now villainously pink, now almost blue,—
Hall-mark infallible of rhubarb-tart.
Alas, no tricks of culinary art
Can render thee agreeable; when new,
Thou 'rt far too sour; when old and bitter, who
Would pass his plate and risk the stringy part?
Yet, though I shudder when I see thee by,
There flashes suddenly across my mind
The thought that thou, base subject of my rhymes,
Art the sweet harbinger of warmer times;
And thereupon I gulp thee down and cry,
"When Rhubarb comes, can Spring be far behind?"



WILL THEY BELL THE CAT?

"The mice resolved, in solemn conclave, to hang a bell about the neck of the cat, as it had become a matter of 'grave importance' to set a limit to her persecutions. But——"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



PARLIAMENTARY VALENTINES.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 11.—House meets to-morrow for Second Session of C.-B. Parliament. Seems only last week we were here slaving through Autumn Session. A little more and we shall see the year round at Westminster.

Quite a lot of men about looking up their lockers and the like. Came upon Prince Arthur, passing with long stride to his room behind the Speaker's Chair. Rather surprised at this early appearance. Usually thinks it time enough to stroll in when Questions are half over.

"Yes, Toby, dear boy," he said, "that's all very well in ordinary times. But just now, you see, one never knows where he is. Suppose I had deferred putting in appearance till to-morrow I might have found someone else in possession of quarters of Leader of Opposition. Just as well to be on the spot in good time—at least to begin with. Come in and have a crack."

(Thought at first he meant a biscuit and glass of sherry wine. "Crack," it seems, is Scotch, and means chat or conversation. Shall remember this when I meet C.-B. Use of word casually dropped will give him native-heath feeling.)

"And how have things been going of late?" Prince Arthur asked, settling himself down with the small of his back deftly fitted in the thick part of cushions of armchair. "I've been a good deal at Whittinghame since Christmas. Been putting in electric light and entertaining my family. It—I mean the electric light work—very interesting. Haven't had time to see much of the papers. Hear some of our fellows have been saying things about me, mutineering and that kind of thing, you know."

I admitted there had in certain quarters been something of the kind going on.

"But you're all right," I said, perceiving that in spite of assumed levity he was uneasy in his mind. "Austen will stand by you; has said so publicly."

A bright smile illuminated the expressive countenance gazing up at me. "Ah!" he said, "that's nice. To be patted on the back by Son Austen is all I needed to crown a career not absolutely unchequered. Where and when did he speak? Could you quote any particular kindness?"

"Yes; he said there was no one who could succeed you in the Leadership of the Party, and if there were one he wouldn't."

Prince Arthur blushed; the semi-ecstatic rubbing of his hands showed that the emotion was one of pleasure.

"What is more, Walter Long, speaking a day or two later, adopted and repeated the sentence which, to use a phrase in vogue in happier days, crystallizes the situation."

"Walter Long?" said Prince Arthur. "Didn't something happen to him? Wasn't he brought before one of the Courts for what they call faking photographs—putting Carson's head on George Wyndham's body, or was it the other way about?"

"Neither; you've got mixed up a little. The photograph case is quite another story. Walter Long merely expressed opinion that the defendants in a criminal case *sub judice* should have been convicted, more than hinting that Bryce was at the bottom of the plot, and was accordingly being smuggled out of the country—ostensibly as Ambassador to Washington, actually to avoid scandal. Some fussy people called this contempt of court. Long was hauled up before

three Judges. One went for him with shovel and tongs; the other two said he was not guilty, but he'd better not do it again."

"Most interesting," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "I must really see more of the newspapers."

"Forgot to mention," I added, "that before taking you under his wing SON AUSTEN assumed that you are all right on the Tariff Question, and that you stick to the declaration on the subject set forth in the valentines exchanged with DON JOSÉ a year ago."

PRINCE ARTHUR's countenance fell.

"Are they still talking about Tariff Reform?" he asked, in tones that almost made him moan. "I am, as I have often proclaimed myself, in the true sense of the word, a Free Trader. Also, in a Pickwickian sense, I am a Tariff Reformer. Only, why talk of these things at the present juncture? As Leader of the Opposition my business is to criticise the Government in the House of Commons. That is work enough for one man without calling upon him to make definite declarations upon abstract questions. In the coming Session I mean to criticise pretty steadily. C.-B. doesn't know what is in store for him. He'll learn before the Session is many days old. Sorry that the preoccupation will prevent my writing any more valentines, or making speeches about Tariff Reform. Much safer to criticise. DANTON, when asked the secret of success in life, particularised audacity. Mark my words, TOBY *mio*, the policy for a successful Leader of Opposition is to avoid embarrassing topics seething in the minds of his followers, and criticise, criticise, criticise. *A demain*. Here's a book I've just picked up, and now I'm here may as well finish. Cheerful, elevating. Seasoned with sound philosophy. You should get it. As it appeared before era of net-price books, you are pretty sure to find it in *The Times* Book Club."

"What's its name?"

"*Drelincourt on Death.*"

"Ah. Goodbye."

Business done.—Preparing to do it.

WANTED, A LEADER.

THE appeal to Unionists in the current *National Review* to dislodge Mr. BALFOUR from the leadership of the Unionist Party has been the political sensation of the past fortnight. *Mr. Punch's* representative, having called on a number of representative politicians, has been able to elicit from them the following valuable expressions of opinion on this burning question.

Mr. L. J. MAXSE, the Editor of *The National Review*, on being approached by our representative, said that he had not wished to prejudge the matter by putting forward any single name. As a matter of fact, however, there were at least half a dozen politicians eminently qualified for the post, *e.g.*, Sir HOWARD VINCENT, Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, the Editor of *The Morning Post*, the Assistant Editor of *The Morning Post*, and Mr. J. L. GARVIN. Mr. CHAPLIN was, perhaps, the finest orator, but Sir HOWARD VINCENT's voice, like that of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, was a priceless asset. Mr. GARVIN was by far the most brilliant writer living. The Editor of *The Morning Post* had a gigantic intellect, a thousand times as great as Mr. HALDANE's and a million times greater than Mr. BRYCE's. The Assistant Editor was a man of Napoleonic genius. Failing any of these, Mr. MAXSE said that any intelligent eel would lead the party with more backbone than Mr. BALFOUR.

Mr. L. S. AMERY, in reply to our representative, expressed himself fully in accord with Mr. MAXSE, that if the Unionist Party was to extricate itself from the slough of despond into which it had fallen, it must find a new Leader—young, dauntless, alert and inflexible. "For my own part," continued Mr. AMERY, "I think that no one has a better claim to the post than Mr. MAXSE himself. His vigour, his splendid command of invective, his relentless antagonism to the official Mandarinate, mark him out for the post. His very name LEO, again, is an omen of success, for what are lions in our path if we have a lion to lead us?"

Sir GILBERT PARKER said that while youth and intrepidity were splendid qualities, the ripe wisdom of a Nestor was not to be sniffed at. Personally he would be best pleased if they could induce Sir HENRY HOWARTH to re-enter the arena once more and devote his mammoth mind to the reorganisation of their shattered forces. He felt strongly with Mr. MAXSE that at all hazards the Unionist Mandarins must be hurled from power, and who was better fitted to lead the onslaught than the veteran historian of the Mongols?

Professor HEWINS, the eminent economist, was of opinion that they wanted a man of greater magnetism and charm of personality than their present Leader. The party was weary of dialectics: they wanted a popular hero, like Mr. C. B. FRY—whose first two initials, he believed, quite belied his real sentiments—or Sir THOMAS LIPTON. If the Radicals decided to continue the policy of "Filling up the Cup," Sir THOMAS was clearly the man to lift it.

The Editor of *The Morning Post* expressed his conviction that a complete change was necessary. The present House of Commons was full of new men, highly emotional and susceptible to dramatic impressions. A good actor could play upon them like an old fiddle. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER was the very man to keep the House in order. His accession to office would, of course, restrict his appearances on the boards to *matinées*, but he felt sure that Mr. ALEXANDER would not refuse the clear call of his countrymen, or neglect the prophetic encouragement of the lines:

> "Like ALEXANDER I will reign,
> And I will reign alone."

Mr. HENNIKER HEATON strongly backed the claims of Sir GILBERT PARKER. The appointment would be enthusiastically welcomed in the Colonies, and, after all, the change would not be violent, as his name contained the same number of syllables and letters as that of ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Later.—The divergence of opinion disclosed in the opinions cited above has happily been dispelled by an unexpected and welcome event—the retirement from the wrestling arena of HACKENSCHMIDT. In last Friday's *Chronicle* the Russian Lion stated that he was going to give up the showman side of his life. "I've made enough money," he explained, "to keep myself in comfort for the rest of my life, but I'd like to be doing something. . . . I have many friends all over England. If I were not a Russian, I should like to be an Englishman." Within a few hours of the appearance of this momentous declaration, a representative deputation of Tariff Reformers waited on the great wrestler, and made him a formal offer of the Unionist leadership. The negotiations have not yet been concluded, but we have good reason to believe that they will result in the acceptance of the offer subject to certain conditions. These are, briefly, the assumption by HACKENSCHMIDT of a surname less likely to suggest membership of the Cobden Club or sympathy with the Potsdam Party in the present Cabinet, and a solemn engagement that, in all contests on the floor of the House, the new Leader will entirely refrain from the trickery of the Jiu-Jitsu style affected by his predecessor, and confine himself exclusively to the straightforward methods of the Cumberland school. Mr. LEO MAXSE, who has taken a leading part in the negotiations, is naturally delighted with the prospect of securing a first-rate fighting man to lead the Tariff Reformers to victory. As he observed to our representative, "None of the Ministerial Mandarins could stand up to HACKENSCHMIDT for one moment. His lungs are as splendid as his muscles, and I feel sure that he has in him the makings of a second PITT. A seat will of course be found for him without delay, but the question of his costume still presents some difficulties."



"THE MERCIFUL MAN ——"

M. F. H. (just moving off from Meet at his own house). "Hang it all, Sir, don't ride on the grass!"
Monsieur d'Haricot. "Your grass it vill grow again; the feet of my 'orse nevare!"

A LEGEND OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The lion is a noble beast
That isn't frightened in the least.

This noble beast is rather rare,
Its habitat 's Trafalgar Square.

His number is exactly four,
I don't know why there are not more.

Each lion, tired of being dead,
Woke up one night and shook its head.

The incident within my text
Occurred the 1st of April next.

They felt so hungry that they ate
A poor benighted Suffragette,

No passing stranger raised a shout,
There were so very few about.

Still seeking what they might devour,
They met a man of temper sour,

Who got his living, more or less,
By writing for the Yellow Press.

He had, when stricken with alarm,
A lot of papers on his arm.

The lions ate him. Sad to tell,
They ate the Yellow Press as well.

How fleeting was their fancied gain!
They soon began to suffer pain.

Each cried, "I cannot wag my tail,
It must have been *The Daily Pail.*

"Alack a day, ah, woe is me,
I 've supped on New Theologee."

Said No. I.: "Look out for squalls,
I'm full of fighting Music-halls."

Said No. II.: "One lives and learns,
There 's something at my heart that
Burns."

"I really fear," said No. III.,
"These earthquakes will demolish me."

Quoth No. IV., with pained surprise,
"I must have swallowed several lies."

They crawled back to the Square again,
They turned upon their backs and then --

Each groaned and peacefully expired,
Which was, perhaps, to be desired.

Next day the Press, the truth to shirk,
Said anarchists had been at work.

COMPENSATION QUIBBLES.

(Decisions by Our Legal Expert.)

The Manager of the Splitz: "One of our 'buttons' is fifteen years old and his voice is about to crack. If it breaks suddenly while he is in our employ, to what amount are we liable?"

Half value. If a crack voice, you will be liable on Caruso basis. Safer to dismiss him and get a dumb waiter.

The Wife of a Churchwarden: "If my lady-help should injure herself while carrying up coals, scrubbing the front-door steps or sweeping the chimneys, should I have to pay her compensation? She has no salary, as I receive her on mutual terms."

If delicately offered, she would no doubt consent to receive half salary during period of illness.

Major-General, Brecknockshire Rough Riders (Retired): "I give dinner-parties occasionally, and hire my greengrocer to wait at table. He invariably wears an old-fashioned dress-coat with tails reaching to the ground, and he invariably trips over them. If the scoundrel falls and breaks his leg, am I liable?"

Yes. Insist on his wearing an Eton jacket.

Mrs. Sharper-Gorling, Accrington (Lancs.): "I can never manage to keep servants long, though I am sure I treat them most considerately. Last year I had eighty-seven cooks and at least as many housemaids and parlourmaids. If I have to take out a separate policy for each it will be ruinously expensive. What should I do?"

Emigrate.

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

II.

The room was crowded. My partner and I were just taking Grassy Corner beautifully, when I had the bad luck to catch a crab, and in another second we were bumped. I threw up my hand. "All right," I said, and we steered for the bank at once.

"I'm fearfully sorry," I said to my partner, who had the most glorious eyes I have ever seen (not that it matters), "but I seem to have the rottenest luck whenever I dance with you. At other times——" She looked up at me.

"Why, of course, it *is* you! I might have guessed."

"Yes, didn't you know? I knew at once. How are you getting on?"

"Oh, all right, thanks."

She looked vaguely round the room, while I wondered to myself where I had seen her before.

"You remember," she began, "how last time you told me about the Zancigs and the Channel Tunnel, and said that to every pro-Tunnel there were 81,937 anti-Tunnels?"

"Oh, you mustn't believe everything I say," I remonstrated. "It may possibly have been 81,936, or even——"

"Oh, but I do believe you implicitly."

"Do you really?" I said, eagerly. "Then I'll tell you some more."

"You see, you told me what all the best people were doing about the Tunnel, and the Zancigs, and so on, and I found it was absolutely true what you said. And now I want to know some more things, because, of course, such a famous statistician as yourself——"

"I say," I interrupted, "did I tell you last time I was a statistician?"

"Yes. Aren't you?"

"Oh, it's only that it was rather a secret. You see, my family I mean the profession isn't what it was—of course, I don't mind *you* knowing, but don't—— Oh, well, never mind. Do let me help you again if I can."

"I wish you would," she said. "I've been most awfully bothered lately, what with the New Theology and the Music-hall War and things. I simply haven't known what side to take. But of course it's too late for that now."

"Not if you live in the country. If you live in the country or in the suburbs, it is not yet too late to observe cleverly that the New Theology is neither new nor theology."

"Ah! Is that all there is to say about it?"

"Pretty well. Mr. Campbell's name, of course, you will only mention in whispers, or in company with Mr. Birrell's. Two godless men."

G. E. (as I called her) looked down thoughtfully.

"Are these really your own views?" she asked.

"A statistician," I said importantly, "never allows his own private views to interfere with his scientific researches. I gathered that you wished to know what all the best people were saying and doing about these matters."

"Yes. That's it. I want to be the right thing, you know. I'm not a Pro-Boer."

"No, no. I quite understand. Well, then we come to the Music-hall War. That is just over; but still, the question might arise. What have you been doing about it?"

"I've just had to say that I don't know anything about music-halls."

"No. Well, it *is* difficult. On the one hand the artistes are going in for peaceful picketing."

"Whatever's that?"

"Oh, the very dickens. What Socialists do. Horrible! . . . But then, on the other hand, they have done a *tremendous* lot for the Cause in their time. If you will believe me, G. E., they think nothing of saying 'Good old Joe' in the middle of a turn! And the jokes they've had about John Burns! . . . So you see how difficult it is."

"But it's all over now, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is. Anyhow, my advice to you, G. E., is to pretend that it is. I think that's your line. Yes, I must own you've been one too many for the statistician this time."

G. E. smiled brightly, and shook her head in denial of this.

"Not at all. You've been splendid. But now we come to the great thing of all." She lowered her voice. "What is a Wastrel? Am I one?"

I raised my hands in horror.

"Never!" I cried. "Oh, my dear girl! The Wastrels! The L.C.C.! Who was't betrayed the Capitol? The L.C.C.! Who lost Mark Antony the world? The L.C.C.! Who was the cause of a long ten years' war, and laid at last old Troy in ashes? The L.C.C.! Destructive, damnable, deceitful L.C.C.!"

"But that doesn't answer my question."

"In talking of the L.C.C. we don't answer questions. We simply make ejaculations. However I will make an exception in your case. A wastrel is a Progressive member of the L.C.C."

"And I'm against that?"

"Oh, yes, yes. *Please!* . . . Let me tell you a story. There was once a little blind boy who lived at Norbury, where the bricks come from, or, rather, don't come from. And one day his father said to him, 'Pray, who has been cutting down my plane tree?' and George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little blanket.' And they lived happy ever after at Edmonton . . . Do you catch the idea?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite."

"Well, all you've got to say is: 'How *anyone* could be *anything* else after that *scandal* about ——,' and then you put in any one of the nouns from that little story I've just told you. I'll write it out for you."

"That would be kind of you."

"Not at all. I like helping you. Is there anything else?"

"Nothing more to-day, thank you. Here comes my partner."

I bowed, and went in search of my own partner. By-and-by I found her. She was very, very plain, and, as I discovered when we began to dance, quite lame in one leg.

"Were you ever at school in Edmonton?" I asked.

PATERFAMILIAS ADVERTISES.

Wanted, a plain, old-fashioned school, where no golf or new accomplishments are taught, but where now and then some education is given, and where the Head Mistress is occasionally out of temper and sometimes punishes. Not in a site with fine view of the sea or overlooking any "Garden of England," but a school of the old sort, where, during a few hours, rudiments may be acquired. The advertiser wishes for this, as his girls now return home able to break his limbs at Jiu Jitsu, and he has become pre-historic in their presence. His pocket also suffers. No principal holding "highest diplomas," assisted by "French and other resident certificated masters," need apply, but simply some plain, homely woman of strong will. The advertiser hopes that in this way his self-respect may be regained.

A Suggestion.

Let it be granted—

(1) That the House of Lords must go. (*Cf. Mr. Lloyd-George.*)

(2) That a Second Chamber is essential. (*Cf. Mr. Winston Churchill on the Transvaal Constitution.*)

(3) That Women are as fit to govern as Men. (*Cf. Miss Pankhurst.*)

It follows therefore—

That the right and proper thing to do is to replace the House of Lords by a House of Ladies. Q. E. D.

They can see a joke at Whitefield's Tabernacle as quickly as at the Tivoli or anywhere else. The close of Sir Oliver Lodge's address there on the "Ascent and Fall of Man" is reported by the *Daily Dispatch* as follows:—

"Man was no longer the slave of his passions, but the master of his actions. (Laughter)."

CHARIVARIA.

LADY FRANCES BALFOUR is to give a lecture on the House of Lords at Camelford House, Park Lane, on the 20th inst. It is proposed to have a few Peers on view—unless, of course, they should have been abolished before that date.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of LANCASTER to Paris was such a success that, upon their return to this country, they were hailed as King and Queen of ENGLAND.

The Russian Government, which summoned the Peace Conference, is, it is stated, opposed to disarmament.

President ROOSEVELT is sitting for a full-length portrait to be presented to the Peace Palace at the Hague. Some difficulty, we understand, is being experienced by the painter owing to the President's pugnacious type of face, into which it seems to be impossible to coax the appropriate lamb-like expression.

As an act of courtesy to foreign spies two weeks' notice was given of the intention to test the efficiency of the Medway boom defence on Feb. 14.

The Rifle Club movement continues to spread. In some houses there are even kitchen ranges.

A gentleman has proposed that a million pounds be spent in buying the ZANCIGS' secret for the British nation. It is thought that, if the money were found, the ZANCIGS might be persuaded.

The Daily Mirror reports a rescue, during the Jamaican earthquake, which was in danger of passing unrecorded. After the Conference Hall was wrecked the Earl of DUDLEY returned to the platform for his hat and umbrella.

A proposal is before the Corporation of the City of London to remove the fish market from Billingsgate to Shadwell. Billingsgate is, in consequence, up in arms, and, should the project be persisted in, it is feared that an outburst of language may ensue such as this country has never yet heard.

The "Church Cough" has been receiving the attention of *The British Medical Journal*. It is certainly desirable that a cure should be found, for it cannot be gainsaid that the coughers are responsible for causing many of the other worshippers to spend a sleepless morning in church.

We have not had to wait long to see the result of the infusion of American blood into *The Daily Mail* staff. One of the new features, curiously enough, is the introduction into the text of a series of portraits of persons suffering, not as one might have expected from yellow fever, but apparently from spotted fever.

The Times is advertising "New Guinea Cannibals" for 4*s.* 3*d.* This is certainly a big reduction.

We are informed by the editor of *Men's Wear* that purple will be the fashionable colour for male clothes in the coming season. This reminds us that several candidates for the L.C.C. are said to be ordering egg-colour suits for use when they appear on a public platform.

A man who sneezed while being shaved at Newark had the end of his nose cut off by the upturned razor, but the barber only charged him the ordinary price for a shave.

A valuable rubber mat weighing 30 lb. and measuring 8 ft. by 3 ft. has been stolen from the Embankment entrance of the Savoy Hotel. Its disappearance is a mystery, and further thefts being feared, the two little page boys who are on duty at the door are, we hear, to be chained to the walls of the building as a measure of precaution.

The news that the price of castor-oil is rising has been received with the greatest enthusiasm in nurseries throughout the kingdom, and the wish has even been expressed that it may become prohibitive.



Algey (who is having a private lesson in the noble art, for the first time, from the Bermondsey Basher). "YOU MUSTN'T MIND IF I HIT YOU RATHER HARD, YOU KNOW. I AM SUCH A BEASTLY ERRATIC JOHNNIE."

Two disused lighthouses were offered for sale by auction last week. Although it was pointed out that they would form ideal residences for exceptionally tall persons, only one found a purchaser.

Mr. GREIG, the gentleman whom Miss BILLINGTON, the Suffragette, has married, will, it is said, take the name BILLINGTON-GREIG—though this, we believe, is only a compromise.

We should not be altogether surprised if the Government were to have a fall over the licensing question. It may abolish the Army, and the Navy, and the Lords (and even the Commons), and nothing much be said about it, but if it should dare to lay hands on the Nation's Beer——

The New Theology.

"*Theology* (see *Fiction*)."—*Mudie's Catalogue.*

"*Aquinas*, a Commentary on the Four Gospels (Vol. I. a little cracked).—*Somebody else's Catalogue.*

Commercial Candour.

THE following comes from Sheffield:—

"Large reductions in OUR prices. Something too good to be true."

THIS headline catches the eye:—

"HIS WATCH STOLEN WHILE DRUGGED."

Well, it can't have been the best butter.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

"Gentlemen," said I, waving a hand at my constituents, "in the well-known words of the poet Godolphin—as Godolphin truly says—(*Buck up,* Benham, *you'll find him under 'G.' Quick! . . . What? . . . Thanks!*)—Gentlemen, did not Godolphin express only what is in the hearts of all of us to-day when he said—" and here I repeated the beautiful hackneyed words from *Cassell's Book of Quotations*, by W. Gurney Benham, p. 145. "Nor is this feeling," I continued, "common only to the inhabitants of our Free Trade England. How does the inspiring message of the German philosopher run? How, I ask you—" (*I mean you,* Benham; *it's in the Proverbs section. Look sharp*)—"how, I ask you, did he phrase this same thought? Was it not thus 'Glücklich ist, wer vergisst, was nicht zu ändern ist.' (*Am I right, Sir? Thank you.**) Gentlemen," I went on, warming to it, "was it not Thomas Overbury who remarked . . . . . To paraphrase Robert Craggs Nugent . . . . . It was this that *Occleve*, or (as he is more generally called) *Hoccleve*, meant when he spoke of the . . . . ."

"Mr. Tomkinson," said the *Bumpbrook Warrior* next day, "in a speech full of apt allusion and quotation, pointed out that the Government was ruining the country." But in the seclusion of my study I patted my invaluable *Cassell*, and called upon Heaven to reward Mr. W. Gurney Benham.



Startled Labourer (who has just skipped out of the way of a falling block of stone about three tons in weight). "Be a bit more careful up there. Another 'alf a foot, and you'd 'ave to 'ave bought me a new 'at!"

Many years' close association with Parliamentary affairs has made me familiar with the literature of Blue Books. But I never before came across one so charming as that published at the sign of the Green Sheaf, 3, Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge. *Tales from My Garden* is the title it bears, its compiler being Miss Laurence Alma Tadema. They are genuine fairy tales of the old high mark of excellence. The writing looks easy; the actual difficulty of workmanship is indicated in the failure marked by the third story, which is rather gruesome and altogether incomprehensible. The first two, "The Gardener" and "The New Heart," are gems of design and workmanship, reminiscent in these qualities of some of Miss Alma Tadema's father's masterpieces in another school of art.

The Penniless Millionaire (John Long) was the wealthiest kind of Jew,
Who went and married a Gentile wife (a thing they sometimes do),
And, being disinherited, he then, poor foolish lad,
Purloined a sacred Chinese gem, which in itself was bad,
But, what was worse, he found the gem was far too big to sell,
And, worser still, he was kidnapped in a low-down opium-hell,
And there was bound and tortured by the heathen Chinese gent
Whose property he'd borrowed without asking his consent.
Now when his father cut him off, without the normal shilling,
And then was drowned with all his house, the case waxed still more thrilling,
For though the youngster now became to untold wealth the heir,
(A sort of Astor-Vanderbilt-cum-Rothschild millionaire),
He couldn't claim his heritage, through being in this mess,
And thus, although a millionaire, he still was penniless,
Until—well, if you want to know, you've only got to look
In David Christie Murray's last sensational new book.

* Datas.—Quotation not given by Mr. Benham.

Although on the whole I found Mr. Horace Wyndham's book, *The Flare of the Footlights* (Grant Richards), a trifle dull, I feel bound to say that I know a good deal more about the stage than I did before I read it. I have learned that all actors, excepting, of course, the hero and his friend, call each other "dear boy," and that all actresses are hopelessly jealous of each other. All, that is, excepting the charming heroine, who "had dreamed dreams—dear delightful dreams of winning success and recognition—and watched them fade slowly and then flicker out altogether." But then "the vitiating atmosphere of the footlights had passed her by unscathed. She was as different from the average actress as it was possible to conceive. . . Beauty, grace, charm, and freshness all seemed part of *Constance Assheton's* nature." So that, putting two and two together, and adding the proper melodramatic atmosphere, you can get a pretty good idea of the truth. Another characteristic of actors is their way of repeating their own and each other's quips in almost the same words. Several of Mr. Wyndham's people do this, and as he also does it himself in the narrative parts of the story, I judge that he is closely connected with *the* Profession.

"*Already* to fresh woods and pastures new," said I to myself (the jest being an old one), on receiving yet another novel by Mrs. Henry De la Pasture. For it seemed only yesterday that I had read *The Little Squire*, and I was concerned for the author's health. However a glance at the title-page revealed the fact that *Catherine of Calais* (Smith, Elder) was only new in the sense of being a new edition, and I breathed again. To most of us Calais is a place either of gloomy forebodings or of shamefaced, semi-conscious relief, according as we are travelling north or south. But *Catherine* actually lived there, and often formed one of the little crowd which assembles to watch the arrival of the Dover boat. There, on the pier, she met her fate, in the shape of an elderly but virtuous baronet. In due time she married him, and became the mistress of Welwysbere Abbey, one of the stateliest of the stately homes of England. The rest of her life, till the premature death of *Sir Philip*, was spent in trying to find the key to her husband's heart and in making good her position amongst his rather smart friends, and Mrs. De la Pasture has succeeded in weaving out of these materials a very readable story.

Literary Note.

We understand that a biography of the late General Tom Thumb is in preparation under the general editorship of Mr. Clement Shorter, to which Mr. G. W. Smalley, Mrs. Archibald Little, Canon Knox Little, Mr. William Small, R.I., Sir Ralph Littler and several Wee Kirk ministers will contribute.

ON THE MAKING OF RUINS.

To have ruins near one's house will always be considered fashionable, but to live in a ruined castle—that is luxury, and, as such, can be afforded only by multi-millionaires or Star artistes, the rent being prohibitive. Cheap ruined castles are a snare. If you read in *Country Life* of a Ruined Castle, h. and c., use of family ghost, £46 p. a., all at, it may generally be concluded either (1) it is damp, or (2) the fabric is loose.

In the latter case, do not entertain it. Nothing is more annoying than to have large pieces of masonry falling during breakfast, while it makes it difficult to keep servants. The tale is told of one ruined castle where three cooks have left, without giving notice, in the space of five months. The fourth, who is in a very inconvenient position beneath a heap of masonry, has been kept.

But the question has often been asked, "Why not make our own ruins?" Why not, indeed!

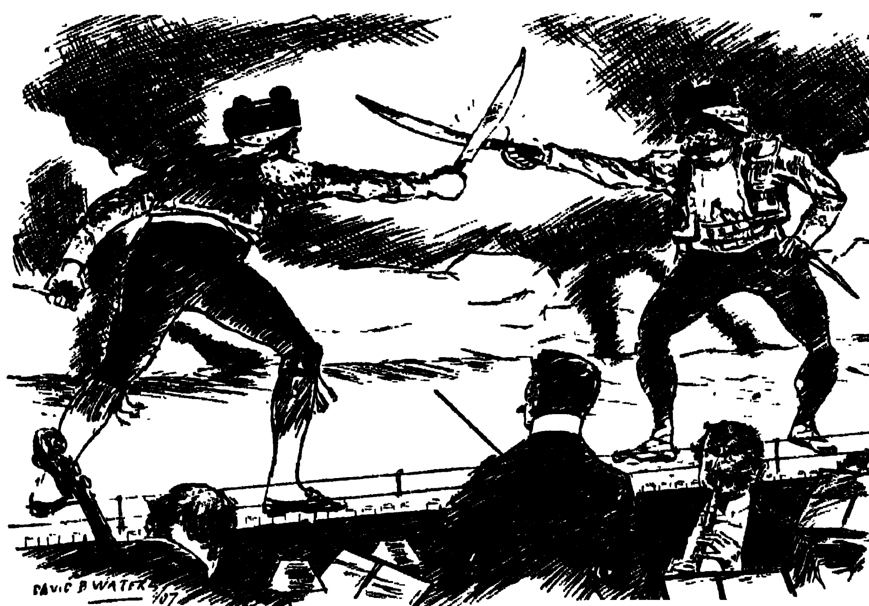
An Englishman's house is his castle. Therefore, by the simple expedient of ruining an Englishman's house, a luxurious residence can be produced at nominal cost.

The most favourable houses to ruin are found in the suburbs. Those that have been built for more than a decade can usually be ruined by an intelligent man in a few hours. All that is necessary is a "Nature's Abhorrence Cleaner" (for the walls) and a "Salamander Chimney Cleaner" (for the ceiling), or you may hire the Fat Boy of Peckham to lean against it. If the house is only semi-detached, it is advisable to consult the other owner first. He may be Philistine enough to prefer his house as it is. There are many such people in the suburbs.

If the house is built of granite or any of the more obstinate building materials, then it is advisable to use a motor-car. Borrow one from the local garage. Do not employ your own chauffeur if he has been with you any length of time. Good chauffeurs are difficult to replace. And take care to cover all the furniture with white dusting cloths and to move the canary out into the garden first. If he is kept in the house he will probably go off song for the season.

Lastly, do not forget the windows. It is not an uncommon sight to see a really nice ruin spoiled by modern panes of glass. This jars terribly. Windows should all be broken. Do not use stones unless your aim is good. Put up a notice, "House to Let."

One of the pleasantest features of this amateur ruining is to watch the delight of the landlord when he first sees the improvement. Generally speaking, this takes the form of a refusal to take anything in the shape of rent. He may add tickets for the theatre. So that, from an economic as well as an artistic point of view, property is worth ruining.



'MID THE CLASH OF STEEL.

A Voice from the Gallery. 'MINE'S A WING!'

THE BAT AND THE PEN.

THE recent meeting of the promoters of the South African cricket team to this country in the summer (if there is a summer) was a very interesting one, not without its influence on the future of the game.

The most important business naturally bore upon the literary activities of the team. A time was when if you were asked to name one class of man who probably hated writing more than another, you would pick out the cricketer. But all is now changed. The South Africans are, it seems, one and all possessed of a *cacoëthes scribendi* which no ointment can cure, no Duke of ARGYLL alleviate.

The point to be decided then was, Shall the papers to which they propose to contribute be restricted or shall they write for all—*The Times* as well as *The War Cry*, *The Rock* as well as *The Spectator*? Opinions, as opinions will, differed. One patron of the tour, who has put down a large sum of money, asked, Would it not seriously affect their play? "Can a man who writes all night," he said, "play all day?" Such a question was naturally treated with disdain. At this date a man must know better than that. "The more you write the better you play—obviously. Look at —— and - - ."

It was ultimately decided that any South African cricketer who could not promise to contribute to three papers all through the tour—one morning, one evening, and one weekly, in addition to cabling home full descriptions of the matches, and had not at the end of the tour a volume of personal impressions all ready for the press, should be left out of the eleven, no matter how well he might bat. England, it was pointed out by one who knows the old country through and through, expects cricketers to write, and if the South Africans do not write no one will pay to see them, and the failure of the tour will be assured.

After further discussion it was agreed that the ink used should be Messrs. ——'s, who had promised to give it free on condition that it was advertised on all the scoring boards and match cards; and the pens should be Messrs. ——'s, who made similar conditions.

The meeting then broke up, after a copy of *Roget's Thesaurus* had been presented to every one present by Mr. ABE BAILEY (whose name, by the way, will be taken by the team's wicket keeper as a compliment to the great millionaire's public spirit).

Reuter, very badly deciphered.

"Will any Author send by parcels post to Hon. Sec. British Rummage Centre, Seaforth, Liverpool, Old Neckties, Socks, Shirts, to be sold daily to Clerks and Shop Assistants."—*Author.*

HAVE you the old necktie of the aged author (*masc.*)?—No, but the Liverpool Shop Assistant is engaged to be married.

THE WISDOM OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

Of Introductory Remarks.

There is a thing that is worse than a preface, and that is a prologue; a thing that is worse than a prologue, and that is an author's foreword. To become involved in one of these things is as when one peruseth a storyette that starteth with a strong melodramatic interest but concludeth with an advertisement for a patent medicine.

Of which things the Black Friar will have none, but without more ado will plunge at once into the middle of things.

Of Companions.

Bacon, who hath written much and wisely of friendship, saith:—"He that liketh it not hath something of the savage beast." Wherefore since Bacon was a true man and thou hadst lief not be called a savage beast, seek out friends. Thou canst not seek more wisely than among the wealthy. Bestow thy affections freely among thy acquaintances, and tell thy servant that thou mayst not be in to dinner. But be not over diligent in thy conversation with the crafty one, lest thou be in to dinner, and there be another with thee.

Thou shalt tell thy friends by their manner of addressing thee. He that writeth thee "Dear Sir," doth both love (for he calleth thee Dear) and respect thee (for he calleth thee Sir). And if he taketh leave of thee thus:—"I am yours truly," be assured that he would fain recline on thy bosom for ever.

Of Secrets.

When thou hast a secret and its publication toucheth not thyself, divulge it. If thou art a woman, make thy confidante promise thee faithfully (even as thou thyself didst promise faithfully) "I will not tell it to a soul." If thou art a man, thou shalt say: "This, of course, is between thee and me." Thou mayest, at thine own discretion, add "the gatepost."

There is a form of beginning that is much in use among men:—"I am the last person to say anything to the ill of another, *but*——." There are many buts from which thou canst choose for thyself.

If thou hast a secret thing to the bad repute of A. (and if it be not to the bad repute of A., then it will be to the bad repute of B.) say:—"There is no one that liketh A. better than I, yet I must say——." Then can thy abuse be as unrestrained and malicious as thou wilt.

Of Patience.

When thou art engaged in that occupation which of all others is the most distasteful to thee, comfort thyself with the reflection that at any rate thou art not playing Patience.

Of Englishmen.

If thou meetest a Scotchman tell him that he hath no sense of humour. If he disputeth with thee, tell him that his temper doth prove what thou sayest. If he doth not dispute, his silence admitteth it. Thus thou hast a certain triumph either way.

Say of the Irishman, "He is a good fellow, but a liar," and of the Welshman, "He hath his points, but is a thief." Possibly thou hast no knowledge about either the Scotchman, the Irishman or the Welshman, but so to speak argueth a superiority in thyself, and thou knowest that thou art superior.

Call the German "fat" and the Frenchman "froggy," and omit not to be justly surprised when thou findest thyself unpopular abroad.

Of Old Age.

If thou art old, and a young man confoundeth thee in argument, say:—"So I thought when I was thy age. At twenty a man thinks that he knows everything; at thirty he begins to have his doubts; and at forty he knows that he knows nothing."

Of Youth.

If thou art a young man and an old man adviseth thee as above, answer:—"At twenty a man doth know something; at thirty he is beginning to forget; and at forty he knoweth nothing."

Of Newspapers.

Look after thy daily paper and thy library will look after itself. Be assured that he that publisheth a paper hath no eye to his own pocket, but only to thy greater comfort. Doth he not so state in his every other issue? Doth he not charge thee a halfpenny only because he must charge thee something?

If by chance thou hast a leaning towards the halfpenny press, hesitate not to satisfy that taste of thine. Every man saith "I could not nor would read those papers," yet there be many copies sold daily.

The illustrated paper is better than no newspaper. It is better to have studied pictures of things that did not happen drawn by them that were not there, than to know no news.

Of Examiners.

There are some things too loathsome even to be mentioned.

THE VINDICATION OF THE ATHLETE.

[One of the arguments offered in favour of the Senior Wranglership being retained, was that it has been one of the best advertisements of Cambridge University to the outside world. A don, writing recently, pointed out that, as an advertisement, the distinguished athlete is far more effective.]

If you took a rough inventory
Of knowledge elementary
That I assimilated at the 'Varsity,
It scarcely would be quotable;
It's, altogether, notable
For nought but its extraordinary sparsity.
My position, yet, was easily defensible,
For the dons admitted I was indispensable.

My passage through the Previous
Was desperately devious—
I couldn't tell a problem from a theorem;
I knew no more of *quot* an' *tot*
Than if I'd been a Hottentot;
The genitive of *res* was often *re* or *rem;*
And I always felt a bit apologetical
When answering a question arithmetical.

Yet although I was so ignorant
And couldn't "talk it big" nor rant
Of pleonasms, metaphors and images,
It was nice to know my College was
Content that all my knowledge was
Restricted to the subtleties of scrimmages.
They excused my lack of skill in the laborat'ry,
As long as I could kick a goal or score a try.

So here is my corollary:
That when a man's a scholar, he
Cannot expect his praises sung in tuny verse;
But yet it's only rational
To think an International
Worth all the Senior Wranglers in the universe.
And this is what (O scholars, don't feel hurt!) is meant:
The athlete's a superior advertisement!



AU REVOIR!

GAINSBOROUGH'S "DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE" (*to "Nancy Parsons" and the "Hon. Mrs. Yorke," who were cut from their frames by a burglar last week*). "NEVER MIND, MY DEARS. *I* WAS STOLEN, TOO, YOU KNOW. BUT I CAME BACK AGAIN—MORE POPULAR THAN EVER."

MODERATE OR PROGRESSIVE?

Mr. Punch settles the Question.

With the London County Council elections in immediate prospect, *Mr. Punch* has instituted, with his customary benevolence and acumen, an inquiry into the question whether the spirit of the age is moderate, or whether it is progressive. Candidates and voters alike will be surprised to learn that it is neither. It is retrograde. In every department of life there are signs of backward movement, excepting in those where the depression has reached the limit.

Take, for example, the various branches of Science, Letters and Art. *Mr. Punch's* expert investigators have discovered that all Literature can be traced to one fundamental fact, and that is stationery. They find, too, that there is evidently no longer any desire to create History, for records are broken as soon as made; and that the Drama is being remodelled on lines laid down by the Backonians. One cannot write so much as an ordinary letter without sealing the back of an envelope, and licking the back of a stamp. Art yearly fills our Academy with pictures which, according to many critics, would be improved by being hung back to front; and some of *Mr. Punch's* own best drawings are prehistoric. Architecture and Sculpture have crammed London full of eyesores and modern instances. Education is notorious for its particular attention to backward boys; and attention is most frequently applied to their backs.

In commercial circles the investigators hear the same tale. London's greatness dates from the time of Whittington, the Lord Mayor who turned back. The works most often consulted by business men are the Blue Books containing Board of Trade returns. No enterprise is ever set on foot without some one to back it, and the least reputable advertisements are those headed "Advances Made." Even Soap, the commodity which one would expect to remain in demand more persistently than any other, is boomed in the public press with an eye to retrogression. For one brand it is claimed that it leaves a good impression behind; and another bears the significant appellation of "Money Back." Locomotion is all against progress. Railway Companies invariably give a reduction on return tickets; the latest motor cars are fitted with reversing gear; and trams advertise only the places where they stop.

So also with Sport, which, if nothing else does, reflects the tastes of the people. Association football, a game watched every day by millions of spectators, has for its end the unscientific object of getting a round ball into a square hole. The finest Rugby is played by Blackheath, the All Backs, and the Springbacks. Even racehorses are now occasionally backed, and one of the most noted jockeys of late years was Tod Slow'un. As for Cricket, its future is in the hands of Mr. B. C. Fry.

Our social life is full of examples too numerous to give in detail. One need only mention that it is becoming quite customary on birthdays to wish people many happy returns; and that the most accomplished dancers reverse.

What can one deduce from these facts except that this life is but a sleep and a forgetting? Let the electors take warning. These data based on the reports of *Mr. Punch's* experts are the shadows cast by coming events, and they prove their truth by the very action. If the shadows are before, the light must be behind.



Departing Guest. "Thank you so much for a most charming and réchauffé little dinner!"

DEFENCELESS.

She called him names . . . . He writhed,
 but yet,
Although his waving arms demurred,
He used no single epithet,
 Or angry word.

She called him names . . . . In such a case
 A gentleman must hold his tongue.
Excuse him if he made a face,
 For he was young.

Beside the font, "FitzGeorge," she cried,
 "Bartholomew, Augustus, James!" . . .
It was with all a mother's pride
 She called him names.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

Mr. Punch's Untrustworthy Guide to London.

Chapter XXX.

Restaurants.

If you wish, dear country cousins, to be really of the centre (as we say), you will never think of doing anything so banal as to dine in. Dining in is economical; and no one is so low as that, don't you know. Charity may begin at home, but the cheerful giver has little scope unless he dines out. The new amusement is to make restaurateurs and waiters rich. If you have any spare cash, give it to these. No self-respecting society leader would exchange the pleasure of eating a well-cooked dinner at home at, say, eight shillings a head, for the giddy rapture of eating a worse dinner in public at a guinea a head and half-a-crown for every waiter who can prove that he has looked at him, and five shillings to the one who had to be called for most and came least.

To sum up, we have moved far and fast since the days when insular obscurantists declared "there's no place like home." As the Laureate remarks in one of his most inspired couplets:

"Home-keeping folk have ever homely wits,
The art of life begins and ends with R-tz."

Chapter XXXI.

Supper de luxe.

But of course dinner is nothing. The real gilt-edged thing to do is to have supper in public—or rather to pay for supper in public, for it is quite likely you will get none. The modern fashionable Londoner is never so happy as when he is paying through the nose for a supper that he will very likely not set eyes on until it is against the law to eat it, washed down by champagne at twice the price he would get it from his wine merchant. Then you see him really content; but it is not until all the lights are suddenly turned out and he has to grope his way through the darkness to the cloak-room, where the liveried servants have been keeping his coat for him at a rental of a shilling an hour, or £438 a year, that his glory is complete. It is then that he fully realises that he is a glass of fashion and mould of form in the capital of the world.

For, dear cousins, you must understand that London is very careful of her sons and daughters, so much so, that, for fear of injuring their digestion, she will never let them eat or drink after half-past twelve has struck; although with her pleasant ironical humour she often arranges that her theatres shall not disgorge their hungry audiences until midnight or later. Dear old Spartan motherly soul!

Chapter XXXII.

Menus and Menageries.

Should you be dining or supping at one of the semi-Sultanic restaurants which constitute the brightest jewels in modern London's crown, do not fail to visit at least one of the annexes in which rare birds, fishes, or beasts are subjected to a special diet with a view to satisfying the requirements of the most exigent palates. The Savory is famous for its aviary where, under the vigilant care of a Fellow of the Ornithological Society, nightingales are fed on mellinuce—a delicious and sustaining preserve compounded of honey and nuts—previous to the excision of their tongues, while peacocks are patiently reared for months on a special *Educator* which develops their brains to a prodigious extent. The Frocadero's speciality is its sturgeon tank, where these finny monsters, imported straight from the Volga, are fed three times a day on almond-iced wedding-cake smothered in Devonshire cream, while the roof-garden at the Stilton is remarkable for the enclosure in which moose, armadillos, and other succulent rodents are kept in luxurious captivity previous to appearing at table.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

The —— Hotel. The class-room for the culture of peacock's brains.

Chapter XXXIII.

Restaurants and the Press.

One of the odd things about London expensive restaurants is the inability of reporters ever to see dining in them any one who is really anybody. Paragraphs in the newspapers frequently begin like this:—

"With the near approach of the opening of Parliament, the charming dining salons at the Savory Restaurant were even fuller than ever last evening, some notable faces being seen at the various tables."

So far the reporter is on safe ground—safe both for himself and the proprietor of the restaurant, who, since it is English money that passes into his coffers, is of course a foreigner. But the writer then goes on to give away with the left hand all that had been acquired by the right. For example, the conclusion of the paragraph that began so promisingly may be as tame as this:—

"Among others dining were Sir Lancelot Cadge-Cadge, Mr. A. King Voyde, and Herr Inveit."

Or again:

"I never remember to have seen the Stilton so full of beauty and rank as it was last night. Even Royalty was present at one table. Among the well-known faces were Mrs. Jack Jellico with her husband. Sir Hugh Paye-Eileet was being entertained."

Still, if you really wish to be mentioned there probably are ways and means. People can usually get what they want—if they want it badly enough.

We don't say that no one who is really distinguished is ever to be seen at the gilt-edged restaurants. It is merely that the reporter has bad luck.

(*To be continued.*)

Journalistic Candour.

"THE MUNICIPAL JOURNAL.
(Illustrated.)
This Week's Issue contains:
The Cheapest Gas in the World."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Want of Capital.

"With the object of rousing London Miss Pankhurst came to London with 25s. in her possession, and she has succeeded beyond expectation."—*Daily Telegraph.*

It is to the inexpressible gratification of Mr. Asquith and Scotland Yard that she did not bring £2.



"Wot are yer a-follerin' 'im for, Bill?"
"I'm going to listen to 'im play gowf!"

LIMERICK.

Here goes my love to Limerick! 'Tis there that I would be,
In the rare town, the fair town that lies beyond the sea.
Myself and darling Limerick we've been too far apart,
But the easy town, the breezy town, she always had my heart.

Of all the towns I ever saw, wherever I was set,
There's only one beneath the sun I never could forget.
I've shut my eyes in distant lands, and, oh, my mind was torn,
For I saw the streets of Limerick, the place where I was born.

But I was far away from her, the city of my joy,
Where once I wandered light as air, a little barefoot boy.
Since then I've worn the leather out, but never trod so free
As long ago in Limerick, the only place for me.

There's few to know the face of me on all the Shannon shore,
To grip my hand and call my name when I return once more;
But I will rest in Limerick, the dearest place I know,
Until, please God, I'm called at last and get the word to go.

ANNALS OF PHYSICAL RESEARCH ON COMMONPLACE CONCEPTIONS.

III.—"That a rolling stone gathers no moss."

It has often been remarked that from the smallest of incidents has sprung the greatest of ideas—for instance, gravitation from the fall of an apple.

While watching little Thomas Sawyer employing his leisure with his boy friends in some game of skill with those round stone pellets termed marbles, I remarked, "Thomas, have you observed moss form an impediment to perfect revolution?" The reply, though couched in somewhat disrespectful language, was in the negative, and further inquiry elicited the following facts which are tabulated:—

Kind of Stone.	Experimenter.	Amount of Moss.
"Commoney" ...	Thomas Sawyer.	Nil.
"Blood Alley" ...	"	Nil.
"Alley Taw" ...	"	Nil.

These results were sufficiently definite to turn my mind seriously towards a scientific investigation on the subject.

A certain hill was chosen, and stones of varying nature rolled down it. The data obtained are given next—

Kind.	Time in Rolling.	Weight before.	Weight after.	Amount of moss.
Pebble	5 secs.	1·001 gr.	1·001 gr.	0
Sapphire	1,000 secs.	·589 gr.	·589 gr.	0
Boulder	1 sec.	1 cwt.	1 cwt.	0

I regret that after the last experiment the police requested me to desist, so that I was compelled to prosecute further research by diligent inquiry from a well-known authority.

From Scalum McAlpine, Esq., the distinguished Scotch mountaineer, comes the following observation of an avalanche:

Kind of Stones.	Weight.	Objects gathered.
Numerous.	1,000 tons approx.	Cottage. Luncheon. Two guides. One alpenstock.

The absence of moss from the last column is extremely conclusive.

"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD."

Sir Guy de Vere was a baronet with no end of ancestors. He didn't think much of the ancestors, but the fair Lady Rowena was always throwing them in his face, and asking him why he couldn't be as brave and knightly as they. Seeing that Sir Guy was 5 ft. 3 in. in his socks, and living in England in the twentieth century, the question was a little unreasonable. Sir Guy intimated as much in the usual manner, whereupon Lady Rowena threw him over, and listened instead to the honeyed words of Sir Brian—the Bold Bad One. Then Sir Guy gat him to bed, full of remorse and the spirit of his ancestors. And he dreamed of the Good Old Days when he would have issued a haughty challenge to the black-hearted Sir Brian, and eke have split him through the midriff, gramercy.



Act II.—The Dream. Up-to-date Sir Guy, in evening dress, surrounded by men-at-arms, and fair maids, and henchmen, and seneschals, and monks, and pages, and faithful hounds. Enter Lady Rowena ("*Born:* 1176. *Recreations:* Embroidery withal—*T.A.:* none—*Clubs:* none.") to pray for vengeance against the bold Sir Brian (*Club:* heavy one with spikes). The mortal combat—eventually. Sir Guy not feeling at home in his armour, throws it off, puts on boxing gloves, and knocks Battling Brian out in one round.

Act III.—Twen. cent. again. Sir Guy wakes up, still full of his dream, and chases the modern Sir Brian all over the hall with one of the ancestral swords. He also exposes him for a card-sharper, and a coward, and kicks him out of the house. Discomfiture of Sir B—. Enthusiasm of Lady R—. Wedding bells.

That is the play; and it only remains to be said that Mr. James Welch is Sir Guy.

Roll up in your thousands, and laugh. Never mind about "stage technique" and the "fundamental principles of the dramatic art"—but go to Wyndham's and laugh. That, anyhow, is *Mr. Punch's* advice.

From an advt.:

"Then, again, there are many who never use anything in the way of hair-dressing, but pin their faith to water, and these eventually wonder how it is they lose their hair."

Anyone would lose his hair who had been so absurd as to go about pinning things to water. We don't understand this paragraph at all.

"The Trade custom of presenting to coachmen and chauffeurs small gratuities as an encouragement to exercise care is observed by this Firm."

This is printed at the head of a carriage builder's account. The custom is known as "driving a carriage and pair through an Act of Parliament." We do hope the firm will observe care.

THE SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.

["The new Shah of Persia has ordered a telephone to be fixed between his palace and a public square, so that any of his subjects may ring him up."—*Observer.*]

Though Allah has set me to rule alone
With power supreme on the Peacock Throne,
Though headsmen, grim as grim can be,
Will chop off your head at a wink from me,
Though thumb-screws, racks and dungeons dark
Await the wretch I may chance to mark,
Though boiling oil at the torture door,
Is always ready from ten to four,
To steps like these I seldom fly—
A highly benevolent tyrant I.

It is my aim to rule the land
With rather less of the iron hand,
And rather more of the velvet glove—
In short, to govern my folk by love.
I want to know what my people think,
Whether they've plenty to eat and drink,
Whether the taxes cause complaint,
Whether they're happy or whether they ain't;
And so I've connected the Peacock Throne
With a brand-new popular telephone,
And if any one finds there's a drug in his cup,
He has nothing to do but to ring me up.

Of course, when I've summoned the Grand Vizier
To state his views in my private ear,
When we're drafting diplomatic notes,
Or settling the question of women's votes,
Or how the new Parliament ought to meet,
And whether Labour should have a seat—
Of course, I say, I am always happy,
When trifles like these are on the *tapis*,
To hear the cheery and welcome tone
Of the telephone bell at the Peacock Throne.

"Are you there?" cries a voice, and I seem to see
The lily-white damsel who calls to me,
"Are you there, dear Shah? I want your aid
For a very unhappy and love-lorn maid.
I love Haroun, and I rather guess
From the curious manner of his address,
From the way he fidgets and stares at the ceiling,
That Haroun reciprocates the feeling.
But when I try, as a maiden may,
To bring him to book, he grows *distrait*,
And flushes and blushes and runs away;
So I want you to hint to Haroun, your Highness,
There's really no need for such terrible shyness."
I readily promise my help, and soon
She switches me on to the youth Haroun;
I 'phone him some fatherly kind advice,
The matter is settled in half a trice,
And I sleep with a glow of satisfaction
At having performed such a nice good action.

And if some wag with a taste for fun,
As he lurches home at half-past one,
Should ring me up from my bed to shout,
"Well, Shah, is your mother aware you're out?"
Am I angry? No! Rejoiced my folk
Possess such an excellent sense of a joke,
I greet the wag with a loud "Ha, ha!"
I am such a humorous kind of Shah.

Lord Charles Beresford's "*canard*," according to *The Spectator*, turns out to be a tame duck after all, but a little high with keeping. Hence the mistake.

DODGE-MUD, AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

A Game for a Rainy Day.

Dodge-mud is a game for Londoners in London. Played properly it is better than Golf; it is cheaper and affords more occasions for self-control. No apparatus is required beyond a pocket-knife and a clothes-brush to remove the mud after each game, and no special costume is necessary, although the interest and excitement will be increased if you happen to be playing in your best clothes. It is a game within the reach of all—city clerk, retired colonel, seamstress and leader of fashion. Everyone who can walk can play. All that is required is rain; ·14 of an inch is sufficient on roads laid down under Borough contracts, but the more the rain the faster the game.

Dodge-mud is an out-door game, and can be played in any London street. It can be played on the way to and from the daily work; few games have this advantage.

Any one can play excepting sandwich- and police-men. They cannot; they can only look on.

The game is played with mud.

There are two sides. You are one, called the Dodger. 'Bus-men, coachmen, chauffeurs and all other drivers of vehicles are the other; they are called the Splashers.

It is the object of the Splashers to get the mud out of the road on to the Dodger. The Dodger tries to dodge it.

Splashers may only drive through the mud; they may not use their whips or any other implement.

A Dodger may only use two methods: (1) The dodge-direct, which consists in springing lightly back or to one side. (2) The dodge-indirect, which is simply taking shelter behind stationary objects, such as pillar-boxes, policemen and ladies waiting to cross the road, or moving objects, such as sandwich-men and pedestrians. The dodge-indirect is more dignified and better suited to crowded thoroughfares.

A Dodger entering a hackney coach, club, cabman's shelter or any covered space, is considered to have lost the game.

A Dodger may not use an umbrella.

Mud should be carefully scraped off after each game to prevent confusion.

A game consists of 25 points over a distance of half a mile.

The scoring is as follows:—

A hit in the eye	7
Do. on the collar or any part of the face other than the eye	5
All other hits, for each spot	1
A pattern (a complete splash of five or more spots)	10

No hit counts which is less than one foot from the bottom of the trouser.



Lady (*meeting servant whom she had recommended for a situation*). "I am glad to hear that you are getting on so well in your new place. Your employer is a nice lady, and you cannot do too much for her."

Servant (*innocently*). "I don't mean to, Ma'am."

Horse-drivers give the best game because, besides wheels, they have horses, and horses have feet, which they must put down to get along. Of horse-drivers, bus-drivers are best because bus-horses have big feet. A good driver will not miss a single puddle.

The fastest game is obtained from the ordinary wood pavement—the kind with holes in it—but the beginner is advised to commence on asphalte or macadam and not to be disheartened. Just at first, he is pretty sure to be repeatedly hit on the collar or in the eye, and will do well to remember that even experts do not expect to escape without one or two chance hits.

The dodge-direct requires only agility. To take cover intelligently requires ingenuity and judgment. Choosing your occasion to move swiftly between stationary objects is quite a feature of the game. When using policemen, endeavour to cloak your intention. In using other pedestrians, do not hug* them, rather hang on† them, and move behind at the right moment. Here judgment is required, as some people resent a stranger walking close to them, and will increase or slacken their pace suddenly; this leaves you unprotected, as to follow suit is to court inquiry, which takes your attention off your game.

For the rest, do not rush your crossings, and look out for the catherine-wheel effects of the motor omnibus. Remember that Splashers may come up from behind; listen as well as look.

* Nautical. † Racing.



THE BETTER HALF.

Strong-minded Old Lady (to the new Vicar's Wife). "OH YES, MUM, I'VE 'AD MY UPS AND DOWNS, BUT I NEVER 'AD WHAT YOU MAY CALL A SERIOUS TROUBLE. I'VE ONLY LOST TWO HUSBANDS!"

OUR MODERN SOLOMONS.

THE eminent diplomat and *littérateur*, Mr. LE QUEUX, whose latest masterpiece is adorning the pages of *The Illustrated Mail*, is, as his myriad readers are well aware, the master of a style at once terse yet lambent, pithy yet pathetic. In a recent issue of the journal in question a few specimens of his laconic, or perhaps we should say leeunic eloquence, are given, under the winsome title of "Lequeuxisms:"—

"And the sight I saw was stranger than any man has ever dreamed."

"Babbling Belgravia is far removed from busy Brixton."

"The world has a short memory."

"A smiling face conceals many a broken heart."

"While paupers smile millionaires are miserable."

Mr. LE QUEUX is no doubt *facile princeps* in the art of coining these soul-shaking aphorisms, in which the greatest possible amount of philosophy, poetry and experience is packed into an infinitesimal compass by the hydraulic pressure of his massive mentality. But there are other writers who follow in his path, *haud passibus æquis* it is true, but still with occasional moments of illuminative inspiration. Foremost amongst these is, perhaps, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, from whose romances we have culled a sheaf of representative "Max-ims."

"Audacity often precipitates a catastrophe."

"It is a far cry from Mayfair to Peckham Rye."

"The world knows little of its most illustrious heroes."

"The sudden elevation of the impecunious is seldom attended by lasting prosperity."

"Two and two make four."

Mr. RIDER HAGGARD is responsible for the following crude forecast of the masterly epigram of Mr. LE QUEUX, quoted above:

"And then a strange thing happened."

The wise, witty, and tender sayings of Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING are as innumerable as the sand on the seashore, but the following may serve as examples:—

"If you want your kettle to boil, avoid keeping your attention fixed upon it."

"There are few things more beautiful than an infant's smile."

"No man is poor who has a sound digestion and a good temper."

"The further we are from England the nearer we are to other parts of the globe."

SHAN'T.

(A Point in Feminine Telegrammar.)

[The Post Office authorities (according to an article by Mr. HENNIKER HEATON in *Pearson's Weekly* for Feb. 21) have recently yielded to his agitation, with the result that the contraction "shan't"—which he describes as a ladies' word, and far more used by the gentle sex than by men—is now for telegraphic purposes regarded as one word instead of two.]

THERE is a little wayward word
 That won't agree or give or grant,
A negative too often heard—
 The female "shan't!"

"I won't!" a man will flatly say,
 Or helplessly admit he *can't;*
But ladies have another way—
 They always "shan't."

It sounds schoolgirlish, more or less,
 And somehow doesn't quite enchant,
To hear, when you're expecting *Yes*,
 "I simply shan't!"

But now, at any rate, there's joy
 For each man's sister, niece, or aunt;
They still more freely may employ
 Their favoured "shan't."

A ha'penny 's saved whene'er they send
 This term with telegrammar scant;
Nor need we further pains expend
 Discussing "shan't."

ZIG-ZAG.

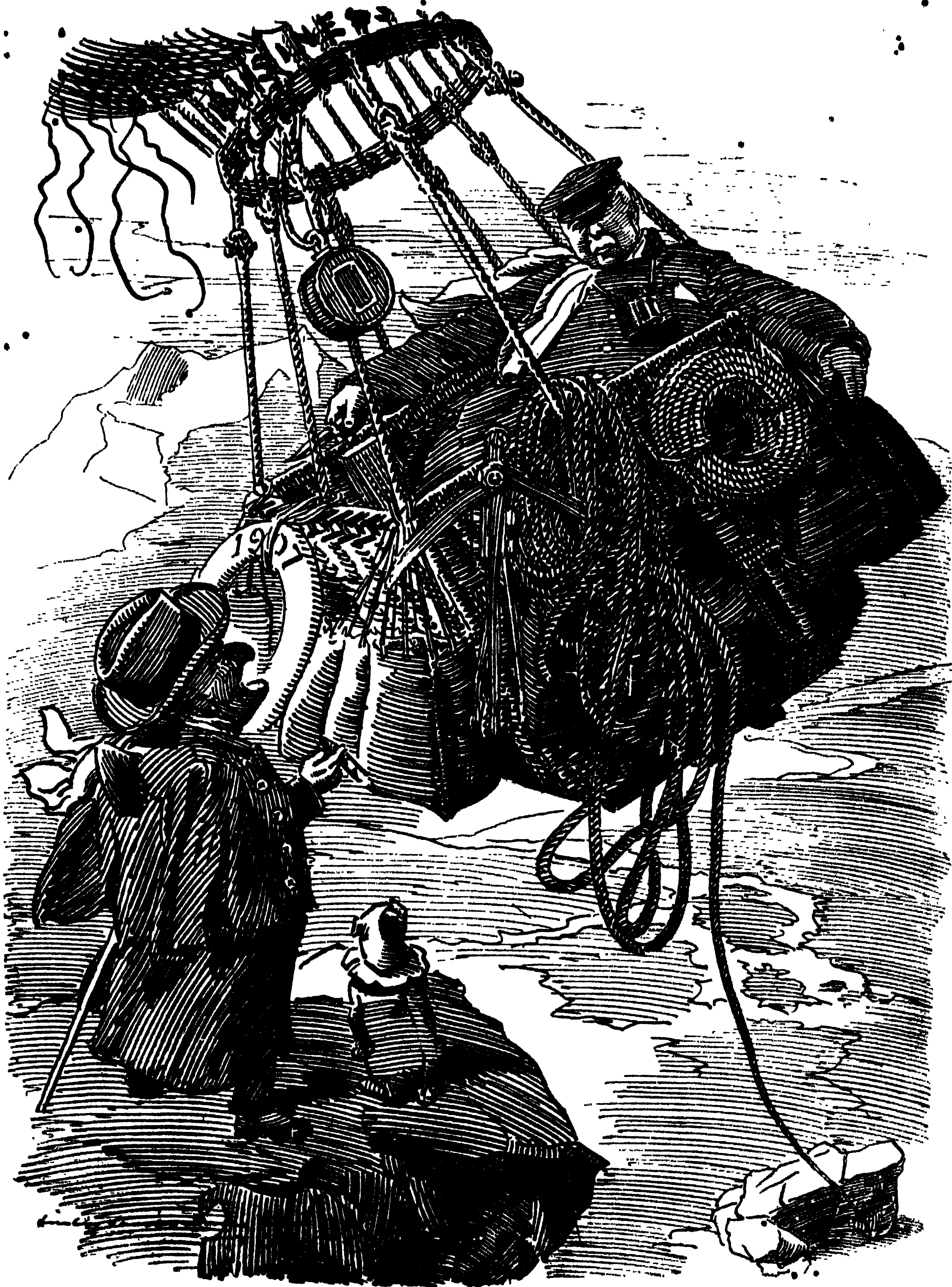
Look at this!!

"A Countess (genuine) will write her autograph or paint beautiful floral sprays in albums, etc. for charity. Autograph (only) 6*d*., spray 1*s*."—*Bazaar.*

"AUTOGRAPH or spray, Sir?" as they say at the barber's.

"Young Lady (Protestant) requires situation as Post Office Assistant."—*Local Paper.*

YET there are hardened men about who can buy a ½*d*. stamp off a Roman Catholic without even blushing.



TETHERED.

Mr. Punch (*wearied by annual delay over the Debate on the Address*). "NOW, SIR, YOU HAVE GREAT ADVENTURES BEFORE YOU. WHY DON'T YOU CUT THE ROPE AND START?"

C.-B. "WE 'RE ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO HANG ABOUT A BIT AT FIRST."

Mr. Punch. "THEN THE SOONER YOU MAKE A CHANGE THE BETTER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 12.—PRINCE ARTHUR rising to open campaign of the new Session, was discovered, to delight of crowded audience, to be in fine fighting form. At outset of speech on Address, he, by exuberance of praise of moderation and good taste of Mover and Seconder, dexterously dealt a back-handed blow at one of their predecessors of last Session, who seized the opportunity to enter the field of political controversy.

Had something to say about recess procedure of several of His Majesty's Ministers. None he personally admires more than ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, whom the new Session finds separated from the Education Office by the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea. Always convenient and useful for a Leader, whether on Treasury Bench or in quarters on other side of the Table, to have one in the adversary's camp who may be unreservedly applauded. It gives air of impartiality to attack on his colleagues. Another Minister whom PRINCE ARTHUR, with the sympathy of a keen fighter, admires, without personal liking, is LLOYD-GEORGE. Had several things to say of "the ubiquitous PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE."

Most delightful reference of all was flashed upon the figure of new Minister to Washington. Referring to BRYCE'S speech on Irish University Education (no one seems quite sure whether it was delivered before or after he had quitted the Irish Office), described him as "retiring from the fighting line, shouting 'No Surrender' at the top of his voice and nailing his flag to someone else's mast."



THE LATEST DELICACY AT THE "CARLTON."

"Repatriation (in the New Hebrides) had peculiar difficulties . . . It was like repatriating the Under-Secretary to the Colonies to the other side (*Laughter*). If they popped him down on one side of the island he was admired, respected, and cheered, but on the other side he was eaten (*Loud laughter*)."—(*Sir Ch-rl-s D-lke's speech*).



"A CASE FOR EVICTION."

(Is *this* Lord Cl-nr-c-rde?—If not, it ought to be!)

(Seen on Wimbledon Common, Feb. 1907.)

"That," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "is the best thing said in the House on the same lines since, years ago, at a serious turn of the conflict between the Parnellites and police authority, PARNELL suddenly disappeared and was heard of in Paris. HARCOURT applied to him the quotation:

> He fled full soon on the first of June,
> And bade the rest keep fighting."

Where PRINCE ARTHUR tripped was when he permitted natural indignation at the iniquity of the Government to carry him over exceedingly thin ice. Looking down the KING'S Speech, he observed no reference to approaching visit of Colonial Premiers. With voice quavering with indignation, which found echo in the pained moan of gentlemen behind him, he commented on "this amazing omission." "How His Majesty's Government can look forward to the meeting of the Prime Ministers of the Colonies within the next few weeks and yet make no reference to the event in the Speech, I confess," he cried, throwing up his hands with gesture of despair, "passes my understanding."

Recovering from momentary depression which contemplation of this iniquity gathered round him, and resuming attitude of active attack, he sternly reproved C.-B. for ambiguity in the matter of his views on the question of Free Trade. Forced to endeavour to construe C.-B.'s meaning from the attitude of his colleagues, "I really don't know where I am," PRINCE ARTHUR confessed, shaking his head sadly over a man with soul so dead that he was not able to make himself understanded of the people on question of Tariff Reform.

Long time since crowded House has enjoyed such prolonged bout of laughter as this sally evoked. Meanwhile PRINCE ARTHUR, with countenance on which sorrow softened anger, regarded the roaring host opposite. If, in a matter of this importance, they could make light of the criminal *laches* of their Leader,

he could only regret it. It was not his funeral.

C.-B. also in excellent form. His speech the best he has delivered in this century. Relieved from the hampering incubus of manuscript, he resumed the gently bantering tone that delighted the House before his spirits were damped by the task of Leader of a divided Opposition. Prince Arthur had twice delivered himself into his hands in the first place from failure of memory, in the second from what, if the phrase were Parliamentary, might be described as pure devilry. C.-B. treated him with a suave gentleness that softened the blow of his disarming sword.

Recalled the fact that twice under Governments in responsibility of which Prince Arthur had large share, in 1897 and 1902, Colonial Premiers met in conference in London. But there was no reference to the event in Speech from Throne. "That being so," C. B. added, with friendly nod across the Table, "we did not like to obtrude our shabby little share of interest in the Colonies."

This retort courteous was unexpected, and therefore most effective. The House, by outburst of hilarity, had anticipated rejoinder on complaint about C.-B.'s ambiguity of declaration of position on Tariff Question. But Tariff Reformers seated behind Front Opposition Bench grinned afresh when C.-B., leaning across Table, said with genial smile, "What the House and the country want to know is not my views on the Free Trade Question, which are simple and ordinary, but the views of right hon. gentlemen."

Business done. — Session opened. Address moved in both Houses.

Wednesday. — Mr. Weir never so surprised in his life. On Monday came south at some expenditure of bawbees in obedience to his Leader's summons to be in his place to discuss "matters of grave importance." No secret about their character. First and foremost was duty of bringing House of Lords to knee. Bills severally dealing with those ticklish topics, Ireland and Licensing, on the Agenda. A dozen others contemplated; but these will serve.

Address moved yesterday; debate resumed this afternoon. Mr. Weir has an amendment or two up his sleeve dealing with inadequate postal facilities in the Orkneys, the misdoing of a gunboat in the Minch, and the proposed opening of a *café chantant* at Cape Wrath. These by-and-by. To begin with would say a few words, whether on Lords, Licensing, or Home Rule, according as one or other might turn up.

Dropping in at 4 o'clock, he discovered House discussing Labour questions in the New Hebrides. What they meant by the adjective he did not know. Surmised sheer ignorance. Only one Hebrides; to Mr. Weir's personal knowledge they certainly not new. But what can one expect from people who talk of a broad thoroughfare in Glasgow as if it were spelled "Saucyhall Street?"

As far as Mr. Weir could make out, arriving when conversation was fairly heated, somebody (probably the Lord Advocate) had devised and was administering a system of indentured labour in the Hebrides. The terms of engagement, he gathered, involved a condition of repatriation. Now that is a thing no Scot who respects himself and truly loves his country will submit to. He



Napoleon at the Bar.

"Haldane has been at the War Office little more than twelve months, and behold this striking change."

will cross the Tweed, come to London, become in turn Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition, or *vice-versâ*. But repatriation he will not submit to.

Case before the House was, moreover, complicated by considerations unknown in Ross and Cromarty. According to Dilke — whose sound up-to-date encyclopædic knowledge makes him much better worth circulating (with or without revolving bookcase) than some volumes of which we wot—repatriation might be carried out in the Hebrides only under conditions of extreme precaution.

"It is," he said, "only natives that are not popular with their chief who are expatriated. Sending them back to their own country is like repatriating Winston Churchill. If you land repatriated natives on one side of their island they will be received with joy by relatives and friends. If you land them on the other side they'll be eaten."

Mr. Weir was aghast. He knew Uist, North and South. The island of Lewis was almost as familiar to him as the country round Loch Maree. Hunger, as he often testified, was not unfamiliar among the crofters. Cannibalism was unknown. Must go out and get a copy of this Blue Book he observed in every one's hand. Back d'reckly.

Business done. — Talking round about.

Friday night. — Remarkable example of the influence of association in moulding the appearance of a man is supplied in the case of the Secretary of State for War. Some of us have known Haldane through the more than a quarter of a century he has represented Haddingtonshire at Westminster. Throughout that time he had the Chancery Bar look and manner, varied by a *timbre* subtly pervading the figure of a Founder of the British Science Guild for the Propagation of Exact Thinking.

Looking at him to-night as he stood for a few moments at the Bar in the attitude of "Attention!" occasionally unconsciously dropping his left hand to his thigh as if feeling for the accustomed sword, one was struck by his remarkable personal likeness to the Emperor Napoleon. If he would cultivate (*more Scotico* on a little oatmeal) a longer growth of hair to the front, curl a lock over his forehead, and ride down the Rue de Rivoli to pay a visit to Les Invalides, he would create a Revolution in Paris. In addition to facial expression, he strengthens the illusion by appearance of something of that *embonpoint* that pleasingly marked the figure of the great Emperor in later years.

Thus wonderful are the workings of Nature. Haldane has been at the War Office little more than twelve months, and behold this striking change.

Business done. — Still on the Address.

It will be remembered that the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., speaking at Lewisham last week, said that he wanted Lewisham "to return the son of his father." We have reason to believe that, irrespective of party feeling, the electors of Lewisham are resolved to comply with this request at all costs. While Mr. Burns will doubtless be gratified by this expression of the regard which the people of Lewisham have for him, he is likely to be troubled by the antagonism of Women Suffragists, who see in this advice a weakening of his sympathy with their movement. We understand that Battersea is soon to be aroused by the bat[illegible] "Vote for the Daughters of their Mothers."



Master of Beagles. "HI! HAS OUR BEATEN HARE PASSED YOU?"
Gipsy. "NEVER NO 'ARE AIN'T *PASSED* ME, MISTER!"

THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE.

[One of the stipulations in the INMAN-HARVERSON billiard match is that when one is playing the other must not sit at the top of the table.—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN PEALL, with dire, relentless cue,
Had scored 3,000 off the spot,
Which seemed a simple thing to do,
Yet took a lot
Of doing, then by general consent
The spot was told to go, and forthwith went.

Then IVES contrived the balls to pen
With a pocket's orifice,
And cannoned on for weeks, till men
Exclaimed, "No, this
Is not what we call billiards"—on the card
Of rules was writ the legend—"Jam-stroke Barred."

When ROBERTS in his turn displayed
Uncompromising pushfulness,
Another barrier was made—
Men said, "I guess
This push-stroke fakement will not do for us,
It makes the game far too monotonous."

And now we find that lesser men—
INMAN and HARVERSON, to wit—
Contrive to bar the spot again;
One may not sit
Where t'other, with a 1,000-break in view,
May catch his eye, and balefully miscue.

This careful stipulation serves
To demonstrate conclusively
That stark professionals have nerves,
Like you and me,
Who grunt, "Confound that marker's yawn (or cough),
I knew he would be sure to put me off."

Will HARVERSON, condemned to stay
Without the INMAN line of sight,
Retire, when he is not in play,
To couch forthright
Beneath the table, till the marker calls,
"Sir, it is now your turn to nurse the balls?"

From INMAN and from HARVERSON
I take a lesson to the links,
Where I have lost by two and one,
Or more, methinks,
All for the lack of some convenient hut,
Wherein to gaol my partner while I putt.

A hut, a handy hut on wheels,
Painted some unobtrusive hue,
Is just the thing, this foozler feels,
Granted a true
And trusty caddie, posted at the door,
Which, opening, letting in, lets out no more—

Until with confident address,
Secure from SNOOKS' malefic gaze,
I give the tap—no more, no less—
Which on its ways
(Admire the metaphor in this last line)
Launches the pillule to its destined shrine.

The Lost Millions.

THE accountants who have been at work night and day for some weeks at *The Times* office have now sent in their report, showing the following sums that have been lost by famous authors owing to their misfortune in having existed before *The Times* Book Club was started:—

W. SHAKSPEARE	£1	0	6
J. MILTON	£0	2	8
E. A. POE	£10,000	15	0
HARRISON AINSWORTH	£58,000	0	3
M. F. TUPPER	£1,496,132	16	6

CROSS-EXAMINING A SUFFRAGIST.

Mr. Punch. Who is Miss Pankhurst?—*Answer.* She is a noble martyr.

Why is she a noble martyr?—Because she has gone to prison for the Cause.

Why was she sent to prison?—For insisting on her rights in Parliament Square.

For kicking policemen in Parliament Square?—Possibly; I was not present.

Well, let us say, for behaving in an unwomanly way?—She sacrificed herself. She is a martyr.

I see. Suppose that I behave in an unmanly way on behalf of Tariff Reform, am I a martyr?—You don't understand.

It is a little difficult. You talk about the Cause. What is the Cause?—Woman's Suffrage.

Do women want the suffrage? Miss Pankhurst's martyrdom is your answer.

Ought women to have the suffrage?—Why else is Miss Pankhurst in prison?

I understand that Miss Pankhurst need not have gone to prison. Was there not some mention of a fine instead?—She wanted to show that she was prepared to suffer for the Cause.

Let us be quite clear about this. There are a few million women in England. I understand that, if Miss Pankhurst had paid the 21*s.*, those million women would not have wanted the suffrage; but that as she has gone to prison that shows that they do want it. Is that right? Well, of course, if ——

Let us take a particular case. Let us take the case of Miss Brown, of Balham, say. Now we don't know a bit whether she wants the vote, do we?—No.

Nor whether she is a fit person to have it? N-no.

And if Miss Pankhurst had paid her 21*s.* we should still be in a state of uncertainty about Miss Brown?—(*No answer.*)

But because Miss Pankhurst has gone to prison, we now see with tremendous clearness that Miss Brown both wants and is entitled to the vote. That is so, is it not? Miss Pankhurst is speaking for the women of England generally not for Miss Brown in particular.

Ah, yes. Then no doubt the women of England have given her permission to speak for them? They have written to her, perhaps? All those millions have written to Miss Pankhurst to say that .—Of course she hasn't had a million letters.

How many has she had?—What do you mean?

A thousand?—(*No answer.*)

What I am asking you is this. How many women have given Miss Pankhurst permission to represent them?—Represent them where?

Well, in Parliament Square. Or in Holloway.—(*No answer.*)

A thousand?—Miss Pankhurst speaks for all women who want the vote. Of course I don't know exactly how many that is.

Neither do I. And each time Miss Pankhurst makes a disturbance or goes to prison, we get no nearer to the real number, do we?—No, I suppose not.

And no nearer to the rights and wrongs of the suffrage question?—(*No answer.*)

And so, after all, we come down to this—that, when Miss Pankhurst goes to prison, our deductions can only concern Miss Pankhurst?—You deduce, of course, that Miss Pankhurst wants the vote.

Quite so. Now, as regards the question of the 21*s.*, I think we may fairly put it like this. That, if she paid the fine, we might feel doubtful about her determination and enthusiasm on behalf of her opinions, but that if she went to prison we should be quite certain that she possessed those qualities. Is that right?—Yes. It proves that she is ready to suffer for her faith.

To suffer for her faith. Exactly. And the greater the suffering, the greater the proof of her faith?—Yes. Certainly.

Miss Pankhurst is very keen on these demonstrations for the cause?—Very.

She would be miserable if she were laid up with an illness, and unable to lead you against the House of Commons? Absolutely miserable.

And I suppose the fact that other women were getting their names in the papers, and making great demonstrations, and going cheerfully to martyrdom, would only make it more bitter for her as she sat idly at home?—Oh, yes, it would.

She would suffer acutely, in fact?—Yes.

I want to have this clear. Her sufferings would be very great in such a case as I have mentioned?—Very great indeed. I can imagine nothing worse for her.

And the greater the suffering, the greater the proof of her faith in the cause? Yes.

Thank you. That is my case.

His Lordship then delivered judgment as follows:

That Miss Pankhurst and her family should show their faith in the cause by suffering in the way suggested by *Mr. Punch*. That they should stay quietly at home for a while—keep out of the newspapers—arrange no demonstrations—go to no prison; seeing that this would be a much truer and more effective martyrdom than anything they had done as yet.

"And," continued his Lordship, waxing eloquent, "if time hangs heavy on their hands—

> "Are there no beggars at the gate,
> Nor any poor about the lands?
> Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
> Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
> Pray Heaven for a Woman's heart,
> And let the Woman's Suffrage go."

THE MOTOR AND THE MATINÉE.

We had a tiff and so we chose to ride,
Jack on the roof to soothe his rage by smoking,
I till the petrol vanquished me—inside.
Jack really is excessively provoking—
Why should he make all this old-maidish fuss
Because I choose to board a motor-bus?

Jack was my escort to a *matinée*—
We patronised the pit—and I, unwilling
Deliberately thus to throw away
Upon a cab the all too nimble shilling,
Informed him firmly that my choice was made,
And bid him hail the bus, so he obeyed.

The pavement stood in need of some repair;
The going could not be described as easy;
The driver wore a look of anxious care;
The roads were most abominably greasy,
And we betrayed—the fact can not be hid—
An unmistakable desire to skid.

Down in the Strand a hansom drew across,
Our rear brakes shrieked, the air was thick with curses;
I thought our Vanguard was a total loss;
I know we suffered three complete reverses;
But at the comedy where we were due
By great good luck we charged the waiting queue.

A clinging lamp-post served to check our run
(We mowed it down, but it declined to leave us),
We were shot off like bullets from a gun
Just at the doors which opened to receive us.
So I was justified, for, as it ended,
The places we secured were simply splendid!

CHARIVARIA.

A RECENT occurrence at Woolwich has proved that, in spite of rumours to the contrary, the nation is in possession of a very satisfactory explosive. At the same time it is a debatable point whether the authorities need have taken such drastic measures to reassure the public.

By the by, some idea may be formed of the force of the explosion from the statement in the Press that it has thrown three or four hundred men out of employment.

Many residents on hearing the noise of the explosion became panic-stricken, as they were under the impression at first that a new route for motor-omnibuses had been opened, and that the vehicles were passing their doors.

Burglars have stolen a number of valuable paintings and *objets d'art* from the residence of Mr. CHARLES WERTHEIMER. It is most gratifying to see a love of art springing up among our criminal classes, and there can be little doubt that a large amount of the credit is due to the educational influence of the increasing number of museums and free picture galleries in the poorer quarters of London.

With reference to the WERTHEIMER Burglary we have received a letter pointing out that, the day after the burglary, *The Daily Mail* published a diagram showing exactly how it was done, as well as sketches of the pictures, and our correspondent leaves us to draw our own inferences as to where he would look for the thief.

It is significant, by the way, that the journal in question, in its account of the affair, says: "Mr. WERTHEIMER himself was the last of the occupants of the house to go to bed on the night of the burglary." This is an obvious attempt, our correspondent thinks, to throw people off the scent.

Many persons must have noticed the grave and worried air which the members of the Army Council were recently wearing. The shrewder ones amongst us who guessed that a matter of some import was being discussed have turned out to be right. It is now announced that the Army Council have decided to reduce the proportion of war equipment camp kettles to one for every twenty-four men.

The Dickens Fellowship is investigating the claim of Sudbury, Suffolk, to be the "Eatanswill" of *The Pickwick Papers*. We have reason to believe that the Government feels hurt that no application was made to it to appoint a Royal Commission on the subject.



THE BOY'S POINT OF VIEW.

Injured Urchin. "'ERE! DON'T YOU GO IN THERE, MATEY. IT'S A BLOOMIN' SWINDLE! LAST NIGHT, ME AND 'IM WAS SWINGIN' RIGHT UP 'IGH, WHEN IT BROKE. I GOT ME ARM AND EYE BUSTED, 'E GOT TWO TEETH KNOCKED OUT; AND WOT DO YOU THINK? THE STINGY BLOKE WOULDN'T GIVE US ANOTHER GO FOR THE SAME PENNY!"

Mr. GEORGE HENRY WILLIAM LEWIS, who was convicted at the Middlesex Sessions in November last, has been released from prison, and is expecting hourly to be called to fill an important position on the staff of *The Daily Mail*.

Permission has now been given to the Judges of the King's Bench Division to wear their smart red robes on an additional number of days. Dandies!

"The Pluckiest Act of the Year" is the title which an ungallant contemporary is said to have given to an account of the marriage of a Suffragette.

Father VAUGHAN has arranged to give a further series of six addresses on the Sins of Society, he having been so fortunate as to discover recently half-a-dozen capital new vices. We trust that the new series will prove as entertaining and as great a success as the previous one.

The Registrar-General's Report shows that there is a decreasing demand for widows in the marriage-market, and it is prophesied that they will gradually die out.

A medical paper mentions the case of a woman who, after an operation, kept a pair of forceps in her body for ten and a half years. They have now been recovered, and, as it was the woman's first offence, it is thought that no further action will be taken in the matter.

After being totally blind for twenty-five years, a Baltimore minister, says *The New York Herald*, has recovered his sight by a fall on the ice. The first things he saw were, we understand, stars.

P.T.O. draws attention to a scurvy trick played on the late Sergeant-Major DICKSON. "The vivid narrative," says our contemporary, "that used to impress his hearers while drinking his glass of toddy in a little Fifeshire inn is related in this month's *Chambers' Journal.*" No words of ours can adequately express our contempt for those false friends who, while the old gentleman was engrossed in his tale, drank his liquor.

"Eighteen miles is the longest distance at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where a man shouting 'Bob' at one end was plainly heard at the other, 18 miles away."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

THIS works out at a mile and a-half for a penny, so it isn't so wonderful after all.

"The two small woolsacks immediately opposite the Throne were filled by Judges."—*Morning Post.*

What the public wants to know is (1) Why? (2) What with?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A MAN who is of mingled Irish and gipsy blood and is named after a Greek island has a better chance than most of us of being odd and interesting. Such was LAFCADIO HEARN, that melancholy and exquisite writer on Japan, first of all Westerns to understand sympathetically the people of the Rising Sun. By most readers LAFCADIO HEARN has probably been considered an American; but he was American only because he spent some part of his life there: he was, at the end, before all things an Oriental. To think of so sensitive and delicate a genius being fettered to Cincinnati (as he was for a while) is almost painful. The story of LAFCADIO HEARN'S life has now been told with much tact and skill by his friend ELIZABETH BISLAND, and is sent forth by CONSTABLE in two volumes, of which the greater part consists of letters. I recommend the book to all who care for the adventures of a distinguished and acutely honest intellect in the search for peace of soul.

Great Golfers in the Making (METHUEN) is a capital example of a good idea happily carried out. Mr. LEACH has induced thirty-four famous players, amateur and professional, from Old TOM MORRIS, the honoured *doyen* of the game, down to the youthful ex-amateur champion, Mr. A. G. BARRY, to talk about themselves, and they have responded to his alluring invitation with alacrity. Most golfers are journalists nowadays, and wield the pen as easily as the driver, but, as so often happens, the most engaging results are achieved by the unskilled penman, and there is nothing better in the book than the artless narrative of old TOM MORRIS, with its delightful digressions on his initiation in the practice of smoking and the reason why he did not become a mason. On the other hand the most practised writer among all golfers, Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, gives us a capital chapter on his early experiences. The attitude of young Oxford to golf thirty years ago is admirably summed up in the sentence: "I remember that what amazed them most was that a game should be played in one's ordinary clothes." Very good also is Mr. JOHNNY LOW, that impenitent opponent of the rubber-covered ball. For the rest these fragmentary autobiographies are interesting not merely from a technical point of view but as revelations of individuality, ranging from unaffected modesty to unabashed egotism. But the *camaraderie* of the golfer is agreeably shown throughout, and pleasure mingled with regret will be awakened by the many tributes to the chivalrous nature of the late FREDDY TAIT.

The Lost Word (HEINEMANN), by EVELYN UNDERHILL, may be safely recommended to all jaded readers of purposeless, ill-written fiction—more especially to Freemasons, Architects, and Catholics of both persuasions—as an unusually stimulating tonic. The hero, brought up in a cathedral close by a mother "pious and gentle, with smooth hair and a taste for church needlework," early showed signs of architectural ability, which pointed the way to Italy. But that way lies Rome, and the worthy Dean, his father, who "believed that the Thirty-nine Articles implied a University education," sent him instead to Keble, "a college which seemed likely to encourage a well-bred orthodoxy, without providing further food for architectural enthusiasm." In the "bustling idleness" of Oxford, after he had passed "Mods" and "suffered the spiritual shipwreck proper to intelligent young men," he indulged in a brief flirtation with biology, and then reverted to his first love, and became an ecclesiastical architect. The building of his first church, and the struggle in his mind between the quest of the Beautiful and the earthly love which seemed to him a stumbling block, is finely imagined and described. The book is often mystical, always suggestive, and Mr. UNDERHILL'S power of delicate but incisive ridicule is constantly cropping up in the most unexpected places.



'I 'EAR YOU'RE ACTIN' ON THE STAGE, BILLY?"
'YUS. I'M FIRST BANANA IN THE FRUIT SCENE!'

Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL'S latest novel, *Exton Manor* (ALSTON RIVERS & CO., 6s.), is, in my judgment, by far the best thing he has done as yet. It has all the humour and sense of character, the same fairness in stating and making allowance for opposite points of view, that were so conspicuous in his *Richard Baldock*, while, as a story, it is infinitely better constructed, balanced and developed than its predecessor. The main idea—an elderly peeress, well-meaning but autocratic, coming, with the best and most benevolent intentions in the world, to live in a peaceful Hampshire village, and succeeding only, to her surprise and dismay, in setting all the inhabitants by the ears—is full of humorous possibilities of which the author has taken every advantage.

There are situations that, with a little less tact in handling, might easily have jarred on the reader, but which are saved from anything approaching a false note by Mr. MARSHALL'S remarkable skill in dialogue. *Mrs. Prentice* is a real creation; and the two inseparable but "candid" friends, *Captain Turner* and *Maximilian Browne* the land agent, are drawn in the true comedy spirit.

Altogether, a novel which is not merely entertaining, but sane, wholesome, and excellently observed—qualities by no means invariably found combined in modern fiction.

Literary Note.

THE prospectus reaches us of a new paper to be called *The Experts*. The other two divisions, the liars and the —— liars, have always had plenty of representative organs.

CHARIVARIA.

A RECENT demonstration of a French invention has proved the possibility of running trains in our streets. We must confess that we are not astonished that our birth-rate should be constantly falling. We can well understand timid people being afraid to be born in these days.

The First Lord's admission that on the 13th inst. there was only one effective battleship in home waters leads one to doubt, after all, the wisdom of laying up the L.C.C. fleet in winter.

To the delight of everyone who is bored by the Thaw trial the differences between Mr. THAW'S counsel have been settled without a reference to the Hague Tribunal.

It is again rumoured, by the way, that *The Daily Mail* is about to amalgamate with *The Police News* and to adopt the title of the latter.

A report is going about (said to be traceable to Mr. ZANGWILL) that the Government's proposals for the reform of the House of Lords will include the assignment of a large number of seats to the Suffragettes. The only alternative to this concession would have been to build special Suffragettes' wings to our prisons, and the present Government is nothing if not economical.

Meanwhile a procession of the Lords (weather permitting) in their robes and coronets through the streets of London is talked of. They are realising that, to arouse popular sympathy, modern methods must be employed.

Pluck is not such a common quality nowadays that we can afford to pass it by without noticing it. We therefore take off our hats to *The Daily Chronicle*, which published a leader the other day in favour of Patriotism, thereby risking the withdrawal of the support of many of its admirers.

The public having shown a fondness for dialect novels, *The Daily News* is shrewdly attempting to cater for this taste in its columns. "The Earl of GRAND," we gather, is a Cockney nobleman, for he was described by our sprightly contemporary in a recent issue as a "Lord in Witing."

The appeal for funds for Cambridge University, in order to place its function as a teaching centre on a more satisfactory basis, has astonished many past and present Blues who had no idea of its deficiency as a seat of learning.

Doubts continue to be expressed as to the authenticity of the recently discovered portrait of SHAKSPEARE. Mr. HALL CAINE does not consider it half good-looking enough.

Although the attack by Mr. ROWLAND HUNT on Mr. BALFOUR caused considerable annoyance in official Unionist circles, the offending member is not to receive attention from the Party whips.

We cannot help thinking that many of those ratepayers who are taking exception to the provision of luxuries in workhouses are ill-advised, for there can be little doubt that, if the L.C.C. goes on with its present game, all of us who are not of the so-called labouring classes will be bound to go there one day.

HACKENSCHMIDT, the wrestler, was summoned at the Brentford Police Court last week for detaining a geyser belonging to the Brentford Gas Company. He did not appear, and an order was made that he should give it up. Some anxiety is expressed lest he should refuse to.

A feature of the internal decoration of the new Old Bailey is a fresco wherein there appear likenesses of Cardinal VAUGHAN, Lord HALSBURY, the Chief Rabbi, and Archbishop TEMPLE. The fear is now entertained that the presence of these dignitaries may have a regrettable effect in attracting others.

Be that as it may, the arrangements inside the new Old Bailey are so lavish and comfortable that those connected with the establishment feel confident that a better class of prisoner will now be obtained. It is even proposed that only those of British birth shall be allowed to use the new palace.



Impatient Golfer (*to opponent, who has had shocking luck all the morning*). "BUCK UP, OLD MAN, I WANT MY LUNCH. WHERE ARE YOU NOW?"
Opponent. "IN A HOLE MADE BY A WOMAN'S HEEL."
I. G. "WELL, GO ON, KNOCK IT OUT! THIS IS NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT!"

A FREE FOOD ORGY.

Addressed to the Members of the coming Colonial Conference.

From the gates of the dawn and the twilight
  (Whatever this patter implies),
With a song in your mouths, and a sky-light
  Of patriot mirth in your eyes;
Over oceans that, raging or rippling,
  Now harrow, now hearten, the tum,
By the seas that are seven (in Kipling)
  O brothers, I take it, ye come!

Representing the manifold muster
  Of worlds that are throned on the wet,
Scorched scarlet in maps by the lustre
  Of a sun that refuses to set;
From "Our Lady of Snows," from the burning
  Hot geyser's ebullient spa—
A prey to quinquennial yearning,
  Ye come to confer with Mama!

Made wise by our Winston and others
  Ye shall glean an Imperial view
On the duty ye owe to your brothers,
  As distinct from their duty to you;
How the lands of the moose and the wombat
  Must furbish their arms of defence,
To assist, at our call, in the combat,
  And blow the initial expense.

Ye shall learn that your Britain, the Larger,
  Exists for the good of the Less;
Any hint of the price ye would charge her
  The Chair will be prompt to suppress;
He will ask: "Is it fit that the fetters
  Of Love should be tarred with a taint
Of the manners of duns with their debtors?"
  And airily add: "No, it ain't."

O, foiled in your filial ardour!
  How fast your illusions will fail
When the cost of an Englishman's larder
  Alone is to count in the scale!
Worse still! for your reason will reel at
  This solace attached to the snub:—
They are going to give you a meal at
  The National Liberal Club!

O. S.

THE CONFEDERATE SPEAKS.

My mother has told me of fields, meadows, and hedges; but I have never seen them. She has told me also of guns, and dogs, and ferrets, and all the perils of the warren life; but of these I know nothing too. It is very unlikely that I ever shall; for I am in love with my art, and will not abandon it until I must. My mother says I must before very long, because I am growing so fast; but I mean to keep small. I shall eat very little; I eat hardly anything now. I couldn't bear to change this wonderful career.

This is my second winter, and I go into his pocket quite easily still. Why should every one grow big? There are dwarf men; why not dwarf rabbits?

My mother says that when I am too big I shall just live in a hutch all day and see no one. But I would not do that; I would die sooner. It is very easy to die if you want to.

What sort of a life do you think I should have if I could not help my master, *but knew that another was helping him instead?* That would be the terrible part. Once it happened to me, when I was ill and my brother went to a party for me. I suffered agonies all the evening. I seemed to hear the children laughing, and see them all open-mouthed with amazement and rapture when he was pulled kicking out of the empty hat. It was terrible. I lay there sobbing and biting my claws. But it was all right when he came back, for I heard my master saying to his wife that *Tommy* (that is my brother's name) was a fool. "Too heavy, too," he added, and then he brought me, with his own hands, a new crisp lettuce to see if I could eat again, and I ate it all, and have never been ill since.

I daresay if I was an ordinary stage conjuror's rabbit I could bear old age better. But we do not do that, we go to children's parties. There is all the difference in the world.

You have no idea how many children I see. And to hear them laugh; that is the best! I hear them laugh all the time, but I see them only for a minute or two. You must understand that until my trick comes on—and it is usually a late one—I lie all comfortable, although quivering with excitement, in my basket. I can't see, but I can hear everything. Of course I know exactly what is happening, although I can't see it. I know the order of the tricks perfectly. Now he's catching money in the air, I say to myself. Now he's finding an egg in a little girl's hair. Now he's passing cards through his body; and so on. And then comes the great moment when I hear him say, "For my next trick I shall require the loan of a hat. Can any one oblige me with a tall hat? As this is a rather messy trick, I don't care to use my own." They always laugh at that; but they little think what those words are meaning to a small black rabbit in a basket, and how my heart is beating.

Then the trick begins; first my master takes out of the hat a great bunch of flags, then heaps of flowers, then Japanese lanterns, and then a wig. I must not tell you how this is done, but I know; and I must not tell you how or when I am put into the hat, because that might lead you to think less of my master's magic; but after the wig has been taken out and they are all laughing there is a moment . . . Then my heart seems to stand quite still. When I come to myself I hear my master say, "Excuse me, Sir, but you carry very odd things in your hat. I thought the wig was the last of them; but here is one more." I cannot see the children, but I know exactly how they are looking while he says this—all leaning forward, with their mouths open and their eyes so bright. And then my master takes hold of my ears, pulls me up with a swift movement which hurts a little, but I don't mind (mind!), and waves me in the air. How I kick, how they scream with delight! "Oh the little darling!" they cry. "Oh the sweet!" "The pet!"

How could I give this up? What has life for me without my art?

Sometimes when we are performing in a small house where there is no platform the little girls make a rush for me and seize me from my master and hug me and kiss me. I have been a good deal squeezed now and then; but I know it is because I have done well. If I had not kicked so bravely they would not be so eager to hold me and love me. It is homage to art. But my master soon takes me from them and puts me in my basket again. I am afraid he has rather a jealous disposition.

One of our New Rulers of the Transvaal.

We fought till Kruger's power was broke;
  We solved a problem hard as nuts;
Now all our efforts end in smoke—
  Here comes the rain of Smuts!

"Age cannot wither her."

"Girl wanted, smart, about 71, for housework."

Glasgow Evening Citizen.



FOR THIS RELIEF NO THANKS.

Mr. R. M'Kenna (*the good fairy*). "MY POOR SUFFERER, I AM COME TO FREE YOU FROM YOUR FETTERS!"
Dr. Clifford (*still passively resisting*). "OH, DON'T SAY THAT! I DO SO *LOVE* BEING A MARTYR."

[It is stated that the new Minister of Education is to introduce a Bill that will remedy the grievance of the Passive Resister.]



Hostess. "OH, PROFESSOR, HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT YOUR WIFE?"
Professor. "THERE! I *KNEW* I'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!"

LOVE'S MEDIUM'S LOST.

[By discovering that bacteria abound in blotting-pads, *The Lancet* has broken yet another of the few remaining links between sanitary-minded lovers.]

DORA, when the leech was less in fashion,
Doubtless you recall how we two mugs
Nursed our not ineligible passion
On contagious tears and septic hugs.

Crude those raptures doubtless were, yet heartfelt;
Still we gave them up, when first my suits
Fostered *micrococci*, and your smart felt
Toques contained a depôt for the brutes.

We decided on the handshake—chilly,
Yet approved till then by scientists—
Meeting, as we murmured, "'Ware *bacilli!*"
With a top-speed clutch of tender fists.

Then the hand became diphtheria's hot-house;
Those who took its palm deserved their doom;
That reduced us to "Hullo!" or "DOT, how 's
Life with you?"—we dared not cross the room.

Later, doctors after much disputing
Proved how mutual *morbi* hopped at sight;
So we parted, I to Upper Tooting,
You to Brixton, saying, "Dearest, write!"

So I did, till reading lately, "Think well!
Danger hides in these unwholesome fads;
Proud bacteria, prancing round the ink-well,
Preen their plumage in absorbent pads."

Thus did Science, smashing every scheme laid
To connect the hearts of lovers true,
Find tuberculosis in our cream-laid
Correspondence—and we stopped that too.

Oft I've dreamed of sending birds, say swallows
(Which are cheap) to twitter of my love;
Yet the microbe (who knows where he wallows?)
May infest the beaks of the above.

Can MARCONI save us from the fever?
While I wafted airy songs, the germ
Might come floating in through the receiver
(Is receiver, though, the wireless term?)

One means only offers us a few tricks,
Madly though the *schizomycete* raves;
Telepathic thought 's no typhus-nutrix—
Darling, let us meet in mental waves.

"'How old are you?', asked Judge EDGE of a plaintiff at the Lambeth County Court. 'Twenty-one, Sir,' was the reply. 'How long have you been in business?' 'About eighteen years, Sir.' 'Began when you were three years old, then,' Judge EDGE remarked."
Daily Express ("World's Happenings.")

WE have worked the sum out on paper and are in a position to corroborate the result of His Honour's remarkable mental calculation.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Musical London. Our Melodious Metropolis.

IN no respect has the progress of London been more remarkable during the last twenty years than in the sphere of music. As Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE recently remarked in one of his Gresham lectures, the love of instrumental music is now so universal that you seldom meet even a sandwichman who has not a band on his hat. But a reaction is already observable, and within the last few years more than one of our leading concert halls have been turned into restaurants, and a project is even now on foot for filling the arena of the Albert Hall from the Round Pond and converting it into an annexe of the Bath Club.

CHAPTER XXXV.

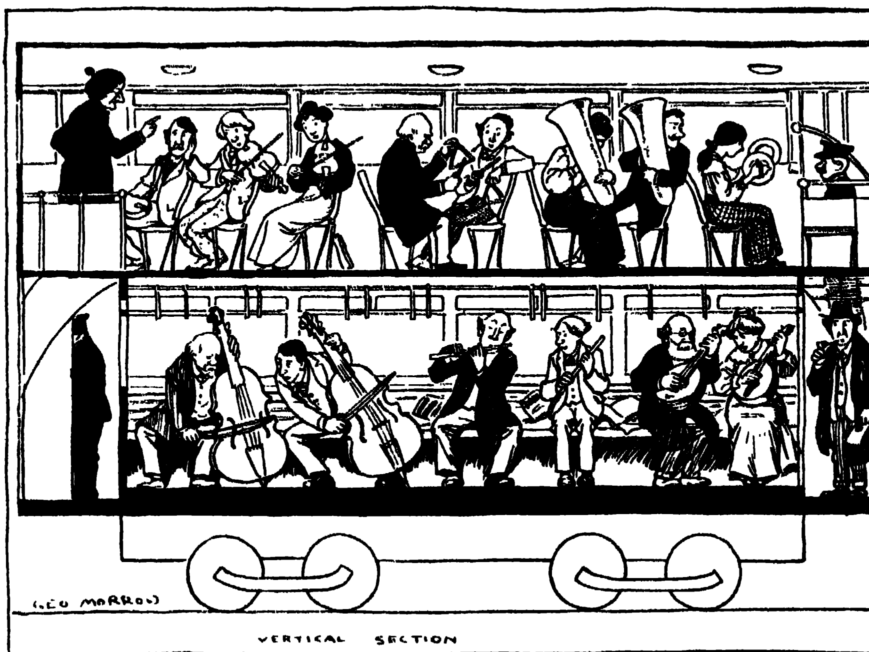
The Music Schools of London.

Still London remains a nest of song, and a visit to one or all of the three great musical schools—the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden Street, the Royal College in Kensington Gore, and the Guildhall School on the Embankment will amply repay the exertion.

We spoke just now of the competition of music and gastronomy, and it is on a practical recognition of this fact that Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE bases the curriculum of the Royal Academy of Music. Realising that at any moment the claims of harmony may yield to those of appetite, he and his staff lay themselves open to equip their pupils in both directions, combining plain chant with plain cooking, and high culinary *bravura* with transcendental vocalism. So too in the instrumental classes, which are always under the supervision of a *chef d'attaque*. As becomes a patriotic Scot, Sir ALEXANDER attaches great importance to confectionery, and the Tenterden Cake Walk is always a welcome feature at the pupils' concerts. In accordance with a judicious rule, the students are obliged to taste the dishes they have concocted, but to guard against any untoward results Professor BANDEGGER is always in attendance to render first aid. As a result of this humane and enlightened method of education, there is a constant demand in Greater Britain for the services of pupils trained at the Royal Academy.

The Royal College is also conducted on the principle of alternative education, but here the second study is that of motoring, a pastime to which the Director, Sir HUBERT PARRY, is passionately addicted. It may not be known that one of his earliest efforts was a masterly setting of BROWNING'S beautiful lyric "*Pip-Pippa Passes*," and of his larger works none has attained a greater celebrity than his "*Blest Pair of Sirens*," dedicated to Master PETER PANHARD and Madame DAIMLER. Sir CHARLES STANFORD shares his chief's enthusiasm for the internal combustion engine, and has recently purchased one of the new Renault road motor-trains, on which he travels every day from his home on Campden Hill to Prince Consort Road, to the mingled delight and consternation of the *élite* of Kensington Gore. Every pupil attending the Royal College must bring a knife and tuning-fork, a motor coat, a pair of goggles, and a tin of lubricating oil. At the last operatic performance the work chosen was BIZET'S beautiful *Auto Carmen*, in which the pet *rôle* amongst Royal College students is of course that of *Mercédès*.

The Guildhall School, as is well known, suffers from a plethora of pupils, and until recently the lack of adequate accommodation was a constant source of anxiety to the gifted Principal, Dr. W. H. CUMMINGS. Fortunately the enterprise of the London County Council came to the rescue, and the superbly roomy vacuum trams on the Embankment are now habitually utilised for lessons and classes, with results which are equally appreciated by pedestrians who frequent that thoroughfare and by passengers on the great metropolitan waterway. The conductors, it is needless to add, are now exclusively supplied by the Guildhall School.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

STUDENTS OF THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC HAVING A MORNING LESSON IN AN L.C.C. TRAM-CAR ON THE EMBANKMENT.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Pupils and Prodigies.

When the pupils of the schools and academies just described have completed their education, they go off to Germany, France, Italy, America and Australia to display their talents, thus generously leaving the home market clear for foreigners. Different districts of London, as we remarked in a former chapter, are frequented by different nationalities, the Russian colony specially affecting the neighbourhood of the Queen's Hall, where Mr. HENRY J. WOOD, when not attending the sessions of the Duma, caters generously for the tastes of his Muscovite clientèle. No one can traverse Great Portland Street without noticing the capillary development of the inhabitants of that thoroughfare, or the number of shops devoted to the sale of caviare, vodka and other Russian condiments. And while our country cousins are exploring this exotic neighbourhood they should not fail to visit the *Wunderkindergarten* which has recently been opened on the basement of the Queen's Hall, where prodigies of all races and all ages, from four to forty, are instructed by Professor OSLER in the art of defying the ravages of time. Here you may see precocious youths of nineteen, sumptuously arrayed in velvet suits with lace collars, playing with dolls, trundling hoops, or discharging popguns with the most abject and infantile nonchalance.

IN THE POLICE COURTS, 1910.

At the Westminster Police Court, Martin Carter, aeronaut to the Marquis of Stirkdale, surrendered to his bail. The prosecution was instituted under the 5th section of the Act of last year, and the accused was charged with having wantonly, and to the inconvenience of divers persons, discharged gas from the Balloon No. 2358 L. It was proved that on June 15 the prisoner set down the Marquis on the Terrace outside the House of Lords. The constable on duty then requested him to move higher up, but he refused and threw open the valve of his balloon. The House of Commons was invaded by an enormous volume of gas, and as four Irish Members happened to be speaking at the time a horrible explosion was averted by the merest accident.

The Magistrate said that competition of this kind was perfectly intolerable. He fined the prisoner ten pounds, and directed the conviction to be endorsed on his licence.

James Bristowe was charged before Mr. Plowden with negligence in the management of his balloon. There was a second charge of drunkenness, but it was withdrawn, as the police admitted that the prisoner had only been "slightly elevated."

Daniel Murphy deposed that on Wednesday evening he and his wife were engaged in an argument in the middle of the road. The prisoner was drifting past on his way to deliver a batch of evening papers. Moved by curiosity he lowered his balloon, and the grapnel became entangled in Mrs. Murphy's clothing, so that she was raised into the air and carried off.

The Prisoner. Was she beating you when I arrived?

Murphy. Yes.

The Prisoner. Did I bring her back to you, absolutely uninjured?

Murphy. Ye did, bad cess to ye!

Mr. Plowden said that the prisoner's cross-examination had disclosed a terrible state of things. The prisoner was an inhuman monster, and penal servitude was the only punishment for such refined cruelty. Unfortunately nothing could compensate Mr. Murphy for the restoration of his spouse. The prisoner must go to gaol for six months.

Arthur Beggs was summoned by Miss Priscilla Ravenworst for having attempted by fraud to extort more than his legal fare. On Wednesday afternoon the prosecutrix engaged the prisoner to drive her in his taximeter aeroplane from Queen's Road, Bayswater, to the House of Commons. At the end of the journey he demanded ten shillings. When the lady protested, he pointed to the dial of his taximeter, which registered ten miles. It was ascertained that the prisoner had risen great heights into the air while crossing Hyde Park, and thus had deliberately increased the mileage on the register. Mr. Plowden said that it was a bad case of fraud. The prisoner said he intended no harm. He was only "taking a rise out of the lady."

Mr. Plowden. That's as aeroplain as can be. (*Laughter.*)

Prosecutrix. He kept me late for my appointment. It was most annoying. All the arrests were over when I arrived, and while my colleagues are in Holloway I am by this man's action obliged to remain at liberty.

Mr. Plowden. You have no vote as yet?

Prosecutrix. No.

Mr. Plowden. Discharge the prisoner. As one of the parties has no vote in making the laws, I, as magistrate appointed under the laws, have no jurisdiction.



THE NEW ACT.

First Second Horseman. "I wish I was out of this!"

Second S. H. (*Irish*). "Bedad, ye won't be long! And it's a pound a week for life if ye're kilt!"

Writing of the hansom cabman, Sigma in the *Daily Chronicle* says:—

"He is at least a living being, and will keep his dashing vitality as long as he has a box to sit on; while the chauffeur, who is to supplant him, has about as much animation as a screw-driver."

On the other hand the hansom cabman often *is* a screw-driver.

BEHIND THE POSTS.

(With acknowledgments to "Linesman" of "The Daily Mail" and to "The Pall Mall Gazette.")

Forecasts by our Football Expert. — **The Results Reviewed.**

Thirty-two teams are engaged to-day, and fully sixteen results may be confidently looked for. Furthermore, it is not too much to expect that some changes, perhaps serious, perhaps not, will take place in the League Tables.

The number of results (definite or otherwise) in yesterday's games were just what our readers were led to expect.

Should Woolwich Crooks repeat their last season's victory over Blackburn Roosters they will not be creating a precedent.

Woolwich Crooks deserve the fullest possible credit for their fine win, a result very gratifying in view of what we said yesterday.

High Peakaboos, almost wooden-spoonists, may not win to-day, seeing that they have to meet the League leaders on the latter's ground. More we cannot say.

High Peakaboos failed to win, but nevertheless they deserve praise for their creditable draw. We plainly hinted at some such result in our remarks yesterday.

In the local Derby between Sheffield Split and Sheffield Monday Afternoon, anything may happen nor should we be astonished if it did.

It is indeed—as we may have remarked before—the unexpected that always happens in football, and, but for our warning, few would have anticipated the victory of Sheffield Split by one goal to nil.

In their last match with Millwall Gaol, it will be recalled, West Ham Sandwich scraped a narrow victory by one goal. The margin may not be quite so much to-day.

The surprise of the day was undoubtedly the victory of Millwall Gaol over West Ham Sandwich by fourteen goals to one. Statistics, however, are proverbially uncertain; and the truth is that the Sandwichmen struggled manfully against an unusually brilliant defence, and at intervals exhibited quite superior play. The referee, whose use of spectacles attracted universal notice, was obviously ill-advised in awarding twelve penalties to Millwall Gaol, all of which provided lucky goals. Taking this fact into consideration the score at half-time—one goal each—represents the average level of the play.

Fulham Arrows, who are making so bold a bid for the Southern League Championship, may go far to-day. At any rate they will take a lot of beating.

Fulham Arrows were palpably at a disadvantage owing to their execrable play. But that scarcely explains their defeat by ten goals to nil. However, they certainly did take a lot of beating.

Northampton Cobblers are struggling desperately for points, and it remains to be seen whether they will get any to-day. At any rate it is scarcely possible that they will obtain fewer points than at their last defeat.

The Cobblers failed again; but what else could be expected of such a team? We need scarcely add that they again secured the minimum points.

Should a draw ensue between two such fine defensive teams as Plymouth Aberdeen and Hottentotspurs it is quite on the cards that no goals will be scored by either side.

The fact that Hottentotspurs were enabled to break the strong defence of Plymouth Aberdeen and score a goal, was largely due to the fact that the latter's goalkeeper met more than his match, for once. But as Plymouth Aberdeen also scored from a penalty the resulting draw occasioned no surprise—not to us, at any rate.

Last year, it will be remembered, Gainsboro' Duchesses scored a great victory over Leicester Fossils by seven goals to one, and in the early part of the present season the latter triumphed over their former victors by an exactly similar score. It is, therefore, quite possible that either team may win by an appreciable margin to-day.

A fine match, full of keen play, was seen between the Duchesses and the Fossils. The latter scored the winning goal from a penalty just on time, thus abundantly justifying our predictions.

THE WISDOM OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

Of Conversation.

I.—Of him that Talketh.

If thou art the talker, oh my son, remember that the true aim of conversation is the revealing of all thy innermost thoughts and the making of thy soul intelligible to the many. Talk much, therefore, and long, and let thy discourse be about thyself for the most part.

If any man interrupteth thy speech, raise thy voice slightly and keep thine eye averted. If that other still harasseth thee with vain interruptions (be sure that any interruptions of thy speech are vain) raise thy voice still more. If thy voice be the louder thou shalt prevail, but if his voice overcometh thine thou shalt shrug thy shoulders as being one of the gentler sort and unable to strive with them that are rough and rude.

Talk for thine own pleasure. If a reminiscence pleaseth thee, spare not the theme but tell it at length. Cut not irrelevant details and familiar platitudes out of thy discourse, for know this well, that if thou shouldest confine thyself to topics that are both novel and interesting thou wouldest by no means be able to do all the talking thyself.

Tell me a thing that is more noisome than that.

II. Of Him that hath to Listen.

If it be thy misfortune to be the listener, remember that the true aim of conversation is the Interchange of Ideas. Make it thy business that if there be no Ideas there be at any rate enough of Interchange.

For this purpose note the man that would speak at length, and if he pause even for the space of a second see that he be interrupted. By whom should he be better interrupted than by thyself? Nay, even if he pause not at all he may nevertheless be interrupted. Thou mayest have no mind, but hast not thou a tongue and a pair of lungs? Use these, my child, with assiduity.

When he that talketh uttereth an opinion, say *sotto voce* (which, being interpreted, means just so loud that he heareth thee as it were unintended), "But behold, he is but a youth," or "But condemn him not of folly, for he is an old man and to be excused."

If he laboureth his opinion with great detail and proveth



Caller. "So sorry to hear of your Motor accident."
Enthusiastic Motorist. "Oh, thanks, it's nothing. Expect to live through many more."
Caller. "Oh, but I trust not!"

beyond a doubt the truth of his assertion, answer with the air of a friend who would concede everything to him but is withheld by too nice a regard for the truth:—"Yea, there may be something in what thou sayest."

Finally, in all thy conversation remember this if thou wouldest be one of thy own generation: Thou shalt talk thyself, but other men shall only remark yea or nay, and that not too often lest they become garrulous.

Of Motor-Omnibuses.

If by a combination of circumstances thou shalt overtake a motor-omnibus that is broken down, regard it as a personal triumph of thine own. Smile knowingly at the driver of thy horse-omnibus and say to him, as one that shareth a grievance:—"Lo, doth it not serve them aright?"

Let it not weigh with thee that on ninety-nine occasions out of a hundred thou dost take a motor omnibus thyself, and on the hundredth dost only refrain because there is no motor-omnibus at hand to take.

Of Editors.

My friends, be Editors what they may, it is expedient that he that writeth aught should keep in their good books. Therefore, what I think of Editors I will tell thee another time, and that in thy private ear.

TOBY *v.* LION.

[Major Powell-Cotton was protected from the assault of an infuriated lion in Central Africa by a copy of *Punch*, which is said to have afforded protection to his abdomen.]

The wounded lion with a lusty roar
Advanced to drink the gallant Major's gore;
But suffered great confusion when he felt
An unexpected *Punch* below the belt.

Sportsmen! herein I find a happy omen
Good for the deadly need of your abdomen.
Would you defy the foe upon his treks,
Wear *Punch* for armour, *Punch* for *aes triplex*.

According to the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Asquith recently said:

"If after declarations of that kind my right hon. friend or any of us were, because of these clumsy taunts about Home Rule, to recede from the position we then took up, *to fold our arms, and try to put the Home Rule question on the shelf*—and there is no more difficult operation on earth—etc., etc. (Ministerial cheers)."

It really sounds quite difficult.

A Generous Offer.

"Motor Boat, 8 h.p., carry 8. Will sacrifice immediate purchaser."



A THIRST FOR--INFORMATION.

Our Social Reformer. "WHAT WE WANT, MY FRIENDS, ARE LESS OVER-CROWDED SLUMS, LARGER VILLAGES, MORE PLEASURE FOR THE WORKERS, AND LESS DRINK."

Villager. "WELL, SIR, BUT 'OW *ARE* WE TO 'AVE MORE PLEASURE IF WE 'AS LESS BEER?"

TO THE ELECTORS OF LONDON!

IF you have made up your mind how you are going to vote, be Progressive in making your way to the polling booth, but—

Be Moderate in the number of X's you make or you will spoil your card.

Remember that if the Moderates secure a majority on the new Council the Progressives will be *very* angry.

You wouldn't like to meet a *very* angry Progressive, now would you?

Well then!

If, however, the Moderates don't win, they will certainly be *frightfully* sick!

You wouldn't care to see a *frightfully* sick Moderate, would you?

Of course not!

If you read half the things you believe—I mean if you believe half the things you read—in the Yellow Press (especially in the Pink Portion), you cannot hesitate.

Again, if you believe half the things you read in *The Daily News*, you cannot hesitate.

But, supposing you read *both* sides (and are still at large), and believe a *quarter* of the things you read about each Party?

Ah! Well now we *can* advise you!

If you really believe that the Progressives and the Moderates consist of a delightful mixture of Expert Liars, Robbers, Children-blinders, Faked-Account-manufacturers, Wastrels, Trumped-up-Scandal-mongers, and Greedy Electric-Trust Magnates, *then* we advise you

NOT TO VOTE AT ALL!

For, if nobody voted, nobody would get in.

Then there would be no rates.

Which would be grand!

FROM *The Cork Constitution's* report of the PREMIER'S speech:

"Well, I have never been very valuable (*sic*) on the question of Free Trade, because my views are well-known."

This makes MR. BALFOUR out extremely precious.

"Another supporter gave high praise to the production of *Othello*. 'I was so affected by it that I had to retire. I had had enough. That is the essence of good acting.'"

Manchester Guardian.

So, then, really good acting is much commoner than we thought.

The Marriage Market.

SHOCKING REVELATIONS.

Mr. Punch had always heard the various women's weeklies well spoken of by ladies of his acquaintance, several of whom had assured him that when you got past the advertisements you did actually find the editorial part in the middle. His enthusiasm fired by these tales, *Mr. Punch* determined to explore for himself, and accordingly obtained a copy of *The Queen*. When at last he did arrive (as previous travellers had averred he would), blushing but triumphant, at the literary matter inside, what was his horror to find that the first article to meet his eye was:

"*Hints on hunting for girls with small allowances.*"

"Disgraceful!" said *Mr. Punch*, and he returned hastily to his *Spectator*.

"The question of 'vestments' or dress, therefore, does not involve doctrine; for, as was urged yesterday by the Bishop of WINCHESTER, symbolism in dress belongs to a comparatively late age—the age of HONORIAS and of ALCAIN."

Morning Post.

WE know the latter gentleman very well, and the form in hats (say) that his symbolism takes; but who is HONORIAS?



THE SECOND-OF-MARCH HARE.

Hare. "WELL, IT DOESN'T MUCH MATTER WHICH GETS ME; THEY BOTH WANT MY BLOOD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 18.—There are two things the House of Commons delighteth in. One is youth; the other ingenuousness. Combination



"HEIR TO THE DUKEDOM OF NORTHUMBERLAND."

"The Lords represent the deliberate judgment and opinion of the country."—*Earl Percy.*

in an individual is irresistible. Earl PERCY possesses the dual charm. Exhibited to-night with full effect. Rose from Front Opposition Bench to move official amendment to Address. It lamented that the Government, supposed to be entering the stage with both hands full of social legislation, should wantonly turn aside in pursuit of revolutionary changes such as Home Rule and reform of House of Lords.

Naturally the heir to the Dukedom of Northumberland devoted chief part of his speech to defence of House of Lords. Later ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL put the case in the nutshell of an epigram. "The arguments of gentlemen opposite amount to this," he said; "that, whenever the Lords threw out a Liberal measure, there ought to be a General Election. That meant annual Parliaments when the Liberals were in power; septennial Parliaments when the Tories had a majority in the Commons."

Earl PERCY, nothing if not impartial, admitted as "broadly and historically accurate" the assertion that the Lords threw out more legislation proposed by Liberal Governments than by Conservative Governments. But that was only because they represent the deliberate judgment and opinion of the country. Ministerialists broke in with shout of boisterous laughter. Like his ancestor at Chevy Chase—or was it the other gentleman?—PERCY, though keeping his legs, stood "in doleful dumps" regarding the hilarious crowd.

What were they laughing at? He had made his assertion with the utmost gravity. Not a furtive smile, much less a wink, suggested sarcasm or irony. He seriously meant, as he solemnly said, that the House of Lords, dealing with legislation submitted to them, were in disposing of it actuated solely by consideration of the highest interests of the people. That through a period extending with brief interval over twenty years they had never rejected a Bill submitted by a Unionist Government, and that in the first Session of a Liberal Ministry they had wrecked two important measures was incontestable. It only proved that Bills having birth in Conservative Cabinets were more in unison with the real wishes of the nation than were those which saw the light under Liberal auspices. *Q. E. D.*

A delightful speech, marked by that hard hitting enjoyed nowhere more than in the quarter attacked.

Business done.—Amendment to Address, moved from Front Opposition Bench, negatived by majority of 263.

Tuesday night.—Often heard talk of *Hamlet* being played in absence of *Prince of Denmark*. Realised to-night all arrangement means. Question of Tariff Reform turned up once more and, to regret of men in all parts of House, DON JOSÉ still tarries in his sick chamber.



THE STONE-AJAX DEFYING THE GLACIER.

"I wish that my lot had been cast in a simpler age . . . . I think the time may come when I shall be endeavouring to prevent hon. gentlemen opposite being swept away by a Protectionist flood."—*Mr. Balfour on the Fiscal Question*, Feb. 20.

No more striking tribute to his strong personality, his commanding presence, could be forthcoming than was incidentally presented. By his empty place on Front Opposition Bench sat PRINCE ARTHUR. There are, as we know, few things that lie nearer to his heart than Tariff Reform. He said so a year ago and, up to the eve of the opening of the Session, was so affected by its present position that he could not trust himself publicly to recur to the subject. Even now, when brought forward in form of amendment to Address, he shrank from having it moved from Front Bench.

Accordingly it was left in charge of Mr. HILLS, who entered the House last year as Member for Durham City. Mr. HILLS is, to tell the truth, not so uplifting as his name. At considerable length he read a paper on the subject, the performance succeeding in emptying the House long before he reached his "Lastly" word more blessed than Mesopotamia.

Thus it came to pass that, looking up to the HILLS whence cometh our help, we Tariff Reformers suffered disappointment. Gloom of the sitting not wholly due to prominent part played by Member for Durham City. As not infrequently happens, the piece was spoiled by the performance being dragged over two nights. No one on either side will assert possibility of saying anything new on subject. Funeral baked meats coldly furnish forth other than marriage tables.

Had the feast been limited to a single sitting, the absence of nutrition would have been less marked. Old Parliamentary instinct, common to all Oppositions, of insisting on having two or more nights allotted for discussion of controversial questions of a particular class, prevailed. What, comprised within space of eight hours, might have been a brisk rally, a lively fight, became a succession of dreary speeches stuffed with what CARLYLE, not having fear of Serjeant-at-Arms in his mind, called thrice boiled colewort.

Still, had debate been so limited, we should not have had ROWLAND HUNT on his legs. ROWLAND, a Unionist beyond reproach, had made up his mind to give PRINCE ARTHUR an Oliver in rebuke of his alleged supineness on Tariff Question. In the solitude of his study wrote down a few nice things which he proposed to read to House. Not pleasant to rag Commander-in-Chief in his presence and in face of the common enemy. If ROWLAND could get a look in whilst PRINCE ARTHUR still dallied with dinner, it would be more agreeable all round.

After long waiting opportunity came. During earlier part of night PRINCE ARTHUR remained at his post. At outset he gallantly assumed attitude of the late Lord CHATHAM who, with sword drawn, stood waiting for Sir RICHARD STRACHAN, on this occasion represented by C.-B., whose views on question of Tariff Reform PRINCE ARTHUR a week ago declared himself dying to learn. But he is, after all, almost human, and, as the dreary repetition of familiar argument and illustration dripped from the HILLS and elsewhere, the martial attitude gave place to limpness of figure, look of undisguised boredom.

Just before eight o'clock with temporary resumption of briskness he went off to dinner. Now was ROWLAND'S time. He, too, felt the calls of hunger, and weakly retired; but when he returned the Leader's seat was empty. JESSE COLLINGS was on his legs explaining that he was "still a Free Trader," but the country, which had just returned the largest muster of Free Traders ever gathered at Westminster, "did not enjoy Free Trade."

At last ROWLAND'S hunt was successful. He caught the SPEAKER'S eye and, producing his notes, went ahead. Just got as far as the cheery remark that "the heaviest drag on the wheel, the man who really did more than anybody else to hold back the policy of Colonial Preference," was his esteemed Leader. A shout of laughter, a roar of hilarious cheering interrupted him. Looking up, he beheld PRINCE ARTHUR lounging in from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.

Here was a pretty go! Abruptly to discontinue would be cowardly. To vary the line of his prepared speech impossible at a moment's notice. Only thing to do was to go straight on. Proceeded to do so with lugubrious remark, "I have got myself into hot water."

After this *divertissement* of a good man struggling in a pan of hot water, debate relapsed into dulness.

Business done.—Still on Address. Positively last night but one. Address to be got out of the way to-morrow, and then, after lapse of a week and a day, over-worked House will really begin business. It's a way we have at Westminster.

Friday night.—Notable absence of Ministers from Treasury Bench; generally accounted for by circumstance that sitting was occupied by business in charge of private Member. That not wholly the case. Fact is the Local Government Board are sitting at Whitehall, and as the occurrence is rare, if not unique, there is full attendance there.

Considering the parochial character of work committed to the Board, its constitution has been framed with exceptional care. It includes the Lord President of the Council (Earl of CREWE), the Lord Privy Seal (Marquis of RIPON), Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Sir EDWARD GREY), Home Secretary (Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE), Colonial Secretary (Lord ELGIN), Secretary of State for War (Mr. HALDANE), Secretary of State for India (Mr. JOHN MORLEY), and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. ASQUITH).

By virtue of his presidential office, Mr. BURNS took the Chair. The proceedings, carried on in private, were prolonged. It is understood they will have considerable effect upon parishes, metropolitan and provincial, with populations exceeding 5,000. The President was so gratified with the proceedings that he expressed a hope that the meeting might take place weekly. The suggestion was agreed to *nem. con.*

Business done.—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill dropped in on annual visit. For old stager she looked very fit.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS MUSE.

AWAKE, my stubborn Muse, awake!
Put off this nasty attitude;
Get up, and give yourself a shake;
Come out and work, for goodness' sake.
I want some food.

I do not urge a heavy claim.
I know you coy, and swift to cool,
And most capricious; all the same,
Isn't it time you played the game,
And not the fool?

Here I have themes from which to choose,
And humorous conceits *ad lib.*,
Matters, I say, that any Muse
Could tackle in a brace of two's;
And yet you jib.

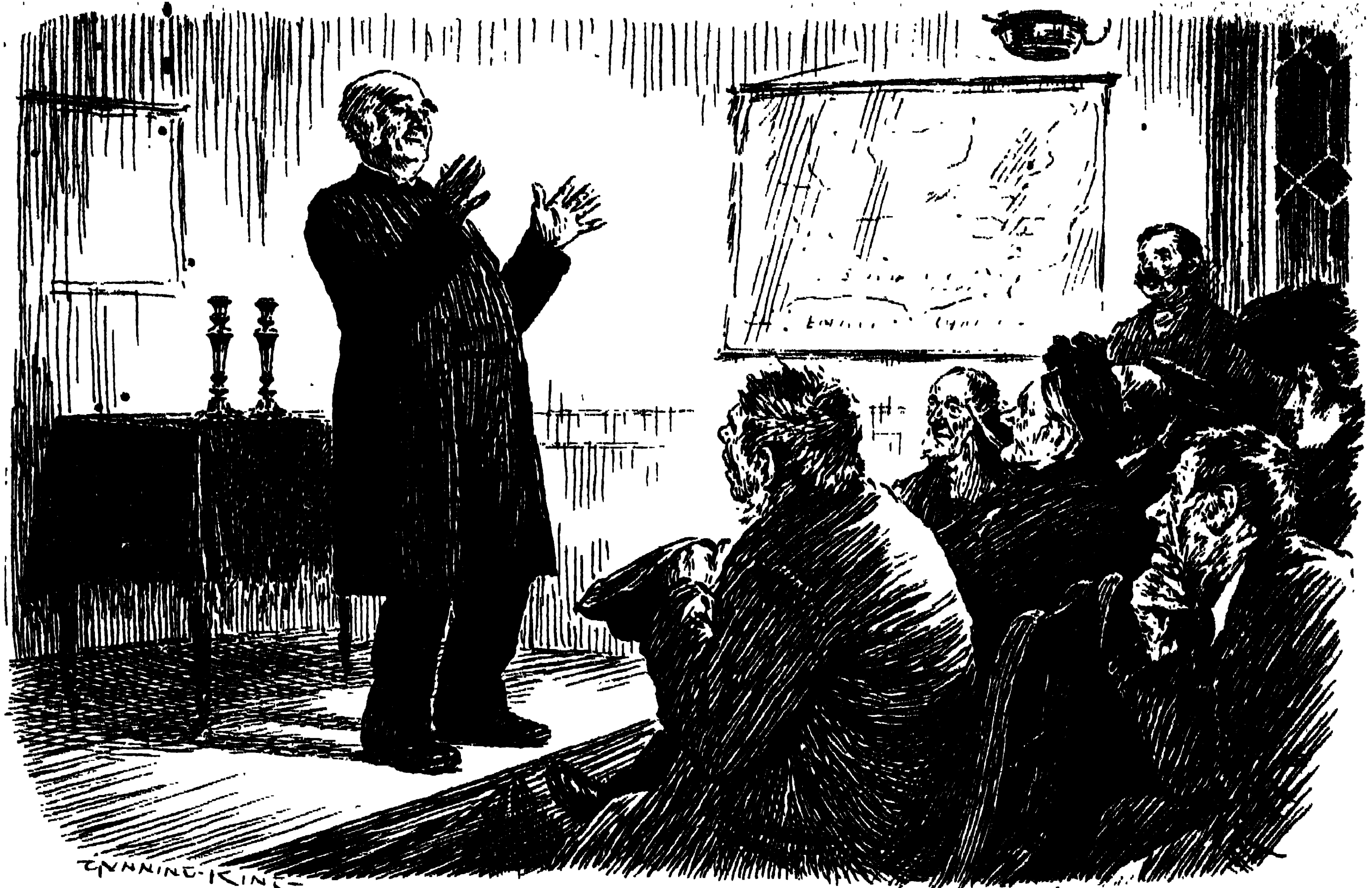
O Muse, for ever wandering free,
Cannot you keep the thing in bounds?
Bethink you what it means to me;
While you remain an absentee,
I'm losing pounds.

Each morning, flushed with vain desire,
I breathe a prayer, and buckle to;
All day I twang a barren lyre,
And chuck the proceeds in the fire—
Which doesn't do.

Then come, sweet truant, come! Be good!
And ease me of this direful slump.
I cannot force you if I would;
Begad, I only wish I could!
I'd make you jump!

Come out; and ere another day
Breaks rosily over yon grave East,
Grant me a profitable lay:—
Come, gentle Muse! *Come hup, I say,*
You hugly beast! DUM-DUM.

Now that it has been officially announced that Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S income has never (in spite of many cruel rumours to the contrary) exceeded £4,000,000, *The Daily Telegraph*, we understand, proposes to proceed with its shilling testimonial.



OUR RECTOR RECEIVES A PRESENTATION.

'My friends, your kindness has followed me throughout my sojourn in your midst, but never till now has it overtaken me!'

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Dearest Daphne,—Josiah having to come here on a brief business-visit, your Blanche *positively* elected to come with him and sample the States. If Josiah ever was a boy, it happened *here*, you know, and I believe his *first* fortune was made here, though all the others were made in as many different parts of the world. He doesn't care to talk of his obscure origin and early struggles, and I'm sure I've no curiosity on the subject. Of all bores and horrors the *worst* are those fearful boys who've tramped barefoot from somewhere, with only a halfpenny, or a cent or something in their pockets, and have begun by sweeping out an office till somebody told them to leave off.

Norty, who's been here and everywhere else, said to me before I started, "If you want a thumb-nail impression of the States, Girlie, here it is: From the time you steam up the Bay, interview Liberty Enlightening the World (as to Trusts, Tammany, and Tinned-Goods), and step ashore, to the time you quit, you seem to be always in a hustling crowd, always going at full speed, and with bells ringing all round you."

It goes without saying that I was received with open arms by Society in New York and Washington, and that I met lots of familiar faces.

The New York Trumpeter had both our portraits (Josiah looked simply most *awful* in his!) and a heading, in letters as tall as your finger, "Jos Multimill revisits the Land of his Birth with Beautiful Titled English Wife, whose Ancestor was one of the Barons that forced Jack to grant Magna." And *The Up-Town Eavesdropper* published an Interview with me (*entirely* invented, my dear) called "British Society Leader airs her Views on our Women and Girls."

I don't say I've not *got* my views on the subject, but I'll tell them to no one but my Daphne.

This country is sometimes called the Paradise of Women, and the name's all right, if putting us always in front and giving us everything, almost before we ask for it, makes our Paradise. But it doesn't. In our *hearts*, *all* we women like to find our master, and, supposing we care for a man *at all*, we never like him so well as when he looks terrible and shouts, "I *forbid* you to do so and so!" It's such fun *then*, you know, to go and *do* it! And *that*'s a joy the American wife don't know. She never gets the chance to quote those lovely words of Chaucer's, "Fie, fie, unknit that something-or-other brow."

In short, Female Columbia, with all her vaunted perfections, would be a *nicer* and even *happier* person for an occasional spanking, and it's her subconsciousness that she needs it and will never get it at home that, in *my* opinion, leads to her marrying abroad so often.

The American Woman dresses well and spends big money on it, but she's no national originality that way. When she's tailor-built, she's Bond Street—when she's fluffy and frilly, she's Rue de la Paix; and a *translation*, you know, never has *quite* the *verve* and force of the original. The Gibson Girl struck a national note, perhaps, but it was a *physical* not a sartorial one—the poise of the body, the swing of the hips, the tilt of the chin, and the droop of the eyelids. Her vogue seems to me to be over. She doesn't live on Fifth Avenue now. Poor girl! she poises, and shrugs, and tilts, and droops, as a waitress or a store-clerk!

I've made a special study of the "buds," as they call them here, girls who made their first appearance at

"débutante-teas" and other mild kick-ups, before Christmas. When Miss COLUMBIA *is* pretty, she's all right, with the exception of her voice. But you may take it from me, my dear, that she isn't pretty any *oftener* than the girls of other countries, and it's all their brag to say she is. And, pretty or plain, there's an air about her of "I am the correct thing in girlhood," an evident conviction that she is *absolutely*, which makes a mere European person smile! I can tell her, though, that more than one of her own countrymen has confided to a certain person that his ideal of female charm is *British!*

Myself, I consider the *men* here to be both *better-looking* and *nicer* than the women, though it may be only my point of view. I've met some American boys who are quite nice, and can make love very prettily. I don't say any of them compare with—well NORTY, for instance. There's an eagerness, a strenuousness, a *worth-whileness* about even the best dude of the lot that isn't *quite* good form. It's the taint of *work*, you know, for, though *he* may have been "reared in the lap" and have done nothing all his life, his father or grandfather (if he runs to such a luxury) worked hard at railways, or pork, or oil, or something, while NORTY (and I too) come of a race that, except in war-time, has done nothing for *centuries!* It has its drawbacks, though. It's led to NORTY marrying Aunt GOLDIE, and my having to take JOSIAH MULTIMILL.

The other night I went to one of the dog-parties they're so fond of here. On the whole, I thought the doggies were too *loudly* scented and wore a *little* too much jewellery. If *only* I had had my darling *Pom-Pom* to chaperon! In his black satin evening coat, with his diamond studs, and just a soupçon of *parfum d'amour*, he'd have left the field standing still.

The "Teddy Bear" craze gets no sympathy from me. I think it positively *ricky*, though I've had to go to some "Teddy Bear" parties. The VANDOLLAR-BILTS' "spook party" was quite a success. I believe I rather distinguished myself, and CLINTON K. VANDOLLARBILT looked simply *deliciously* ghastly in his winding-sheet. The dance programmes, shaped like tombstones, were quite an idea.

There are several things I admire in the American Constitution—rocking-chairs for one, and easy marriage-laws for another. My dear child, of all the United States, the *Marriage State* seems the *least* united!

They're such funny people here for going to law. Half the population appears to be always going to law with the other half. If Americans *have* a distinctive national dress, I should say it's a law-suit! Meeting JACK FLUMMERY and his American wife in Washington, I stayed with them, while JOSIAH went down to some place called Troy, or else Rome, where, I believe, he was born; and he came back with *three* law-suits on his hands!

How is *that* for high, ma honey?

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



Schoolmaster. "WEY DID YOU STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL, FRANKIE?"
Boy. "ME MUTHER BRAWKE 'ER ARM."
Schoolmaster. "BUT WHY DID YOU STAY TWO DAYS?"
Boy. "SHE BRAWKE IT I' TWO PLA-ACES!"

REVISED RULES OF BILLIARDS.

(*For Students of Journalese, and others.*)

1. ANY professional player may be described as "A Knight of the Cue," and the oldest of them as "The Doyen of the Green Cloth."

2. Any player who excels in nursery cannons may be said to "coax," "cajole," "coddle," or "tickle the ivories," or cause them to "obey the magician's wand."

3. Any spectator who may be rendered breathless by genuine amazement or excitement shall be supplied with brandy at the expense of the player responsible for the spasm.

4. A break of less than 100 shall be called "A minor run."

A break of between 100 and 200 shall be called "A useful item."

A break of over 300 shall be called "A magnificent compilation," and the player of this last shall be said to "startle the realms of cuedom."

5. Any player who is responsible for more than six consecutive magnificent compilations shall be liable to be struck by his opponent with the butt end of the cue.

SUFFRAGETTE.

Sur l'air de "Ninette."

"Lorque je vis Ninette
Pour la première fois."

QUAND je fus suffragette
Pour la première fois,
Je m'acquittais d'un' dette
Que tout le monde doit.
Pour sauver la patrie
J'entrai au parlement,
Et joyeus'ment je crie,
En montant sur un banc:

Suivez, suffragettes,
Suivez-moi!
Voyons si l'on rejette,
Rejette, rejette,
Voyons si l'on rejette
Des femmes comme moi.

Quand je fus suffragette
Pour la deuxième fois,
Un *policeman* me guette,
Homme de mauvais' foi!
Je cri', "Vivent les femmes,
Ell's voteront un jour,
Ell's chanteront la gamme"—
Mais il disait toujours:

Viens, ma suffragette,
Viens ce soir,
Là-bas que je te mette,
Te mette, te mette,
Là-bas que je te mette
Au violon ce soir.

"Billingsgate is, in consequence, up in arms, and, should the project be persisted in, it is feared that an sgOugu .wsltcouastpk shrdl. shrdlrdshrdlhrdsr outburst of language may ensue such as this country has never yet heard."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

NOT bad as a sample. Try again.

Honour where Honour is due.

THE overwhelming majority secured by the Boer Government (how the name takes us back to the dear old times!) is described by the Correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* as "a triumphant vindication of Liberal policy."



Young Wife. "Why do you always sit on the edge of the chair?"
Husband. "Well, my dear, you know we're buying the furniture on the hire system, and that's all I feel entitled to!"

THE ESCAPE.

(*Vide "The Face and How to Read it," by Miss A. I. Oppenheim, F.B.P.S.*)

I worshipped her. My office pen each day
From ten to one and three to five (or thereabout)
Traced on blue forms impassioned odes to May,
The only girl I ever seemed to care about.
By night—but why waste words? You will agree with me
I was a goner: it was all U P with me.

At length I screwed my courage up. I thought,
Suspense is worse than death—I can't endure it.
While shyness strikes me dumb, she may be caught,
For all I know, by some unblushing curate.
Curates have somehow such a winning way with them,
I shuddered at the prospect of a fray with them.

In haste I left the office, Balham-bound,
For there my matchless May had made her domicile;
Frock-coated, gloved—none fairer had been found
Since Phœbus first was seen arising from his isle.
Sweet in my hand a bunch of rare Spring violets,
And in my head some neatly twisted triolets.

I chanced to pass a bookstall, chanced to see
A slender tome—ah, me! for all that came of it!
I little thought what change 'twould bring to me—
The Face and How to Read it was the name of it.
I bought it, rather grudging what I spent on it,
But in a moment I was quite intent on it.

Tip-tilted noses—May's, I thought, is such—
Mean pertness and unmaidenlike audacity;
A fulness of the lids—May's have a touch
Of fulness - shows inordinate loquacity;
Lips curved like May's denote a boundless vanity,
Her shell-like ears incipient insanity.

Below her wisdom teeth, where faithful jaws
Ought to expand, May's take the wrong direction,
Sure sign, according to these certain laws,
That she would prove unstable in affection;
In fact, to me they clearly seemed to indicate
She'd only be content to wed a syndicate.

The angle of her brows appeared to show
A tendency to everything she shouldn't do;
The colour of her iris let me know
That there was nothing villainous she wouldn't do.
'Twere madness truly not to banish from my side
A dimple indicating love of homicide.

I closed the book—fled homeward. What a fate
Awaited him who trusted his économy
In simple innocence unto a mate
With such a crime-connoting physiognomy!
Next day, with joy that almost grew hysterical,
I heard she was to marry something clerical.

The New Spelling.—"Please help the Unemployed. Any kind of work excepted."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

When the Mr. Henry James of these later days puts forth a book the public knows what to expect. There will be an almost irresistible literary charm in the writing. The sense of the reader will be appealed to by a suave and shrinking delicacy of treatment, a coy desire to keep him soothed while the master displays his wares, and comments in a detached and careless manner upon their merits. Nothing will be definite and precise, for in Mr. Henry James's scheme of things definiteness becomes the equivalent of brutality and precision seems to be the mark of a Philistine. *The American Scene* (Chapman and Hall) is an admirable example of what I may call the latest Jacobean style. America is the country of sharp outlines and violent contrasts. The rush of its people, the barbaric quality of its mixed architecture, the exultant untidiness of its landscape, the clear crispness of its atmosphere—all these strike on the lazy European with an explosive force and often shatter his powers of appreciation. But Mr. Henry James is kind. He wraps the scene in a pearl-grey haze through which his imagination, that whimsical sprite, leads us on a course of mild adventures. Here and there we glance for a moment at some hideous, heaven-piercing building of New York; and, again, we are off to Boston to linger about the State House with its gilded dome and to lament in Beacon Street over the changes that have disfigured the metropolis of Puritan faith and intellectual aspiration. The America we thus visit is not the America we know. Nobody ever knew such a country. It exists in the mind of Mr. Henry James and nowhere else; but for that very reason it is an interesting country, and we may be glad to have made the voyage under the guidance of a leader whose vagueness is more attractive than the downright truths with which others have regaled us.

In *Growth* (from Constable's) I read
Of how the strife of creed and creed
Envelopes folk beyond the Tweed
In wordy war-mists,
Who doubt the heaven-directed lead
Of Nonconformists.

The tale is full of human stuff,
That's livened up with just enough
Of Scotland's language in the rough
To take you through it
Without a glossary to puff
The sense into it.

The author, Graham Travers—she
Who's known as Margaret Todd, M.D.—
Has certainly, it seems to me,
A gift for fiction.
(My stanza form's from Bobbie B.,
Though not my diction.)

In *White Fang* (Methuen) Mr. Jack London has written the story of a dog who began life as a wolf and was converted by love into a genuinely canine hero. I cannot disguise from myself that objections may be urged against Mr. London's treatment of his theme. Its psychology is not convincing, for the essence of the canine soul is its direct simplicity, and Mr. London's *White Fang* is not without his complications. Moreover, in spite of the loving care with which his character is described, he remains to the very end a shadowy figure, now looming gigantic into combat and victory, now shrinking, cowed and submissive (but always with a snarl), beneath the lash of some human oppressor. Still, with all deductions made, it is a strong and impressive story, epically conceived and carried through with unflagging interest. If you grant Mr. London's point of view and abandon yourself to his method, you will be carried along without a moment's pause to the very end of the story. So, at least, it has been with this grateful reader, who, though he thus hints a fault or two, has no hesitation in saying that the nobility and humanity of the book set it far apart from the ordinary stories of convention.

James Blyth conceives and carries hot
Throughout his book, *Amazement* (Long),
A plan to show a morbid spot
At which our social scheme goes wrong;
And having reached the final par
(Seven lines) his wrath takes righteous flame
At Church, Divorce Court, Registrar
The things he reckons most to blame!

On every sordid fact he dwells,
Probing it through and round about,
Puts in each single point that tells,
And some that would be better out;
Indeed, he writes with such a zest
I'd doubt, but for that final par,
If he were really much distressed
That things are as he says they are.

When an author says that his heroine was "the most beautiful girl that *Rupert* had ever seen," I, for one, am quite prepared to believe him. In fact I go one better than *Rupert*, and picture her the most beautiful girl in the world. Again, if I am told that *Rupert* himself was a famous contortionist (say), I do not hesitate to take the author's word for it. In any case I have no opportunities of judging for myself. But it is a different matter when the author speaks of *Rupert* as a humorist, an orator, or as just a very charming fellow. Then I do demand some sort of evidence in support of the claims made for him. This is where Mr. Harrison G. Rhodes, the author of *Charles Edward* (Ward, Lock & Co.), is not altogether convincing. *Charles Edward* himself may have been "inimitable," "incomparable," "wonderful," as he is called throughout the book; but Mr. Rhodes is, if I may say so, not quite big enough for the task of proving these allegations. However, *Charles* is at any rate a pleasant fellow; and his adventures (after the manner of *Prince Florizel*) make amusing reading. The drawings by Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws are worthless as illustrations, though there may be some who will admire them as impressions of the "Stanlaws girl."

The Heart that Knows (Duckworth) should properly have been called "The Hearts that Don't Know." For the two hearts (male and female) which Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts immolates in its pages showed an exasperating want of knowledge of each other's thoughts. The man so little knew the woman who was to be the mother of his child that he believed her to be false on the testimony of a forged letter, and proceeded to desert her for twenty long years and all but the last two pages of the book; and the woman—well, of course she didn't know why, poor soul. There was nothing to guide her. Till her nineteen-year-old son brought his foolish father back home across the seas she lived in a state of complete ignorance both as to his whereabouts and his thoughts, the butt of all the unkind tongues in the Canadian village which she called home.

The Western University of Pennsylvania proposes to confer the degree of Litt.D. on Mr. Moberly Bell. This is a little hard on Mr. Hooper, after all that gentleman has done for American literature lately. But perhaps his English L.S.D. is enough for him.



Lady Cyclist. "Can you tell me if there is any Saxon work in this church?"
Old Man. "Lor bless yer, Mum, I be the Saxon!"

THE TIP-TOPICAL SONG.

(Air: "*Peace, Peace.*")

["I cling to the Topical Song!"—*From the dicta of Mr. Paul Rubens.*]

There's a craze nowadays for the musical plays;
The success they enjoy is enormous;
They're inconsequent quite, but we love them in spite
Of the critics' attempt to reform us.
Though they've got little plot, it don't matter a jot—
It makes room for a popular item;
For the topical song, if things ever go wrong,
Is invariably certain to right 'em.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the piece will run gaily along;
There is nothing that "grips"
Like some suffragette quips
In a typical, topical song.

When the best little jest has been voted a pest,
And the comic man can't raise a titter,
When the baritone, too, has been met with a boo
From the galleryite and the pitter,
When they've tried, O ye pride of the South London side,
With but little effect to burlesque you,
Then some Rajah of Bhong with a topical song
Will come, turban and all, to the rescue.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And, they say, you can never go wrong;
For the rest, though abused,
Will be quickly excused
By a typical, topical song.

If you try to aim high, you will go all awry,
And you won't pay the theatre's rental;
Therefore quash all your qualms; shove in sheltering palms;
Make the atmosphere quite oriental;
Let a man (in Japan) sing some phrases that scan,
Setting forth, say, the afternoon's winner
(For that's always thought smart, though of course it's not Art—
But whoever wants Art after dinner?).

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the run of your play will be long;
Every author that's wise
Knows the kudos that lies
In a typical, topical song!

From *The North Wales Observer*:—

"To be Sold, Shire Stallion.—'Burgandy Bend,' No. 23,109, Vol. 27, 16¾ hands high; very muscular; good bone; silky feathers. There is some grand stock after him."

Personally, we are after him, too—if the above is a true description of his points.

THE POET TO HIS SUFFRAGETTE.

If in that hour of triumph when you passed
(Accompanied by *Do ye ken John Peel?*)
From dungeon-walls to break your dreadful fast
Where Mr. Miles purveys the fruity meal—
Forgive me, if through absence, O my fair,
I was just then not there.

Present in spirit I could still observe
"Shades of the prison-house" upon your brow,
And, poised above, the halo's airy curve,
Symbol of martyrdom's accomplished vow;
And hear the thud of your heroic feet
Shattering Chandos Street.

Perchance you found my absence rather odd
When you debouched from out your loathly cell?
Yet I had thought on you detained in quod,
Pallid and tousled; I had pondered well
How great a thing you were, how near the sky,
And what a worm was I.

In dreams I waved a banner by your side
And frankly owned: "This is no place for me!
She needs a nobler mate, this virile bride,
A hardier brand than I could hope to be;
I am not made (one has to be so tough)
Of the right martyr-stuff."

Then I have certain foibles, all accurst,
Such as a lingering sentiment for sex,
A modest tap of humour, bound to burst
When you are prancing on a prostrate X;
These would obscure my vision of the True;
Yes, I should never do.

So, Loveliest, I release you. All is o'er.
I will not grumble; I am only sad,
A little sad because I must deplore
Your uninstructed taste, who might have had
This pillowy heart to press, but chose to wed
A ballot-box instead!

O. S.

THE WISDOM OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

Of Maladies.

If thou art at the sick-bed of thy friend and that friend suffereth from a malady, discourse at length upon the occasions on which thou thyself didst suffer from that malady. Rather than inquire after thy friend's symptoms or express pity for his sufferings, prove to him how at that other time thy symptoms were more intricate and thy sufferings greater. Pass on then to the narration of all the maladies that thou from time to time hast suffered, and dwell on the nobleness of thy bearing on each occasion.

If thou hast from thy youth up been cursed with good health, describe the afflictions of thy relations. Thou must not let the sick man's attention be diverted from the topic of sickness lest he become unduly cheerful.

Of Enough.

It is common knowledge that enough is as good as a feast, nay better. Nevertheless on demand men can be found who will upset their own convenience to accommodate a friend, and will sacrifice their enough in order to partake of a feast.

Of the Law.

If thou art a lover of reading, read the law. If thy taste is in favour of romance and the strong dramatic interest, select Company law, but if thy leaning is towards frivolity and the sparkling epigram, turn rather towards Precedents in Conveyancing.

Myself did study the law for many years, and did learn this one thing only:—"Issue must never be joined with joinder of issue." Therefore, my son, since thou dost so value my advice that thou canst not dispense therewith, take this to heart. Though thou hast not the vaguest notion what an issue may be, much less what a joinder of issue may be, yet thou canst not be too careful that the twain be never joined together.

If thou art a layman, thou mayest perchance announce thy disinterested purpose of seeing the Courts sitting. Be careful that thou find not thyself with difficulty and at great expense ensconced in the Court of thy choice but listening to a long and dull dispute as to the salving of a ship or the interpretation of a will. For remember that Admiralty and Probate cases are also tried in that Court.

Of Justice.

When thou art engaged in the Courts of law, be careful that thou dost employ the right kind of speech to the right person.

To a Judge say: "My Lord, I would that so-and-so were done," and if that thing be just it shall be done.

To a Master (that is next beneath a Judge) say: "Master, if it please thee, I would that so-and-so were done," and if he taketh not violent offence at thy person or manner he also will do justice.

To a Master's Clerk say: "Sir, conscious as I am of thy intrinsic greatness and the enormity of thy importance, I yet dare to ask thee as a matter of grace that so-and-so may be done," and possibly thou shalt in the end receive thy due.

But to the lowest official (to wit, the Summons and Order Clerk) say: "Granting, Superior Being, that thou art the personification of the dignity of the law and that thy position is such as forbiddeth thee to have dealings with the ordinary human; premising that I that address thee am less than a worm in thy comparison; admitting, briefly, that for me to address thee at all is the vilest presumption on my part and the most gross affront to thy highness, nevertheless I suggest with all humility that so-and-so may be done." Know that though with great good fortune and in the course of ages that thing may be done yet of a surety even then it shall be done wrong.

Of Signals.

Art thou that readest these lines a driver of engines? Observe thy signals, and, if they be against thee, stop. Yea, though thy natural impulse is to go on and it seemeth apparent to thee that by so doing thou shalt the more speedily reach thy destination, nevertheless stop. There is ever a possibility that he that set the signals against thee set them thus neither through mistake, nor in laziness, nor from spite, but with some honest and ample reason.

Of Tables.

If thy table is of that kind that upsetteth itself every time thou seatest thyself on the side of it, confound that table by not seating thyself on the side of it. If, however, thou feelest that thou must seat thyself on the side of it, thou mayest still confound that table by engaging some person the while to seat himself on the other side of it.

Of Rectitude.

See to it that thou put thyself right in all things, and not thyself only but others also. Contradict loudly him that is in the slightest degree inaccurate in his speech, and write to the papers on every matter that is not exactly as it should be, even if it be an affair no more important than a man's waistcoat button. Report errand-boys, porters, and postmen; take the numbers of omnibus conductors, cab-drivers, and policemen; above all write on the back of thy bill complaints of the waiters whom the regulations of the restaurant prevent thee from tipping.



HISTORY DEFEATS ITSELF.

Shade of Paul Krüger. "WHAT! BOTHA *PREMIER?* WELL, THESE ENGLISH *DO* 'STAGGER HUMANITY'!"



The Professor (who has just been introduced to Lady Blenkintoff's latest musical prodigy). "AND DO YOU REALLY PLAY SO BEAUTIFULLY AS DAT?"

THE ELF-KING'S VICTORY.

WHEN the Elf-King went to battle with his helmet on his head—
Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!
See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—
He kissed the Queen at parting, and this is what he said,
While his staff stood by respectfully, and, oh, their armour glistened,
And their eyes flashed fires of courage, and they set their teeth and listened
To the winged words of their monarch with his helmet on his head:

"Now farewell," he said, "beloved one, for you cannot come with me,"—
Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!
See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—
"We shall charge the foe directly, and as far as I can see,
Since we've got the bigger army, we shall probably defeat them;
We shall cut them up and smash them, and wherever we may meet them
We shall win no end of glory, but you cannot come with me."

So she sighed and she released him, and his battle-cry rang out—
Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!
See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—
"Now St. George for Merry Elf-land!", and they answered with a shout,
All the cavaliers of Elf-land, mighty two-inch men of muscle,
Who could hack their way to triumph through the thickest of the tussle,
Sitting stalwart on their chargers, while his battle-cry rang out.

In their splendid regimentals, lo, the infantry went by—
Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!
See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—
Eighty thousand lusty foot-men, all prepared to do or die;
While the handkerchiefs were waving from the windows to remind them
Of the hearts and pretty faces of the girls they left behind them,
Of the girls who cheered and chattered as the infantry went by.

So they marched to fight the Gnome King, but that wary monarch ran—
Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!
See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—
Ran with all his craven army ere the battle-shock began.
And they captured all the mole-hills where his men had taken shelter,
Chased them out of their entrenchments and pursued them helter-skelter,
While the Elf-King led them onward and the Gnome-King cut and ran.

Then with all their banners flaunting and the Elf-King still in front—
Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!
See the Elfin army marching back from battle!—
Home they came, the happy soldiers who had borne the dreadful brunt.
And the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs and the City Corporation
In their chains and robes of office gave the army an ovation,
And were knighted very neatly by the King, who rode in front.

R. C. L.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

Mr. Punch's Untrustworthy Guide to London.

Chapter XXXVII.

The Tower.

That the Tower of London was built by William the Conqueror is a fact within reach of the right hand of every sub-editor. At that time the Tower Bridge had not been constructed, and Queen Anne's Mansions were also non-existent. The Thames, however, flowed past the fortress very much as it does now, save that its depths were less turbid and fewer steam whistles rent the air. The price for admission to the Tower in William's time was a tester, but traitors have always been admitted free.

Time passed, but not until bluff King Hal came to the throne (which, it is not perhaps universally known, was widened and strengthened to accommodate him) did the Beefeaters, now inseparably associated with the Tower, spring into existence. Their origin is not without interest. My Lord Porterhouse, a burly young man of a sanguine disposition, and the best blood in his veins, having engaged in a duel with Sir Eustace Myles, a vegetarian knight of the time, and slain him, was confined in the Tower as a first-class misdemeanant. Having great charm of manner he succeeded in attaching to his person the whole of the guards, who, when he was liberated, insisted on going with him, the Tower being thus left unprotected. The King, in a panic, endeavoured to get them back, but could do so only on condition that Lord Porterhouse was made Governor, and that they should have gorgeous uniforms, all the beef they wanted, and nothing to do (*dolce far niente*). This was agreed to, and ever since they have been fed at 11 and 4, sixpence extra. Mutton they will not touch, nor veal. But any kind of beef attracts them, even canned. As for Lord Porterhouse, he took to racing, and established the famous stakes that bear his name. He married a daughter of Sir Godfrey of Bouillon, and died at Smithfield in 1571. His life was written very sympathetically by the French author Chateaubriand.

The Tower rose to its zenith of usefulness in Henry the Eighth's time, and it was a certain thing that if he took any of his wives to see the regalia he emerged a widower.

The regalia is still the principal attraction that the Tower can offer to sightseers. The most humiliating precautions are taken to prevent one from properly examining these interesting relics—crowns, sceptres, orbs, etc. Not only are there railings and glass, but the continuous and irritating presence of custodians. After all, the crown belongs to the country—to us—not to these crimson carnivoræ. An officer and gentleman named Blood succeeded in getting the jewels in the reign of Charles the Second, much to that King's delight, but he was stopped well on the Tower side of Attenborough's, and merely lost money by the transaction, for he had to pay his myrmidons a living wage. Charles the Second, however, subsequently made it up to him by a pension. The gallant Colonel later attacked the Bank of England, but was again disappointed. He had little luck, and in the end settled down to a life of secret virtue.

Since Blood's day the regalia has been safe, although many a fairy queen in provincial pantomime has looked covetously at its dazzling splendours. It is doubtful if the thief would get away even if he succeeded in overpowering the janitors in the room itself—unless he provided himself with sufficient beef of sufficient succulence with which to bribe his pursuers.

For the rest the Tower is notable for its Armoury, where the canned beef is kept; for its ravens, who say "Nevermore" continually; for the staircase under which the little Princes were smothered; and for its moat, which is as dry as all guides to London except this. The Tower used to have a menagerie of lions, but about a hundred years ago the Beefeaters presented a petition to the King praying that they might be removed, as the sight of these creatures enjoying their meals was more than they could bear. The lions were therefore removed to Regent's Park, and the gallant old fellows were left in undisturbed possession of the meat. Long may they enjoy it!



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

The Tower. Attempted Robbery of the Crown Jewels.

Chapter XXXVIII.

Conclusion.

And here, at the Tower, we come to an end. There is much of London of which we have told you nothing; but this must suffice. We have taken you into none of the Thieves' Kitchens which abound in the East End; none of the Gambling Hells or Cock Pits with which the West is riddled. But of these Father Bernard Vaughan will doubtless soon be speaking. We have not taken you to Battersea, the home of Burns and Chesterton; nor to Hampstead Heath, where Harriet and Harry exchange hats and haspirations; nor to Rowland Ward's, to see the skin of the lion who could not get through *Punch*; nor for a sunny railway ride in the new Tube. These joys you must discover for yourself. In spite of our omissions we have said enough; perhaps too much.

And so, London, city of plane trees and plainer cooks, farewell.

The End.

"Room, first flat, car line; bath; own key; suit dressmaker or Christian woman; 2*s.* 6*d.* weekly."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

A very painful and invidious distinction.

A TELEPATHIC SUGGESTION.

TELEPATHISTS! O you whose creed
Leaps lightly to the poet's need,
Excuse me (will you?) while I plead
That anyone who can
Will, of his wisdom, be so kind
As to assist the undersigned,
Who is unluckily a married man.

Yes, I espoused, when very young,
A wife—extremely highly strung
In nerves, in temper, and in tongue—
Who, in fair *tête-à-tête*,
Would talk the hind leg off a horse;
A fact which comes with added force
Because she's nearly twice my fighting weight.

I am a timid man, and hold,
With one of this barbaric mould,
That silence is the truest gold;
Indeed, when once I *did*
Attempt to take the other side,
Instead of arguing, she shied
A tea-pot at my head, and broke the lid.

Nor is it only that I miss
Th' amenities of married bliss;
I have a deeper grief than this,
In that she little knows
That, all the time her eloquence
Is practised at her lord's expense,
Why, I could simply crush her—if I chose.

For, mark you, I myself can be
Sarcastic to the last degree;
My powers of (silent) repartee
Would floor her on the spot,
Bar her exceptional physique,
And that I hardly care to speak
Roughly to so remarkable a shot.

And thus, you see, like mythic *Sprat*,
Not only do I lose the fat,
But she takes all the lean; and that
Is where I draw the line;
At least I should, but up till now
I never saw exactly how,
While I knew *her* views, she could get at *mine*.

But tell me, is there hope at last?
For I have read for some time past
News of a strange and secret caste
Who, as I gather, claim
To have evolved a patent scheme
That ought to meet my wildest dream:—
My friends, I think Telepathy's the game!

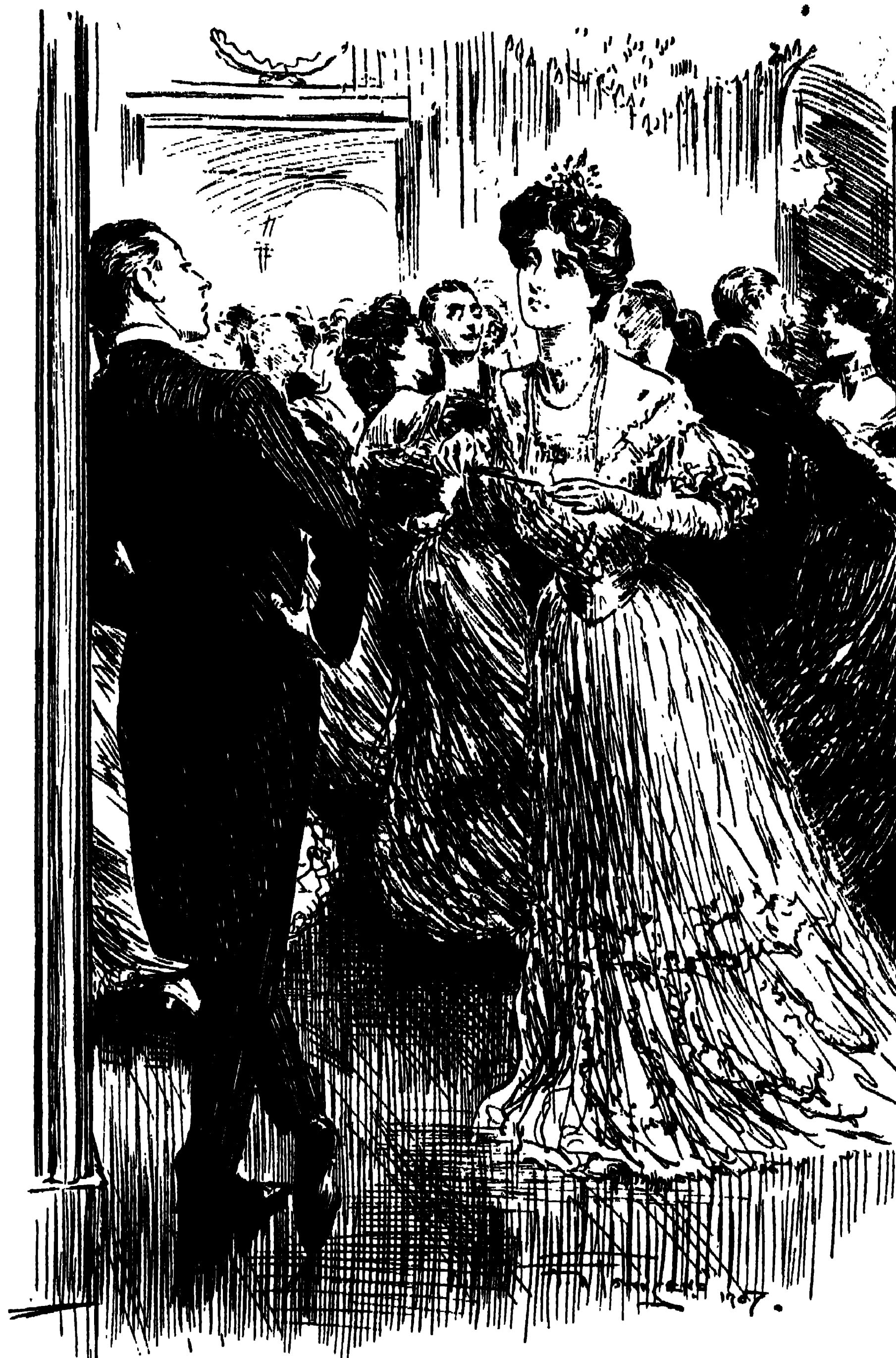
If it be true, as I have heard,
That A. can get his thoughts transferred
To B. without one blessed word—
Then all that I can say
Is that I hope some unknown friend
Will, of his knowledge, condescend
To put me on to this without delay.

Teach me, I beg, this new device;
And blow the trouble, hang the price!
I shall not count the sacrifice,
So that my end be won;
Give me this mental telegraph
And then, well, *I* shall have the laugh:—

* * * * * *

Will someone kindly tell me how it's done?

DUM-DUM.



OUR SPOILT INFANTS.

Hostess. "WHY AREN'T YOU DANCING, MR. FITZHERBERT?"

Mr. F. "I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO MY PARTNER IS FOR THIS DANCE, BUT I'M SURE I GAVE IT TO SOMEBODY. STILL, NOBODY'S LOOKED ME UP FOR IT!"

"WANTED, PLOUGHMAN, with Worker, or Worker and a half, and Boy for odd Horse."
Berwickshire News.

THIS is a variation of the well-known problem: "If a Ploughman and a Worker do a certain piece of work in the same time as it takes a Worker and a half with a Boy for the odd Horse, how many odd Workmen and half Horses will be required if I double the depth of the trench? Give your answer in ploughboys. (Brokerage $\frac{1}{8}$.)"

THE PASSING OF MARGERY.

At the age of two I could write; of that I am convinced. It was in 18—— well, I won't tell you the exact date, but there were many brilliant novels of the decade published that year, and I know that in our family it was thought to be rather a coincidence. At two I could write; but it would be another thing to say that at six months I could talk.

What, then, was I to think of this letter from Margery's mother?

"My dear Boy, When are you coming down to see us again? Why, you haven't been for ages, and Baby has such a lot to say to you. Do you know she actually spoke her first word yesterday!! And she is only six months old! You must come and hear her; she is a darling. Love from us both."

This brought me out of bed pretty quickly. "Ridiculous!" I muttered, as I lathered my face. "What nonsense!" I sneered, as I selected a tie. "These mothers!" And I sat down to breakfast in a cynical mood.

But after breakfast it was different.

"It's really rather wonderful," I thought. "Fancy! Yes, I will. I'll go down to-day and see if it's true."

. . . . There was a nice old gentleman in my carriage, and I felt I should like to talk to him. I picked up my paper.

"Extraordinary things you see in the daily press," I began.

"Extraordinary, indeed, at times."

"Why, there's a little paragraph in this paper to-day about a child of six months who can talk fluently. I simply don't believe it," I said indifferently, as I lit a cigarette. But my hand trembled.

"Extraordinary," he agreed, opening his eyes widely.

"You think so too?" I cried. "Have a cigarette."

* * * * *

Margery's mother was blushing, simply blushing with pride and excitement; and I think that in her heart she was a little frightened too.

"Did you get my letter?" she began nervously.

"Of course. That's why I'm here. I've come to hear this wonderful talking."

"You mustn't expect too much. She only says 'Dad' so far, you know. But I'll bring her down to see you."

When Margery and I had saluted each other, I said:

"I may as well warn you at once that I don't believe she really says 'Dad.'"

"He doesn't believe us," said her mother, smiling happily. "We'll soon show him."

She sat down, and put the baby on her knee.

"Now, Baby. Dad, dad, dad, dad——"

"Dad," said Margery. I swear it.

"I don't think much of that," I said.

"Dad, dad——"

"Dad," echoed Margery.

"Where's my hat?" I said, getting up.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm going. You've dragged me down here on false pretences. *That* isn't talking—an unnatural and parrot-like repetition of one word. Do you suppose for a moment she understands what she is saying? Do you suppose for a moment that this is anything but a mechanical——"

"She says 'Uncle' too."

I sat up eagerly.

"I say—no—does she really? Go on, I don't believe you."

"I taught her. Uncle—uncle—uncle."

There was an awful silence.

"Pooh!" I said.

"Oh, Baby, do be a dear. You know you said it this morning. Uncle—uncle—unc——"

"Gur-r-r-r," said Margery.

"As I was saying," I went on sternly, "it is absurd to suppose that a baby of that age can talk. It can repeat one word in a meaningless way, perhaps, but any parrot—— How long have you had that child?"

"Six months."

"And you have trained it to say one word in that time. Why, the most ordinary parrot in average health—The child's health is good, I suppose?"

"Just look! Why, you haven't——"

"In perfect health, as I thought. Then let me tell you that the most unintelligent sort of macaw—in indifferent health—can be taught six new words in a week. And you have had that child, who is as well as anyone could be, for six months, and have only trained her to say one word. And you're proud of it. Why—good Heavens! I'll get a jackdaw to-morrow, and back myself——"

She pressed Margery's cheek against her own.

"We aren't going to be compared to a nasty jackdaw, are we, dear?"

"If I am not even allowed the simplest figure of speech," I began huffily—and then another thought struck me. "How many teeth has she got?"

"They're all coming beaut——"

"How many teeth has she got?"

"None, actually, at present; but they're all coming beaut——"

"There you are! And you pretend she can talk! Why, it wouldn't be natural. It wouldn't be proper. It would be extremely forward of her, and I am surprised at you for suggesting it."

She and Margery still had their cheeks together.

"You're very horrid," said her mother; "Baby and I wanted to ask you a favour, but I don't think we shall now."

"If you're not careful I shall grant it. I'm in a dangerous mood just now."

"Well, it's this." She spoke hurriedly, stopping every now and then to kiss Margery. "Baby and I both think that now that she's beginning to talk——"

"I beg your pardon. To do what?"

"Talk."

"Have you been attending at all to what I have been saying? I pointed out——"

"Now that she's beginning to talk—and notice things—and so on, we think that it would be better—if you really wouldn't mind—if you would call her and write to her as 'Marjorie'—which, after all, is what she was christened—and not 'Margery' as you always do—because you're the only one who does, and it's just that sort of thing that babies notice—and it would make her wonder why you were different from everybody else—and—and—it might be awkward—and—and——" She stopped suddenly. "And that's what we thought, didn't we, Baby?"

I looked at her wonderingly.

"You really are," I said, "the most extraordinary woman and typical mother I've ever met. Why awkward?"

"Not awkward exactly—only I think that if anybody has a special pet name for Baby it ought to be me. And when we christened her Marjorie we expected——"

"I pointed out at the time, didn't I, that Margery was the proper way to spell it?"

"But then he never could spell, could he, Baby?"

"Well, never mind that. The point is that, because your child has repeated one word of three letters after weeks of laborious training, you are afraid now that she will either read my letters to you and her father, or else notice the very subtle distinction in pronunciation between 'Margery' and 'Marjorie.'"

"Of course, if you put it like that—oh, can't you see? Anyhow, do say you will."

I took a turn round the room, while I considered my verdict.

"He's going to, Baby," said her mother.

"All right," I said at last.

"You dear! And you'll still be a good uncle to her?"

"I'll send her a bound copy of *The Girl's Own Paper* when she writes me a letter in French with only two mistakes, if that's what you mean. Now hold her still a moment."

I placed myself dramatically in front of her, and prepared to make my farewell speech.

"M-a-r-j-o-r-i-e," I began eloquently, "it gives me great pleasure——"

There was a shriek, and then an outburst of tears. I turned away in disgust.

"Margery would never have done that," I said.



General Hurleigh-Bird, who has taken an expensive fishing for the first month of the season only, arrives at the best pool on the beat.

JOURNALISTIC EVOLUTION.

[Some *Reader*-readers have been discussing the newspaper of the future.]

When motor-omnibuses fly,
And when their time is reckoned
From Hampstead Heath to Peckham Rye
At less than half a second,
What kind of papers shall we see?
Folk doubtless still will need them,
But there will hardly ever be
A breathing space to read them.

The Times will change of course, we know,
And with it, one supposes,
The halfpenny press will undergo
Complete metamorphosis.
Bedimmed will grow our shining lamps;
Unknown to future ages
The dignified repose that stamps
Our *Daily-maily* pages.

Their cultured calm will be taboo,
Nor will life's fevered fret let
The reader pause to linger through
The leisured leaderettelet.
The art of concentrating thought
Will be so cultivated
That in a sentence will be caught
Whatever should be stated.

The foreign news will thus be far
More readable and shorter;
A line will satisfy the parliamentary reporter;
When Haldanes yet unborn discuss
The attenuated red line,
The quarter column read by us
Will dwindle to a headline.

"There have been no less than 107 hours 3 minutes more sunshine than in 1905, the total being 158,025 hours."—*Scarborough Post.*

But is it quite dignified for a place that enjoys 430 hours of sunshine a day to stop and haggle over a paltry 3 minutes in this way?

Good News for Mr. Buxton.

A Harrogate correspondent received the following from her watchmaker:—

"Respectful Madam,—We have pleasure in forwarding your watch by this evening's post, which is now going satisfactory."

A Cabinet of Olympians.

"The benevolence and impartiality of the British Government... have brought blessing and benign influence on the Colony; and as a result, in addition to the enjoyment of good and regular weather here, we are entirely free from divine afflictions."—*Straits Settlements Times.*

Theatrical Note.

We have had "Mice and Men," and "The Country Mouse," and now "Three Blind Mice" is on the bills. *Mr. Punch* suggests to some Manager who is bored by so many mice that he should revive the old comedy, "Where's the Cat?"



OUR YEOMANRY BALL.

Early Arrival. "Well, what do you think of the programme?"

Gallant Yeoman. "I ain't zeed 'un yet. They've only giv' I one o' these 'ere little books!"

CHARIVARIA.

The end of the world has been predicted as the probable result of a recently-discovered comet coming into contact with the earth. This should at least save further trouble in the matter of the proposed abolition of the House of Lords.

We understand that if the House of Lords is abolished it will be because it thwarted the wishes of the Government. It should be interesting now to see whether a bill will be introduced to disfranchise the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire.

We are not at all sure that the Government is wise in its decision to re-arm the Auxiliary Forces. We cannot help thinking that the enemy's troops, when they caught sight of the present ridiculous obsolete guns of the Volunteers, would be incapacitated by laughter. That would be our chance.

We are glad to see that the question of the deficiency in the reserve of officers is at last receiving attention. With a little more reserve they would not be so ready to rush into print.

We hear that, at the opening of the New Bailey, when someone drew a sword for the purposes of the accolade, several ignorant persons imagined that an old-fashioned execution was about to take place.

Prince Buelow made a violent attack on *The Daily Mail* in the Reichstag last week. Surely, if ever there was justification for a declaration of war against Germany, here it is.

Canada has tired of servant-girl immigrants, according to an official of the Dominion Government, and a demand is now being made for "well-bred, well-spoken, and well-mannered Englishwomen with refined tastes and, above all, enthusiasm." One wonders whether Canada would perhaps once more come to the rescue of the Old Country, and take our Suffragettes. They certainly possess enthusiasm.

"Gambler mauled by Lion" was the heading given by *The Daily News* to an item last week. A well-known feminist writes to point out that this is the latest attempt to deprive her sex of credit. As a matter of fact it was a lioness who administered the punishment.

Exeter Hall has been purchased by Messrs. Lyons. Another case of *Christiani ad leones.*

The danger of performing bears being led about the country lanes is well known, and now a man has been severely injured by a travelling crane.

According to *The Mirror*, moth-breeding is one of Society's latest hobbies. We notice that many wealthy persons even provide fur overcoats for their pets.

An individual who was found in another man's cubicle at Rowton House with a hook and string for fishing up trousers has been sentenced to three months' hard labour; but his case, we understand, is to be taken up by the Anglers' Protection Association.

We seem to be in for an epidemic of picture thefts, a number of paintings having been stolen last week from a mansion near Ormskirk. In consequence of this the police are said to be now keeping a close watch on all burglars wearing art ties.



MARBLE OR FLESH?

Right Hon. R. B. Haldane (*as* Pygmalion). "O SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM, HEAR MY PRAYER, AND GIVE MY STATUE LIFE!"



Lady (who has asked Jones to tea at her Club). 'SO AWFULLY SORRY. I QUITE FORGOT I HAD A 'DOWN WITH MAN' MEETING. BUT PLEASE TAKE A SEAT AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE. WE SHALL ONLY BE ABOUT AN HOUR."

[Jones says he thinks he'll go and do some shopping.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 25.—NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, whilst in many respects, physical and intellectual, resembling his great prototype, differs from him on one point. The first NAPOLEON'S bulletins were brief. The fourth NAPOLEON expounding his new Army scheme occupied three hours.

Only veterans like HOWARD VINCENT, accustomed to endurance in bivouac or on the battlefield, were able to sit it out. His doggedness more commendable by reason of fact that just now his massive mind is troubled by problems outside barracks and camp. There is the circumstance of WINSTON CHURCHILL, at public expense, cabling to South Africa verbatim reports of his speeches, finding room for a little postscript from the SECRETARY OF STATE by way of justifying the new departure. HOWARD VINCENT means to get at the bottom of that transaction. Had on the paper to-day a sort of Shorter Catechism addressed to UNDER SECRETARY FOR COLONIES. WINSTON, who did not serve in Egypt and South Africa for nothing, strategically absent. Catechism consequently postponed.

"But it shall be administered," said HOWARD VINCENT, bringing his teeth together with that ominous click familiar to the Queen's Westminsters when under his lead they storm Primrose Hill or, deploying along the Embankment, capture an empty L.C.C. tramcar.

Another difficulty that temporarily clouds the brain of the founder of the United Empire Trade League—what's become of it? is arithmetical. Wants to know all about BRYCE going out to Washington as the KING'S Ambassador. Why was the salary increased to £10,000 a year? Who's going to find the money? Will BRYCE during sojourn at Washington pay rent, rates, taxes, cost of coals, light and morning newspapers? Lastly, has any arrangement been made by which he shall retire at the age of 65?

There's the rub. The crafty warrior of Westminster, as BELLAIRS, familiar with maritime metaphor, says, knows how to adjust the sting to the tail of the torpedo. The new Ambassador observed the precaution of being born in 1838, thus with characteristic prescience evading the difficulty that disturbs the slumbers of the gallant Colonel. Quite impossible for him to "retire at the age of 65." It is to be hoped example thus set in high places will not spread. It would be a nice thing for the country if wary civilians, Generals and Admirals made a practice of not entering the service till after they were 65, when they might snap their fingers at the service rule requiring retirement on reaching that age.

It is, I trust, not unforgivable breach of confidence to mention that it was apprehension of this custom obtaining that moved HOWARD VINCENT to particularise the initial score of BRYCE'S diplomacy.

Amongst civilians PRINCE ARTHUR and ARNOLD-FORSTER sat at attention during the three hours. Fortune has led the footsteps of the former through the flowery meads of peace. He never set a squadron in the field, and of the directing of a battle knows no more than a suffragette. But deep down in his heart are hidden the instincts and aspirations of a Man of War. When in office there was no part of his appointed work in which he took keener interest than the Presidency of

the Defence Committee. On a day, as we all remember, he came down to House and in the ear of listening Europe demonstrated the impregnability of Great Britain against invasion across the Channel. That for a while gave pause to potential bandits at Berlin and elsewhere. But the Tariff Question coming up he had not time to pursue his military studies, and now, as he said the other day, "We don't know where we are."

For ARNOLD-FORSTER the moments, quite apart from their continuous length, were bitter. At the War Office he succeeded a military genius who created and entrenched (on foolscap) Six Army Corps. He is followed by another who apologises for the proposal to create seventy-four new battalions, hastening to explain that "these battalions will not add a single man to the establishment."

"Wherein they resemble BRODRICK'S Six Army Corps," ARNOLD-FORSTER murmured to himself, amazed at his own moderation whilst in charge of the much worried British Army.

Business done.—N. B. HALDANE expounds very latest scheme of Army Reform.

Tuesday night.—When, the other day, REGINALD McKENNA, re-elected unopposed in North Monmouthshire, took the oath and, instead of "kissing the book" as they do in Police Courts, osculated the blushing sheet on which the form of oath was printed, a shudder shook the stalwart form of Lord ROBERT CECIL. Though certainly unusual, the procedure was explicable, as was subsequently made known, by access of nervousness. The new Minister of Education is constitutionally shy. A retiring nature, suddenly finding itself confronted by a crowded House cheering welcome from both sides, was temporarily deprived of the faculty boasted by *Hamlet* of knowing a hawk from a handsaw.

That is very well in the way of cool reflection or subsequent explanation. Lord ROBERT was abruptly faced by what, to the sensitive mind, could not be regarded otherwise than as a warning. No one knows what this Ministry may not do. It was by no means out of keeping with their policy on the Education question that the Minister should carry anti-sectarian prejudice to the extent of declining to kiss the Bible during the working hours of the Legislature, adopting the compromise, smacking of the Cowper-Temple clause, of saluting the form of oath conveniently framed on cardboard.



A HINT TO THE MASTER OF ELIBANK.

As he never forgets his "cue," why not play the push-stroke up to the Speaker?



"Oh, dear! oh, dear! He's gone and *kissed the oath!!* Whatever will happen now?"

(Lord R-b-rt C-c-l.)

Lord ROBERT'S apprehension was in certain measure removed by the explanation that it was a mere accident, a fresh illustration of the frequency of the slip between the book and the lip. That the portent of fresh evil-doing was not absolutely unjustified was proved by the circumstance that to-night the new Minister of Education comes up smiling, waving an olive branch in the direction of passive resisters seated below the Gangway. As PRINCE ARTHUR was quick to testify, the Bill which is symbolised by this greenery bristles with controversial points. JOHN DILLON, moving restlessly on his seat, would dearly have liked to say a few words. A perfidious Government baulked intent by bringing in the Bill under what is known as the ten minutes' rule. Discussion thus peremptorily barred, there remained one outlet for pent-up passion. In spite of PRINCE ARTHUR'S objection the Irish Members insisted on taking a division, a first reading being granted to the Bill by 264 votes to 109.

Business done.—Introduction of Bill for relief of passive resisters.

Friday night.—House always thought well of MASTER OF ELIBANK. Personally popular on both sides. At a stride—to be precise, at succession of strides—he has reached height of eminence rarely trod. Commissioned by reason of his office as Comptroller of the Household to bring in HIS MAJESTY'S gracious reply to the Address, he achieved the task with a lithesome grace that compelled admiration, even in the ranks of the Independent Labour Party, who say they don't care for that sort of thing.

To outsider the business seems easy enough. Only those realise the difficulty who through the ages have watched scores of practitioners. First of all you have to come down in broad daylight in Windsor uniform, carrying in right hand a light pole painted white, suggesting that you are bent upon turning up incandescent lights in rows of lampposts. Thus arrayed and equipped, you stand at the Bar facing a crowded, supercilious House. At summons from the SPEAKER, you advance a carefully ordered number of steps, clap your heels together, and, for greater safety holding on to the pole, bow low. Another advance, a second genuflexion at the Table, and you read aloud the Royal Message.

Up to now, pretty straight sailing. Here difficulty begins. Instead of turning about with friendly farewell nod at the SPEAKER and walking out of the House, you must needs retire backwards, counting (not audibly) your steps till you reach the proper distance from the Mace, when you bow low. The same number of steps repeated should bring you to the Bar, where you halt again, make last obeisance, gratefully turn on your heel and bolt.



NAPOLEON B. HALDANE AMONG THE RUINS OF BHRODRIK.

(Dimly suggested by the well-known picture by G. Clairin.)

Walking across Niagara on a tight-rope a trifle compared with this. Experience of many forlorn Admirals advanced to the post of Black Rod, from time to time despatched with messages to the Commons, testifies to extremity of difficulty. More than one old salt, mopping his brow on returning to safe harbour of his box in House of Lords, has been heard to murmur preference for walking the plank. ELIBANK took to the task as a duck takes to water. Nothing so near in approach to the style and grace of the minuet has been seen at Westminster within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Business done.—Extension to Scotland of Provision of Meals Bill discussed.

Garden Notes.

"ON SALE, CHIP POTATO PLANT."—*Huddersfield Examiner.*

The Navy Cut Tobacco Plant and the Stewed Celery Bed may be found in the same department.

"HANDS OFF THE PEOPLE'S TRAMS," said the yellow placards (significant colour) on *The Daily News* Election motors last Saturday. But that is just what everybody *has* been doing on the Embankment.

FROM a short story in *The Leader*:—

"The Vicar of Llanprisc having interested himself in the selling of the treasure, the articles were discovered to be temple vessels of *priceless* Eastern workmanship, and a *thousand pounds* were at length handed over to Mag."

The italics are ours, but the huge commission presumably went to the Vicar.

"Two collisions took place between Charing Cross and the Houses of Parliament during the morning."—*Daily Chronicle.*

So many collisions have occurred lately between the two Houses that it is indeed pleasant to find them combining in this way against a common enemy.

HELP FROM THE HAGUE.

[It is decided, by the most eminent authorities, that questions concerning Literary Copyright shall not be the occasion of war between nations, but shall be settled by arbitration.]

To-day a monster load of care
 Is off my cultivated mind.
I seem to breathe a fresher air,
 For, with intense relief, I find
That jealous nations will not fight
For my unworthy copyright.

When, formerly, I wrote my verse,
 I thought, "There may arrive a day
When warring continents will curse
 This simple, unpretentious lay,
And widows will, with reason, aim
Their objurgations at my name."

And, once or twice, by horror spurred
 I seized a sky-blue pencil and
Obliterated every word
 With a self-sacrificial hand.
"These rhymes shall never be," I cried,
"Responsible for homicide."

Diplomacy, I feared, would take
 A miracle of polished wit
(For specim n see this) and make
 A *casus belli* out of it.
Informed by precedent, I knew
What skilled diplomatists can do.

My mind's imaginative eye
 Projected quite a million men
On battle-fields and saw them die
 (A few surviving, now and then).
And not infrequently I swore
To be humane and write no more.

But, now, I have no need to plague
 My conscience on a point of blood;
I can rely upon the Hague
 To nip that peril in the bud.
And that is why I sit at ease
And write exactly what I please.

THE RENAISSANCE OF ETON.

Great interest has been excited in educational circles by the announcement that the Headmaster of Eton is now obliging offenders against the school rules to write their "lines" with the left hand. In an interview with *The Daily Mail* representative the Headmaster defended the practice on physiological grounds. "If the left side was not as active as the right the left (*sic*) side of the brain was affected. Writing with the left hand would have a good effect upon the brain, and there would be no such thing as the writer's cramp."

We are informed on the best authority that the cult of ambidexterity by no means exhausts the innovations which the Headmaster is introducing at the great school over which he presides with such enlightened humanity. Dr. C. H. Lloyd, the gifted director of musical studies at Eton, in the course of an interview with a *Punch* representative last Friday informed him that a new method of instructing organ and pianoforte pupils in the mastery of the keyboard had for several months been put into practice with the most satisfactory results.

It appears that Canon the Hon. E. Lyttelton is a great believer in nasal development as an instrument of national efficiency. The Duke of Wellington, author of the historic tribute to the value of physical culture at Eton, undoubtedly owed his success and popularity in a great measure to the size and configuration of his nose. The problem, then, to be considered was how to devise some suitable exercise to promote the expansion of the human proboscis. Canon Lyttelton appealed in vain to Herr Sandow and to the leading representatives of Conchology at the Royal Society. At last, however, while reading the life of Mendelssohn he came across an anecdote relating how the famous musician succeeded in playing a chord of eleven notes by striking one with his nose.

Working upon these lines Dr. Lloyd has now devised a system entitled Boko-jiu-jitsu, by which all pupils taking lessons on the instruments named above will be obliged to use their noses equally with their fingers. Indeed, there is one extraordinarily gifted and supple boy who has attained such a pitch of proficiency that, without painful contortion, he is able to strike the pedals with his nose while working the manuals with his feet. Dr. Lloyd, however, was careful to add that the success with which the new scheme had met at Eton was doubtless due to the exceptionally large proportion of boys with aristocratic noses; it by no means followed that equally exhilarating results would be attained at primary or even grammar schools.

It is very pleasant to learn that the improvement of the physique of Etonian noses which has attended the Headmaster's courageous and humane experiment has not been confined to quantity, but is manifested in quality as well. Boko-jiu-jitsu develops the sense of smell to such an extraordinary pitch of acuteness that Canon Lyttelton has good hopes of solving the vexed question of the Eton Beagles in a way which will at once satisfy the exigencies humanitarian critics and the demands of lovers of sport.

Under the new *régime* the beagles will be replaced by a pack of specially trained boys who will follow the drag by scent, and, in order to complete the illusion, will run on all fours, a method likely to prove of immense practical value to such pupils as subsequently enter the army and take part in warfare in the jungle.

Simultaneously with the cult of ambidexterity and nasomaxillary gymnastics Canon Lyttelton has very wisely determined to encourage his scholars in acquiring prehensile skill with their feet. As he puts it, why should we, the heirs of all the ages, allow ourselves to be outclassed by arboreal man? Acting on this principle the drawing-master has already succeeded in teaching seventeen oppidans to paint with their toes, and a class for instruction in the *savate*, recently started at the gymnasium under the supervision of a French Professor, bids fair to produce momentous results in the Rugby game which henceforth is to be played at Eton.



By the Kaiser's orders only German champagne is to be drunk by the officers of his army. We understand that the news has been received with joy by temperance reformers.

Ordered South.

"For Sale.—Bedstead; mahogany chest drawers; marble top washstand; cheap, going abroad." *Star.*

Mr. Punch sympathises with the advertiser in his indisposition, and hopes that the sea voyage will speedily restore him to health.

"The Arsenal have a very reasonable chance of reaching the semi-finals for the second year in succession, and if they get there they will have an even better prospect of working their way into the final."—*Daily Mail.*

They have a spec-ial man in the off-ice to think of things like this. He has a room to him-self, and no-bod-y is all-owed to dis-turb him. Is he not a clev-er man?

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

I.—THE START.

FAREWELL, my Country! somehow there's a hollow
Ring in that trite but pregnant word "Farewell";
E'en such a chill as pierced the previous swallow,
When summer failed to occupy the dell.
To climates where professional congestion is
Less obvious than in London I must flee;
You'll fare all right; the all-important question is
How, so to speak, will things pan out for me?

Far westward, where the wonderful Pacific
On Santa Barbara's beach in thunder breaks,
Where oranges and earthquakes are prolific,
And "dead-beat" Britishers are no great shakes,
I shall be found beneath the spangled banner,
Lending distinction to an office stool,
Expectorating in the local manner,
And cursing HORACE GREELEY for a fool.

Or like the stile-lorn* emigrant of Erin,
I shall embellish a policeman's club;
Sell real estate or round the nimble steer in
A desert strewn with rattlesnakes and scrub;
Learn in some mining camp what ROOSEVELT teaches
Touching the beauties of the strenuous life;
Grow ferret-faced and dislocate my breeches
With a six-shooter or a bowie-knife.

And you, dear land from whom a dearth of "sinews"
Bids me reluctantly to evanesce,
Concerning you, what meagre stream of thin news
Will filter slowly through the local Press?
How I shall pore, agog with expectation,
Over a *Times* of antiquated date,
Slaking a well-kept thirst for information
On "Latest Football News" or "Lords' Debate."

But that won't last: a year or two will find me
Making a modest but sufficient pile,
Unhaunted by the land I left behind me,
And pressing home the common search for "ile";
Hunting the grizzly on the steep sierras,
When things are slack, and I can get away;
Watching the Tuna leap into the air as
He tows my launch round Catalina's bay.

Oh, yes, I'll do all right, when I've forgotten
The pleasant days that now so quickly flee;
But O my England, shall I ever cotton
To Uncle Sam as I have done to thee?
Farewell! again; a heavy-hearted exile
Sheds a moist tribute from his furtive eye;
To-morrow from the ship's departing decks I'll
Bid thee a long, a passionate good-bye.

Ay, and as night draws down and o'er the Channel
From west to east the Lizard winks and wheels,
When the tried sailor dons a thicker flannel
And takes a livelier interest in his meals,
A sea-green form will totter to its cabin,
Seeking from agony a short relief;
A voice will murmur, "This the final stab in
A heart already paralysed with grief!" ALGOL.

* "I'm sitting on the stile, MARY,
Where we sat side by side."
The Emigrant's Farewell.



First Youthful Briton (watching football match). "FANCY ME AND YOU WASTIN' OUR SATURDAY AFTERNOONS MESSIN' ABOUT WITH A RIFLE. EH, WHAT?"
Second ditto. "NOT US!"

"COLD MEAT, AND HOW TO DISGUISE IT."

[Being the title of a brochure by Mr. M. G. RATTRAY, Diplomé of the National Training School of Cookery.]

A LONG-AWAITED work, under the above title, has recently made its appearance. Without looking, we should guess that it contains something like the following:—

A HAM.—Many a shy ham is aching to take a quiet stroll out of doors, but perhaps fears to be stared at; and to all such the question of means for concealing their identity must be one of absorbing interest. It is difficult to say exactly what disguise a ham should adopt, as the outlines of its figure are almost certain to be recognised through any ordinary *travestie*. It will be apparent, however, to the dullest of hams that the first precaution is to leave one's frill in the larder, as this conspicuous neck-wear would at once betray the wearer. For the rest, a domino of some quiet colour, with its accompanying *loup* (or little black mask) to hide the features, should afford concealment. Finally, avoid being seen in the company of a cold chicken, as the association would be apt to arouse suspicion.

FEW people appreciate the full force of the arguments against which our Tariff Reformers have to contend. Thus:

Canvasser in the Brigg Division. Then you will vote for Sir BERKELEY SHEFFIELD?

Labourer. No, 'e's for Fiscal Reform.

Canvasser. But, my good man, Fiscal Reform is just the thing that you want.

Labourer. I know it isn't, then. It'll make us all have to be vaccinated.

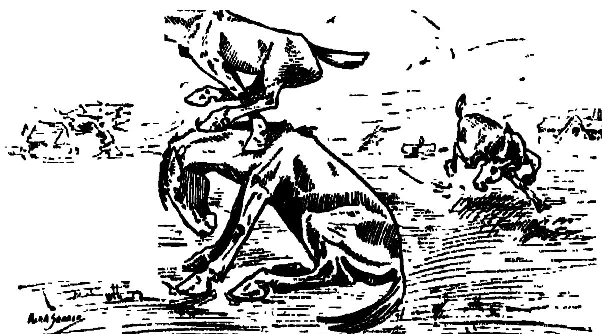
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Eden Phillpotts aims very high in his new Dartmoor tragedy, *The Whirlwind* (Chapman and Hall). If he fails of a perfect success, it is due to improbability in the motives of two of his chief characters. The half-pagan love of joy which inspires his *Sarah Jane* to rebel against her husband's rigid orthodoxy is not sufficient in itself to explain her act of infidelity to the man whom she always loves best in her heart. Further inducements have therefore to be found in a kind of dislocated altruism which seeks at once to confer happiness on the lover and to secure his patronage and good services for the husband. This complexity of motive, improbable enough in a person of highly-wrought imagination, is out of all consonance with the upbringing of this woman of the soil. Again, it is asking too much of our credulity to want us to believe that her lover, after quickly tiring of her physical charms, should develop, and maintain to the end, a strong spiritual passion for her soul; at the same time discarding the free attitude of thought which was among his chief attractions for her, and becoming almost as orthodox as her husband. However, these problems seem to offer no sort of obstacle to the author, and he moves forward to his conclusions with rare and unflinching courage.

As a specialist in the landscape of the Devon Moors, Mr. Phillpotts shows a pardonable proneness to spread himself in detached scenic essays; always eloquent, but sometimes overstepping the limits proper to a background. On the other hand one can never have too much of his local "souls." In these minor characters he touches the very top of humour—the true English kind, natural and unstrained. Finally, if I had had the happy thought of writing *Adam Bede* or *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* I should not a bit mind being mistaken for the author of *The Whirlwind*.

I am sure that when Miss Macnaughtan was writing *The Expensive Miss Du Cane* she never guessed that she was destined to meet at dinner a real member of *The Times* Book Club Committee, and that her conversation with him would be faithfully reported to Mr. Hooper. But these things having actually happened a one-and-tenpenny letter from the Manager to call attention to the goings on of the Expensive Mr. Heinemann was, of course, a certainty. Now to the 81,000 stalwarts who take their orders from Mr. Hooper I have nothing to say; I know that—in the words of the old joke—when Father says "Turn" they all turn. But to the few million others I do strongly recommend Miss Macnaughtan's story. It concerns itself with a house-party at Hesketh, and every member of that party is a real living human being; no stage dummy need apply. One of the visitors, however, is not described at all. This is Miss Macnaughtan herself. It is useless for her to pretend that she was not there; I know she was. If I may say so, I can imagine her sitting in her corner, just "looking on"—until in the end she knew more about the characters of her fellow-guests than they did themselves. And had *Geoffrey* been only sensible enough to have talked matters over quietly and sympathetically with Miss Macnaughtan he would never have parted from *Miss Du Cane* as he did.



ANIMAL SPIRITS.

Training for the Grand National.

Reading a few weeks ago the *Life and Letters of Lord Lytton*, edited by Lady Betty Balfour, I was struck by the indispensability of Sir Owen Burne. When Lord Lytton accepted the post of Viceroy of India, his first impulse was to secure Sir Owen as Private Secretary, an office in which he had served Lord Mayo. Sir Owen was at the time honourably and comfortably installed as Political and Secret Secretary at the India Office, a post which brought him into intimate relations with the late Marquis of Salisbury, then Secretary of State. The India Office reluctantly lent his services, on the understanding that his absence should be temporary. Lord Lytton's published letters testify to his regret at the severance of the connection at the end of two years. Not being a bird, Sir Owen could not at the same time be in Calcutta and London, and was joyfully received on return to his former post. In his *Memories* (Arnold) his almost fanatical modesty cannot obscure the fact that the preference of Lord Lytton was shared by all who came in contact with him. Whenever a man was appointed to supreme command at home or abroad, he wanted to have Owen Burne at his right hand. Sir Owen's personal predilection drew him to the army. He joined it in youth, saw hard service during the Indian Mutiny, and rose to the rank of Major General. But successive Viceroys and Secretaries of State claimed him as their own and the greater part of a long stirring life was spent in the political service.

Before his steps were finally turned aside from soldiering he served as A.-D.-C. to Sir Hugh Rose, Commander of the Forces in Ireland. This was just forty years ago. It is interesting and informing at the present juncture to learn that Sir Hugh, brought face to face with the difficulty of the government of Ireland, attempted to square the circle. His scheme, set forth in pp. 76, 77, will, I venture to say at the peril of prophesying where I don't know, be found curiously like the one about to be submitted to Parliament by the present Government.

Sir Owen was by Lord Mayo's side when he was assassinated in the Andaman Islands. Of that and other historical events he supplies graphic narrative. He has a keen eye for a good story, and tells many. But why provokingly cut short the one about his getting into the wrong bedroom when retiring to rest on a visit to Osborne? Was the lady "in yellow curl papers?"

Some of us have possibly forgotten that the art of "Kottabos" (the liquid quoits, *ut ita dicam*, of ancient Sicily) consisted in tossing dregs of wine into a metal scale so as to produce a clear ringing note on the head of a figurine. The name was given to a nineteenth-century miscellany to which the wits and scholars of T. C. D. were wont to contribute sparkling effusions in prose and verse. The cream of these dregs (I too have lived in Ireland) has been skimmed by Dr. Tyrrell and Sir Edward Sullivan and published by Grant Richards, under the title of *Echoes from Kottabos*; and having sipped thereof with much gusto I have no hesitation in saying that these heel-taps of Dublin stout give quite as merry and clear a ring as similar *jets de mots* of Cambridge audit and Oxford small beer.

CHARIVARIA.

Two pairs of men's trousers have been found inside a shark which was discovered on the beach at an Australian seaside resort, and it is supposed that the creature had been leading a double life.

Father VAUGHAN has, in one of his fascinating sermons on "The Sins of Society" dealing especially with Taradiddles, surprised everyone by granting a dispensation to such persons as are "Not at home" when visitors call. We had always imagined that to be found out was breaking the eleventh commandment.

There is nothing like taking time by the forelock. One Peer at least is evidently no believer in the stability of the House of Lords. Lord O'HAGAN has just become a member of the Havering-atte-Bower (Essex) Parish Council.

The reason why the novels of Mr. SILAS HOCKING lack humour is now apparent. This great romancer reserves his fun for his speeches. "The House of Lords," he declared last week, "is composed of antediluvian fossils, who breathe an atmosphere in which freedom cannot live, and is a House largely replenished by the plutocrats of the drink ring and the gutter press." SILAS is a dear old fellow, and we hope he will make lots more speeches.

Die Welt am Montag discloses a plot by Great Britain, France, and Italy, to slice up Turkey on the SULTAN's death, and leave Germany without a share. It is not true, but it would be a great joke to do it.

Indeed, in this very connection, *The Daily Mail* has not been slow to retort on the German Chancellor for his recent attack. Our gallant little contemporary is now beginning to undermine Germany's influence with Turkey, and has already succeeded in obtaining from the SULTAN the concession that he likes Englishmen.

Reading in her newspaper that the flag of the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir ARTHUR WILSON, was struck on H.M.S. *Exmouth* last week, a dear old lady writes to ask why our mastheads are not fitted with lightning conductors.

Jewellery to the value of £70 was discovered, last week, to be missing at a Woking hotel. A man who had retired to rest early on the previous night also disappeared. It is thought that he too may have been stolen.

"Two Japanese doctors," says *The Evening Standard*, "had a dispute about the ownership of a dog, which they had been trying to settle in the law courts for over two years." It certainly seems a queer place in which to settle a dog, although we suppose there is no reason why there should not be Dogs of Law as well as Dogs of War.

"The Automobile Club," says *Truth*, "has prepared a new system of handicapping for hill-climbing competitions, but the details are so complicated that one requires to be a PORSON or a TODHUNTER to understand them." The hill to be climbed is, we suppose, Parnassus. Otherwise, why PORSON?

At Paris there has been founded a school to teach "the art of breathing while driving in a motor-car at all speeds." What we want is a school to teach the art of breathing after you have been driven over by a motor-car.

Mr. ARROWSMITH has published a little book of verses written by a West Country Cobbler. They are so that it is to be hoped that this will be the forerunner of others, and that the cobbler will not stick to his last.

"Since 1880," says our dear old friend *The Daily News*, "much water has flown under London Bridge." On the backs of flying canards, we presume.

The fact that a young lady of Florence, New Jersey, U.S.A., almost lost her life as the result of laughing immoderately for eight hours at a joke which was made to her has, we note, made the American comic papers even more cautious than usual.

According to an article in *The Reader*, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is fond of a joke. So, apparently, is General BOTHA. It is said that the General does not intend to abolish Chinese labour on the Rand.

There is a peculiarly unfortunate misprint in the following paragraph which is said to have appeared in a provincial contemporary:—"A steamer to be known as the *George Washington* has been ordered by the Hamburg-Amerika Company. It will be the biggest transatlantic liar afloat."

The Suffragette who, after having breakfasted at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, declared that she would not mind going back to Holloway, was wanting in true tact.

The Manchester Guardian gives publicity to the following:—

THE TRANSVAAL
SWEARING IN THE NEW CABINET.

THEY are beginning early.



THE HANDY MAN.

The Visitor. "YES, MY 'USBAND IS VERY 'ANDY. 'E MENDED THE CUCKOO CLOCK THE OTHER DAY; BUT IT AIN'T QUITE RIGHT YET. IT OOS BEFORE IT CUCKS!"

AN "agony" in *The Morning Leader*:

"OWNEY.—As other half gone—is other lady mother.—J."

In the circumstances you mention, J., certainly. What a ridiculous question to ask!

THERE is trouble in Inverness to-day, all along of the *Highland Times* "Lady Correspondent," who *must* be more careful in future. In her comments on the Lovat Scouts' Ball she says (and we venture to italicise the important words):

"Miss F. of M. *looked* handsome ... Miss M. *was* handsome ... Miss D. B. *looked* pretty, Miss H. H. *was* pretty.

And so on, all down the page. Very careless indeed.

MONARCHS OF THE STAGE.

I.—Napoleon at the Duke of York's.

II.—An Iron King at the St. James's.

I.

There seems to be no positive finality about the last phases of Napoleon. Only the other day he was being counterfeited by *Peter Pan*, and now up he comes again at the same theatre, in the person of Mr. John Hare. One missed the massive head-piece,

"the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind."

Never before did the Terror of Europe show so frail and bird-like. Any one of his suite could have made a light meal of him; and it was surely no discredit to the marksmanship of those who ran *The Great Conspiracy* that, with a cart-load of gunpowder, which brought down great hunks of scenery and nearly asphyxiated the audience, they failed to hit so tiny a target. This was during the Consulship; and sanguine hopes were entertained that by the time he became Emperor he would add a few historical pounds to his fighting girth. These hopes were rudely dashed when it was seen that his Imperial waist showed no visible signs of distension.

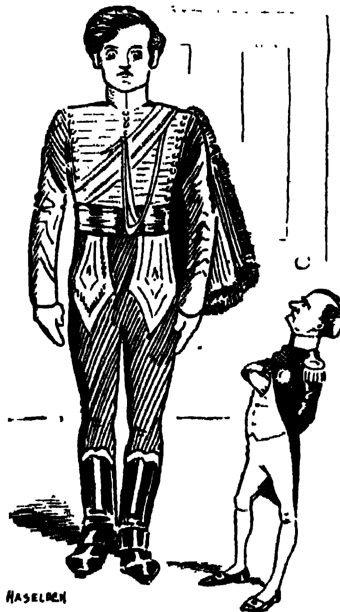
The play abounded in situations of the best melodramatic order. Miss Irene Vanbrugh had a part which made heavy demands upon her versatility, and it is small blame to her if the transition from one emotion to another was sometimes a little abrupt. Unfortunately, if there is one type which this brilliant actress was never designed to simulate it is that of a coquette. And twice in this play—once with her lover at the sign of *La Belle Marseillaise*, and once with Napoleon in the snuff-box scene—she was asked to give a sustained exhibition of the particular kind of seductiveness which she would be the last to claim as her special gift. It was literally a *mauvais quart d'heure* for her and all of us when she had to exhaust her powers of fascination to detain the Captain against his will and duty from 6.45 to 7 P.M. And the dialogue here, like the top half of the gentleman's soup, was very thin stuff.

The villain, the *Marquis de Tallemont*, played by Mr. Aubrey Smith, had no luck. I think perhaps his nature was too refined for the dirtier part of his work. But a word of flattery must be given to his disguise in the second half. It deceived not only Napoleon and his Chief of Police, but me too.

The play owed much to the picturesqueness of its figures and costumes; and it was a fair reflection upon its merits that the performance which got the tightest grip on the gallery was that of Mr. Ainley, who did a great deal of saluting, bore himself bravely, and looked very handsome and gallant in a varied wardrobe of uniforms, but otherwise did not have his fine intelligence put to any very severe strain.

The success of the original French version in Paris, where, even more than with us, the Napoleonic legend must be *vieux jeu*, can only be explained, I imagine, by the piquancy of those passages which Mrs. Ryley, the adapter, was discreet enough to suppress.

Those who want a moral will find one in the attitude of *Jeanne* to her husband Briefly it is this: *Stick to the letter of your vows, and then you needn't worry about the spirit of them.*



Napoleon I. . . . . Mr. John Hare.
Captain Roger Crisenoy . . . . Mr. Henry Ainley.

II.

When you hear *John Glayde's Honour* described as a "strong" play, you will easily gather which commandment it is that is made to suffer most in the breach. The trio are constituted as follows: (1) The American husband, an Iron King, who gambles on Wall Street and leaves his wife to amuse herself in Paris; (2) the wife who does so; (3) the *tertium quid*, an artist who paints her portrait. A cable sent by the artist's designing mother, who wants to divert her son's fancy in the direction of an eligible maiden, brings the Iron King post-haste to Paris. Arriving suddenly in the midst of a pleasant dinner-party at his wife's flat outside Paris he adopts business tactics; treats her chastity like a doubtful market proposition, and makes appointments with half the cast to come and tell him what they know as to its soundness. Meanwhile, to his wife he discovers an ancient chamber in his heart reserved for her exclusive use; further alleging that he had never troubled to question her devotion any more than a man "takes out his lungs to see if they are breathing"—a feat which would of course be attended with extreme risk. He now proposes to resume the old relations of many years ago, temporarily in abeyance owing to the distraction of the Money Market. This proposal she discourages for the moment, at the same time lying very heartily on the subject of her innocence, and arranging with her lover to fly the next evening in a borrowed motor. Finally, after the husband's suspicions have been alternately roused by reports and allayed by his wife's intrepid lying, he traces her to the artist's studio, discards the notion of employing firearms, and takes his best revenge by letting them go their way, with the prospect of divorce and a generous allowance. The shame of these gifts is on them as the final curtain falls.

None of the three gets our unmitigated sympathy, but the future is rich with promise of a rough poetic justice. For the woman is going to pay the heaviest penalty. The Iron King will return, for consolation, to his wallowing in Wall Street, with the chastening reflection that there is one kind of Trust which dollars cannot control; the lover, I dare wager, will eventually return to his dearest love, his Art: and so the woman will become mere flotsam, drifting darkly on continental backwaters. And she deserves this fate; not so much for her infidelity to a man who was at no pains to keep her love, but rather for the ugliness of her methods of intrigue.

On the other hand, the lovers may marry and be always happy afterwards. You never can tell. Even Mr. Sutro isn't quite sure about it.

It is an astounding defect in an otherwise excellent play that while its conditions are American (for the toiling millionaire, with a wife at the other side of the world, is not a product of English civilisation) there is practically no attempt made, apart from one minor exception, to give an American colouring to its characters. Here and there one traces an exotic turn of phrase on the lips of the Yankee *Princesse de Castagnary*, but in the main there is no distinguishing sign of nationality by which an American in the audience could recognise his compatriots on the stage as belonging to any known Transatlantic type. Does Mr. Sutro, for instance, imagine that modern America produces guileless *ingénues* like the *Dora Longman* of Miss May Martyn? Never was anything more purely British seen on the boards.

The lighter dialogue of the opening was indifferent; indeed, except in the studio scene, it was always rather strained; but the First Act was the only one whose success was ever in doubt on the night of the play-warming (a delightful



THE COMING PERILETTE.

A SKY-SIGN OF THE TIMES.

[A scientist announces the threatened impact of a comet which is to reduce the earth to ashes. Other scientists assert that the earth will easily survive its advent. For the moment the topic has been "talked out."]

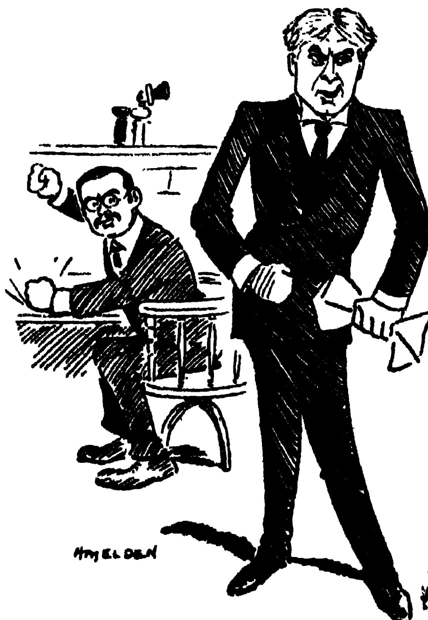
A WORD IN SEASON.

Young Hopeful (in a stage whisper). "WHEN THIS IS OVER, WE'RE GOIN' TO PLAY TRAINS."

innovation which gives the intelligent jury a whole spare day, badly needed, for considering their verdict). For the rest, the development of the author's scheme held a grateful house-party in the throes of anticipation; and its issue remained unsolved till the last sentence was uttered.

The Second Act was the best by virtue of its contrasts, both of motive and character. I must suppose that Mr. SUTRO wanted to show the victory of *John Glayde's* newly-awakened passion of jealousy over the old ruling passion for gambling. But I could wish that he had seen his way to a continuance of the conflict, as set forth in the Second Act, between these two passions, if only that we might have been made more familiar with the Iron King's very attractive factotum, *Michael Shurmur*, the one character in this American play with any real pretence to an American manner.

I cannot believe that Mr. ALEXANDER is at his best in a strenuous *rôle*. He never seemed comfortable in the matter of his face, which kept on wanting to smile, and had to be constantly distorted into a semblance of gravity. At one time I was afraid that he was going to be a little Arthurian over his *Guinevere;* but we were spared the worst in the way of ponderous rhetoric. It was a great triumph for Miss EVA MOORE that in so thankless and even repellent a part she preserved an essential womanliness which made her offences seem almost forgivable. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE, in the part of everybody's friend, played with admirable sensitiveness in the scene at the Ritz; but Mr. MATHESON LANG, as the lover, was on the heavy side.



John Glayde . . . . . Mr. George Alexander.
Michael Shurmur . . Mr. Michael Sherbrooke.

The play does not promise to run as long as *His House in Order*, for *Mrs. Glayde's ménage* is in shocking disorder, and I fear that the general unpalatableness of the theme may go against its chances of a secure place in the British bosom.

A notice of the late Dr. IBSEN'S melodrama at the Court will appear in next week's issue. O. S.

All Birds have their Price.

"I CAN supply grey talkers that will say almost anything at reasonable prices."—*Exchange and Mart.*

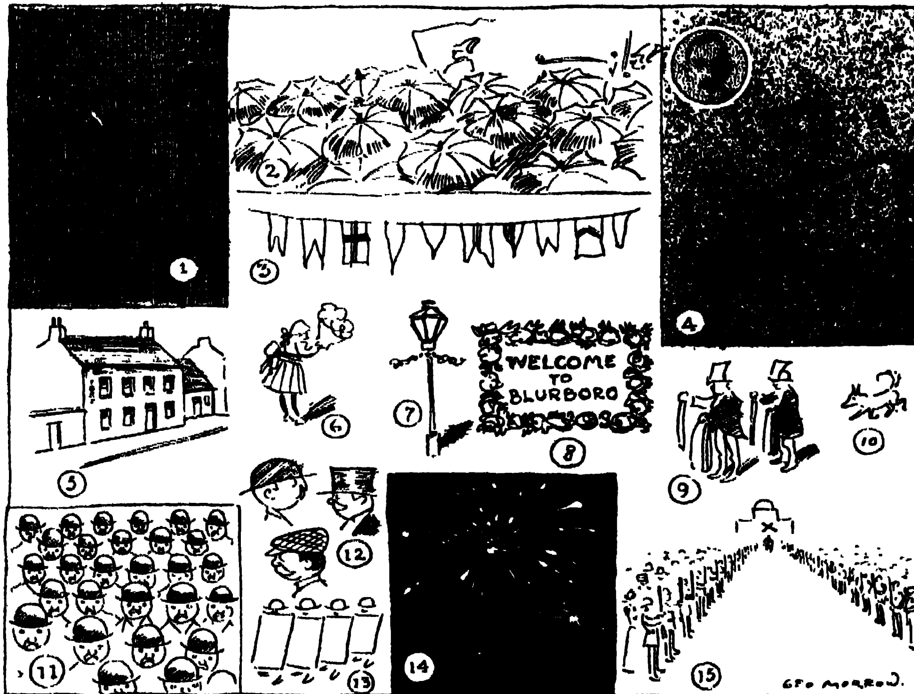
THE MAN IN THE TWEED KNICKERBOCKERS.

I.

Up to last Sunday I used to flatter myself that I could weave a credible romance round any stranger whom I chanced to notice. For instance, in the District Railway my attention would be attracted by two men seated opposite me. "Father and son, obviously," I would say to myself. "The father has come up from the country for the day. He lives in Suffolk, and his son, whose name might be Cecil, is at the Bar. They will probably get out at Blackfriars and go to see St. Paul's." It happens, possibly, that they alight at Charing Cross—change-here-for-the-Baker-Street-Waterloo-Railway. "No," I say, "they are going to the Zoo, and the son's name is George." Whereupon I proceed complacently to the Temple, feeling that even if my theory is incorrect it is at any rate entirely plausible.

But since last Sunday everything is changed. Last Sunday I came across a mystery so baffling, so insoluble, that all the conceit is knocked out of me. That there is some simple explanation of what I saw, I am convinced; but it harrows me to find it. I have racked my brains in vain; I have invented theories and dismissed them contemptuously. And now I call in outside aid, hoping that somebody will provide me with a clue, no matter how slight it may be.

We all got out at St. James's Park Station on that Sunday night—these three persons and I. As we walked up the stairs I looked casually at them. Obviously father, mother, and daughter. The girl was about sixteen, the mother about forty, and they were both in evening cloaks, and had scarves round their heads. The man was short and bearded; he wore a heavy overcoat and a cap—and if a man chooses to wear a cap instead of a silk hat or *gibus*, who am I to blame him for it? Almost unconsciously I summed them up to myself. "Fairly well-to-do—a self-made man, I should say—they 've been dining at one of those houses which are really Hammersmith, but call themselves West Kensington—he didn't want to dress at first, but she said, 'Don't be silly, Robert, of course we shall have to,' and he said, 'Very well, my dear, only I shall wear my cap'—yes, the girl is probably called Elsie . . . ." And so on. All quite simple to anyone with an imagination and a sense of character.



HOW THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED PAPER DEALS WITH THE ROYAL VISIT TO BLURBOROUGH.

(1) Sir William Blurge, Mayor of Blurborough. (2) Arrival of the Royal Party. (3) Some of the decorations. (4) The new Town Hall opened yesterday. The architect, Mr. W. Hatchdot (inset). (5) House in which Sir W. Blurge does not at present reside owing to defective drains. (6) Miss Ena Blurge, who presented the bouquet to the Princess. (7) Decorated lamp-post. (8) One of the mottoes. (9) Programme-sellers. (10) Dog. (11) Some of the crowd. The fourth from the left in the third row is Mr. W. Smith, who was almost successful in our recent guessing competition. (12) Blurboro' types. (13) Sandwichmen. (14) Firework display in Blurge Park. (15) Departure of the Royal Party. The Royal Carriage is indicated by X.

To Curio Collectors.—Beautifully-finished copies of the above Photographs can be supplied at 7*s.* 6*d.* each, half-plate size, mounted, post free.

And then to my horror, as I looked down at the man's legs, his coat blew open, and I saw that he was wearing tweed knickerbockers, thick stockings, and heavy boots!

II.

Now, as I said, there must be some quite simple explanation. I feel convinced that, if I had gone up to this man Robert (as indeed I thought of doing) and had said to him: "Excuse me, Sir, but why are you in knickerbockers, when your wife and child are in evening dress?" his reply would have made the matter clear to me at once. "Fool," I should have said to myself. "Why didn't you think of that? Of course!" But, before I had made up my mind as to how best to approach him, he and his family had turned into Queen Anne's Mansions—and I was left on the pavement staring open-mouthed after them.

So, then, we must find an explanation for ourselves. The first question to decide is this: Did Robert leave Queen Anne's Mansions in knickerbockers, or did something happen to him afterwards? Now here we do seem to be on the track of an idea. Something happened to him afterwards, you say. He started, that is, with his wife and daughter, on this Sunday evening, suitably attired for dinner at his friend's West Kensington house; and, either on the journey, or else at his destination, something happened which compelled him to come back in knickerbockers. What could it have been? Well, he might have fallen into a pond, or the servant might have spilled the claret over him—two excellent theories. Regrets or apologies from his host, and an offer to lend him anything from his own wardrobe. . . .

Yes, yes, but in that case these would have been borrowed knickerbockers of Robert's, and they had not that look at all. In that case, too, he (or his wife) would have been carrying the damaged trousers home, and there was nothing of that sort here. You will say, of course, that Robert might have been exactly the same size as his host, and that he might have fallen into the fire and have had his clothes burnt completely off him. Now that, I admit, sounds possible; but no one who has seen Robert would suggest it for a moment. Robert, if I am any judge of character, is a hard-headed, sturdy little man—not at all the sort of person to go about falling into fires.

No; the more I consider it the more I am convinced that Robert left Queen Anne's Mansions at seven o'clock that

evening dressed as I saw him afterwards. That is to say, he put those knickerbockers on deliberately, and deliberately went down to Hammersmith (there is no need to keep up the West Kensington illusion any longer) with the intention of dining in his bicycling suit. But why should he do this? We may be sure that "Mother" and "ELSIE" would have preferred him to be in the more conventional evening dress. Why, then, did he override their wishes? That is the real mystery.

III.

This is the best I can do. The *Time* is 6.45 on that fatal evening; the *Scene* is the drawing-room; and ROBERT is discovered aimlessly wandering about, stopping every now and then to lift up a book or a china ornament. He is dressed in a dark-grey lounge suit. His wife enters suddenly.

Mother (*sharply*). ROBERT! Do you know it's seven o'clock, and you haven't begun to dress?

Robert (*uneasily*). It's an extraordinary thing, dear, but I can't find my dress-clothes anywhere.

[*Opens a workbasket, and peers inside.*

Mother. Have you looked in your dressing-room?

Robert. Yes, yes, of course. You haven't sent them away anywhere to be cleaned or anything, have you?

Mother. As if I—— ROBERT! I do believe I did! You know you said——

Robert (*annoyed*). That's really very awkward. You'll have to go without me then, that's all. You can say I'm not well. It's enough to make anyone ill when his clothes get taken like this.

Mother. Don't be silly, ROBERT. Go as you are. I'm sure you look very nice.

Robert. Yes, and what will HIGGINS think? That I don't know enough to know that it is usual to dress for dinner in West Kensington. I can't explain directly I get in at the door that I really have got some other clothes at home.

Mother. But those look very quiet and neat, dear. [*A long pause.*

Mother. Well, if you don't go, ELSIE and I don't. We're not going on that Underground by ourselves.

Robert. You must go, anyhow. . . . . Well, I'll tell you what I will do. I'll put on my bicycling suit—and then HIGGINS will know that *something* has happened anyhow.

Mother. Oh, but you can't!

Robert. Look here, don't you understand that, if I go as I am, HIGGINS will think it's just because I don't know any better; but if I go in knickerbockers he'll know that at any rate I'm not quite so ignorant as that, and he'll guess that there is some very special reason for it. But of course he'll be too polite to ask what it is. . . . See? It's the only way out of it. [*Exit hurriedly to change.*



MODERN SOCIETY.

"OH, HOW IS MRS. JONES TO-DAY?"

"I DON'T KNOW, MADAM. SHALL I ASK?"

"OH, NEVER MIND. ONLY TELL MRS. JONES I INQUIRED AFTER HER."

IV.

Or this:

25, Acacia Road, W. Kensington.

MY DEAR ROBERT (as I always think of you),—It is twenty years since we met, and I expect a lot has happened to us both since then. You, I know, are married and have a daughter—so TOM tells me. I too am married. Now, won't you bring your wife down to see my wife one day, and while they talk of servants and such like we'll discuss the old days in Manchester. What about next Sunday? I expect you've altered so much that I shall hardly recognise you. Yours ever, GEORGE HIGGINS.

Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.

DEAR GEORGE,—Delighted. I will come next Sunday and bring the wife and the daughter too, if I may. I wonder if you *will* recognise me! I've half a mind to come in those old knickerbockers I always used to wear. Do you remember them? Anyhow, it would help you to spot me. Yours, ROBERT.

* * * * * *

But this is making ROBERT out a fool. I don't think he is really that.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE resounding success achieved by the Portuguese statesman whose opera was recently produced at Lisbon has stimulated several British politicians to similar efforts. Of the ex-Cabinet Ministers who aspire to lyric laurels the most notable is perhaps Mr. BALFOUR, who has already completed the first Act of an opera based on LUCAS MALET'S stirring romance, *Sir Richard Calmady*. The title *rôle*, we understand, has been already assigned to an American baritone, formerly engaged in the whaling trade, who is physically qualified for the part, owing to an encounter with a shark off the coast of Florida. Next we hear that Mr. CHAPLIN and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS have completed the book of a musical comedy to be entitled *Old Men and Three Acres*, with lyrics by Professor HEWINS and additional lyrics by Mr. LEO MAXSE and Mr. L. S. AMERY. The music, which is said to be "simple, sensuous and passionate," has been composed by Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., with additional numbers by Sir PIETER BAM and Sir BAMFORD SLACK.

The marriage of Lord TORQUIL TOBOGGAN, the seventh son of the Duke of JURA, to Mlle. SONIA POGROMOFF, the famous Siberian violinist, took place last Thursday at St. George's, Hanover Square. The ceremony, which was attended by several Cabinet Ministers and the entire staff of the Russian Embassy, happily rounds off a romantic engagement at which the bridegroom's family were at first inclined to look askance, as Mlle. POGROMOFF is of Buriat descent, with strong leanings to polyphonic Buddhism. But the strength of mutual attachment overbore all obstacles, and the Duke and Duchess were both present at the ceremony as well as at the reception subsequently held at Philibeg Gardens. The presents were both numerous and costly, including a magnificent tame yak from the DALAI LAMA; the complete works of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, bound in limp lambskin, presented by the author; a set of superb fish-knives from M. STOLYPIN; a wee free library from Mr. CARNEGIE, and an electric tramcar from the Progressive members of the London County Council. The bridegroom's going-away costume excited much admiration, comprising trews of the Jura tartan, a tunic of white Zancig serge, a feather boa of the Emu brand, and a Glengarry cap.

Mr. HARRY KEARY, the famous cowboy pianist, who dislocated his thumb while executing BEETHOVEN'S "*Emperor*" Concerto at the Queen's Hall last Friday, is, we understand, going on as well as can be expected. Though not related to his namesake Mr. PETER KEARY, the famous author of *Get on or Get out*, he is in complete sympathy with the spirit of that epoch-making work, and is reported to have said that if PADEREWSKI had only begun life as a cow-puncher he would be twice the artist he is.

Miss MARIE CORELLI, as we learn from the pages of *Who's Who*, is proficient on the piano and mandolin, but it is not so generally known that many other authors and publicists are instrumentalists of no mean pretensions. Thus Mr. HALL CAINE has few superiors on the trumpet, and Mr. CROCKETT extracts exquisite tones from the small pipes, a variety not to be confused with the bonny briar pipes affected by IAN MACLAREN. Mr. HENNIKER HEATON'S favourite instrument is the posthorn, and Sir GEORGE GIBB evokes impressive melodies from the tuba.

MARIANA IN MARCH:

OR, THE FORGOTTEN VALENTINE.

Isabella. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole . . . There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana.

Measure for Measure, Act III., Scene 1.

TARIFA to her ARTHUR sends
This Calendar, with one dear date
Red-inked: ah, false the whispering friends
Who hint thee, though so cold of late,
So cold and languid, aught but true;
Yet word from thee is overdue.

Pale, pale the moon of Valentine
Has waned, unflushed to our embrace.
A year ago it marked as mine
Thy bosom's "first constructive place."
Not to precipitate your plans
What about putting up the banns?

A year, and just a month, ago!
'Tis March the equinox of change.
Like MARIANA'S *Angelo*
Thou leav'st me to a moated grange.
Desert *Micawber?* No, not I.
The converse? Let the villain try!

Ah, no!—blot out the hasty phrase:
Next year is leap-year (do not start!),
When I, if ARTHUR still delays,
Strain him to this determined heart.
The rosy Saint has sworn. In fine
You are, you must, you shall be mine.

THE conduct of the police in arresting the last lot of Suffragettes seems to have been even more disgraceful than was supposed. One of the released martyrs, in addressing a meeting at Bradford, is reported to have said that "the women were in some cases brutally handled by the police, and her sister *had to bite one of the officers* to make him loose his hold."

WOMAN, WOMAN EVERYWHERE.

. . . . moonlight nights
When I was at the Carmelites.

Austin Dobson.

ON the principle that the proper study of mankind is woman, *The Daily Mail*—which, as a Parliamentary critic of high standing remarked in the Lobby the other evening, should now be called *The Daily Female* (*laughter*)—is devoting page 9 almost exclusively to symposia on that cryptic but ambitious sex.

In that ingratiatingly inquiring manner that it fosters so successfully—recalling the description of POPE as "the little crooked thing that asks questions"—it has put forward the insidious queries—"Which has the better time, men or women?" and "Do women really rule men?" and so forth, queries for the solution of which thousands of the ladies and gentlemen of this country who write with ease are only too ready to reply.

But *The Daily Mail's* work is only begun. There are many many questions yet to be answered. The following list of subjects into which careful inquisition should be made has been drawn up by a committee of experts:—

Is the "Wo" in "Women" an insult?
Are women really afraid of mice?
Why are women allowed?
Why does a woman look old sooner than a girl?
Should women read books?
Is woman the complement of man?
Should girls go to Eton?
When is a woman not a woman?
Should women have a boat?
Are men polite to women?
Does a man marry a woman or a woman marry a man?
Are women womanish?
Why do women go on living?
Should children have mothers?
Are women really more numerous than men?
Why do women who want votes wear elastic-side boots?
Can a woman want a vote and not wear spectacles?
Are women women?
Has a woman ever been a Prime Minister?
Do women write with pencils more than men?
Are women secret eaters?
Is it true that women die oftener than men?
Should women be?

If that is the last question it is not because our list was exhausted, but because the fountain pen gave out. We hand them over to the Editor of *The Daily Mail* without *arrière pensée*. Let him do his blessedest with



AS OTHERS SEE US.

Stable-boy (looking at ill-assorted trio). "THERE AIN'T MUCH 'AM IN *THAT* SANGWIDGE!"

FREE FIREWOOD FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE astonishing reluctance of the inhabitants of houses in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens to come inside and help themselves to the lopped branches of the elm trees there is causing some embarrassment to the authorities. As it was not considered possible to make use of all this firewood in Kensington Palace, and as the preparations of the City Corporation for the reception of the Colonial Premiers remove any need for bonfires in their honour, it was offered free to the residents in the neighbourhood. But the offer has not been accepted to any great extent.

It is explained that during the day the men are away at work, somewhere in the City, while the children are at school; and as the Gardens are closed at night there are difficulties in the way of collecting the wood. But where are the men-servants? We do not suggest for one moment that any chauffeur should be requested to carry firewood, but the footmen might be approached. Servants whose duties include the leading of toy dogs in public places could hardly object to conducting a faggot or two into the cellar.

Another plan occurs to us by which it would be possible to take advantage of the kind offer of the Kensington Gardens authorities. Mr. J. M. BARRIE, we understand from *The Westminster Gazette*, shares with one other, an artist, the particular privilege of being allowed in these Gardens after dark. Would it not be possible for a deputation of well-known residents near the Gardens —we suggest Sir CLIFTON ROBINSON, Earl CARRINGTON, Mr. A. MORETON MANDEVILLE, Sir DONALD CURRIE, Mr. R. W. PERKS, M.P., and Mr. GODFREY BARING, M.P., headed by Major BADEN-POWELL—to approach Mr. BARRIE, and ask his co-operation in the matter? We feel confident that the genial novelist would readily consent to use his privileged position for the well-being of his neighbours, and hand out branches to them through the railings at night. It would, perhaps, in order to ensure secrecy, be advisable not to approach the artist referred to, lest he should prove to be on the staff of *The Daily Mirror*.

Again, if the authorities could wait until the American tourists begin to arrive in this country, it might pay them to distribute tastefully-produced leaflets in the rooms of the Cecil, Carlton, and other hotels of London, as well as in the leading hostelries of Stratford-on-Avon, Chester, Edinburgh, and so forth, announcing that chips from a Royal Garden were to be had free for the asking.

"Respectable young person wants alternate Mondays to wash and Fridays to clean."—*Lancashire Daily Press.*

IF she would only make a point of taking away the week-ends and *drying* them, we should be more than satisfied.

"This fairly represents the spirit in which the election is being 'fought'—and we use the word for want of a better."

Highgate Recorder.

BUT what better could there be? It is a beautiful word.



OUR C. C. ELECTION.

Canvasser. "Is your father at home?" *Child.* "No; Daddy and Mummy are both out; but Auntie's in."
Canvasser. "Has your Auntie got a vote?" *Child.* "No; she's got bronchitis."

THE SONG OF THE OAR.

This is the song of the racing oar;
I heard it once on the Putney shore;
And a March wind caught it and blew it on,
While eight oars sang it in unison:—
Out of the water clean and gay;
Rattle your lively hands away!
Steady your swing, for there's work to do;
Reach, and grip it, and drive it through!
I'm the spruce, the lissom spruce, with the leather round my waist;
Am I rounded, grooved and buttoned, am I balanced to your taste?
When I gave my wood rejoicing to be fashioned on your plan,
Did they carve me as the emblem of the courage of a man?
Yea, they made me strong and eager for the glory of the fight,
And they picked me out a master who should use my gifts aright.
And he grasped me, and together
We exulted in the feather,
And we drove the light ship leaping, though the wind was blowing strong,
Drove her leaping through the lipper, while we kept the rowing long.

So we rattled up the reaches—we were bound to do our best—
And I heard his pulses throbbing as he pressed me to his chest;
And his breath was coming faster, though he gripped me in his pride,
And his spirit never faltered, but he forced me through the tide.
It was joy to do him service; it was joy to feel the yoke
Of the hands he kept about me while he nerved me for the stroke.
Oh, we cleft the waves and cleared them,
For we never never feared them:
Pain and toil could never break us or could make our hearts afraid
While the curling, swirling bubbles glanced and shivered from my blade.
So this is the song of the racing oar:
I heard it once on the Putney shore;
And a March wind caught it and blew it on,
While eight oars sang it in unison:—
Out of the water clean and gay;
Rattle your lively hands away!
Steady your swing, for there's work to do;
Reach, and grip it, and drive it through.

R. C. L.

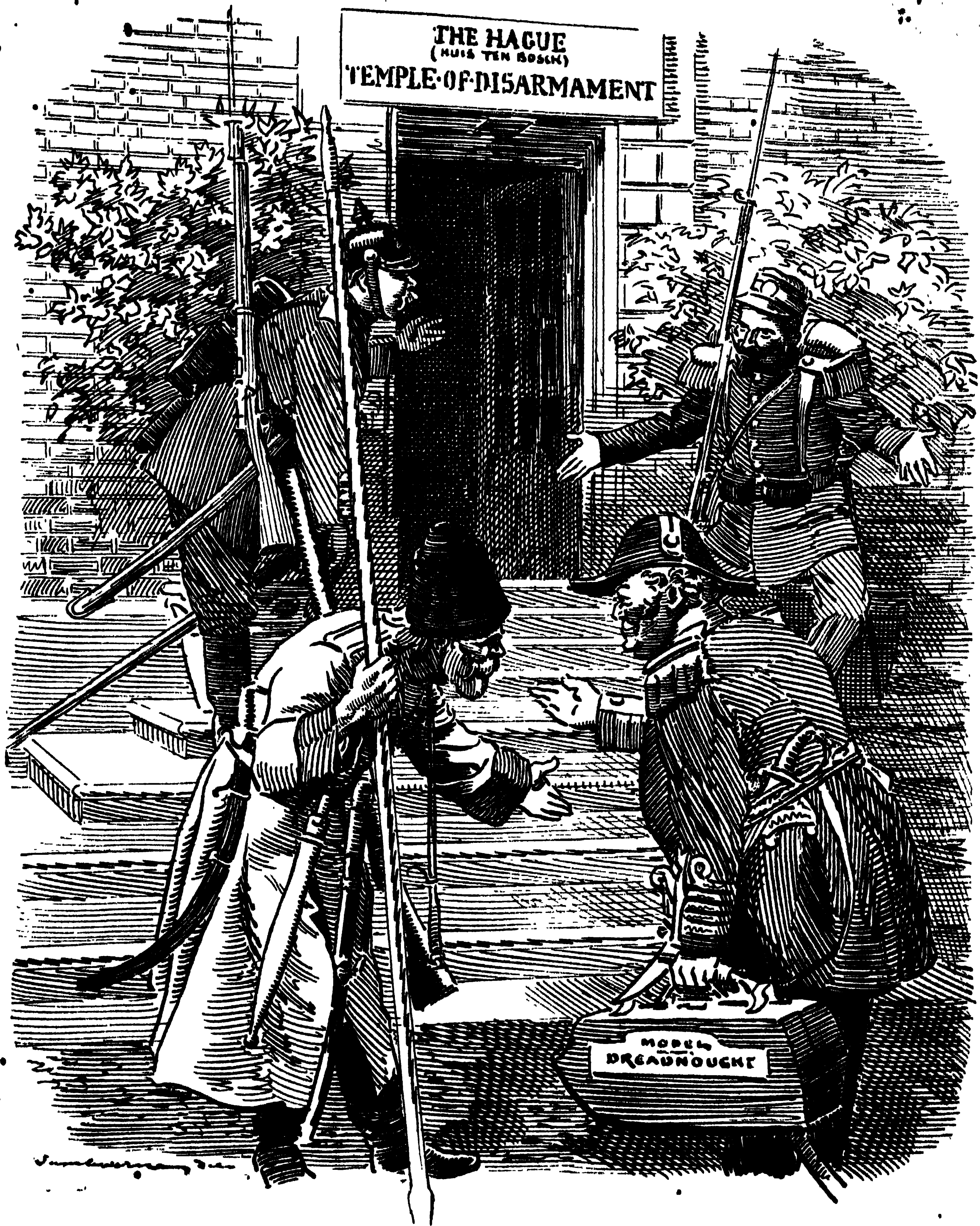
Answer to Correspondent.

Woman Voter (St. Pancras). You say: "I voted for the Moderates, and I see that the result of the election is described by *The Daily Chronicle* as 'Tammany's Triumph' in very, very big type. Please, who is Mr. Tammany? Is he a well-known Municipal Reformer, or is it just a pet name for Mr. George Alexander?"

If you refer to *The Daily Mail* you will find the result of the election described as Tammany's Defeat. Tammany is just a bad word. It is American for Satan.

"There are only forty-one eggs of the Californian condor to more than seventy of the bird which is actually extinct; and it is not likely, nor indeed desirable, that many more eggs of this condor will ever be taken."—*Northampton Herald.*

Granted the premisses, the writer is certainly justified in drawing the conclusion he does.



THE TUG OF PEACE.

Everybody (*to everybody else*). "AFTER YOU, SIR!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



ONE MAN ONE SUFFRAGETTE. A SUGGESTION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' POLICE.

Why not supply Dummy Suffragettes (artificial P-nkh-rsts, stuffed B-ll-ngt-ns) with which each constable might rehearse in his spare time, and so keep himself in training for the peculiar form of Jiu-Jitsu required to meet the periodic incursions of the Real Thing?

House of Commons, Monday, March 4.—One of the surprises the House of Commons has in store for Members is the presentation from time to time of one of them in a new light. We have long known and loved our Walter Long. Esteem him as representative of best type of country gentleman, who gives up to mankind what was originally meant for high farming. In succession he has served his country at the Local Government Board, the Board of Agriculture, and the Chief Secretary's Lodge.

This last appointment proof of fullest confidence on part of belated chief. From time to time crises present themselves in Government of Ireland when, as Prince Arthur said the other day, the Premier "don't know where he are." What he most urgently needs is a safe man, one who may be depended upon not to surprise anybody. At such a crisis twenty years ago Lord Salisbury found W. H. Smith, who, for the necessary time, admirably filled up a dangerous gap. When, after MacDonnell incident, George Wyndham was heroically sacrificed on altar of Party expediency, Prince Arthur, possibly remembering his success in stamping out rabies by resolute muzzling, turned to Walter Long.

These things are familiar. Surprise came when, this afternoon, Napoleon B. Haldane having expounded his Bill creating a territorial Army, the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland was put up to reply from Front Opposition Bench. The Colonels audibly sniffed.

What can he know of warfare
Who only Ireland knows?

They had forgotten, or never learnt, that in rare intervals of leisure the Wiltshire exile to South Dublin is a man of war. True, he took up military pursuits comparatively late in life. For full nine years has been in command of Royal Wilts Imperial Yeomanry. Locally is known as Colonel Long, and his ideas on Strategy in Time of Peace are much esteemed in Pall Mall.

Naturally is disposed to regard with suspicion any scheme which absorbs the Royal Wilts Imperial Yeomanry in common mass. Would not be indisposed to co-operate with the British Army, howsoever reformed, if only the regiment were permitted to retain its individuality and its Colonel. To become an indistinguishable feature in what Napoleon B. vaguely calls "a Second Line," is quite another thing. Hints that when Brodrick designed his memorable Six Army Corps he visited Wilts disguised as a farmer having a horse to sell, and made secret inquiries as to possibility of counting-in the Imperial Yeomanry as one of the Six. Circumstances, as we know, prevented the embodiment of the far-reaching plan, and the Royal Wilts remain the Prince of Wales' Own.

That by the way. Merely indicates the exceptional esteem in which this fearless Force is regarded from the highest level of military genius.

Turning aside from what captious critics might regard as a personal point of view, Colonel Long put in a word of protest on behalf of the Militia. "If," he said, making a pass with imaginary sword across the Table at Napoleon B., "you lay violent hands on the Militia



A Fascinating "Episode" for the 'Coventry Pageant.
Lady Godiva rides down to the starting-point.
(Mr. A. E. W. M-s-n, M.P. for Coventry.)

it may not be destroyed. But I undertake to say no Militiaman would know himself after the change has been effected. He would bear as little resemblance to his former self as some people do after three or four bouts in the pugilistic ring."

The vivid picture here flashed on wall of a Militiaman with bandaged brow, a black eye, a damaged nose and right arm in a sling, wondering who the — I mean who he was, created profound impression on Committee, hitherto a little bored. N. B. H., remembering some anxious moment at Austerlitz, felt there was no time to be lost. Brought up Old Guard in shape of threat of closure, before which enemy retreated, and Bill read first time without division.

Business done.— Territorial Army Bill introduced.

Tuesday night. – Colonel Carlile, who at General Election recaptured St. Albans under the Unionist flag, does not often angle for the Speaker's eye. A successful attempt, achieved just before Haldane obtained leave to bring in his Bill, makes House hopeful that he will overcome native bashfulness. Interposing at a moment when majority were impatient for division, he was met by angry cry of "'Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!" Raising his voice and shaking a mailed fist, he shouted, "Mr. Speaker, I can't help forgetting——"

Here the hilarious throng burst into roar of laughter. With heightened colour and louder voice, the Colonel returned to the charge.

"I say again, Sir, I can't help forgetting that only twenty-seven Members were present on the Benches opposite during portion of the speech of the Secretary of State for War explaining this Bill."

The Colonel's impregnable forgetfulness reminds one of a notable feature in attitude of House towards the vital question of state of Army and Navy. As Carlile could not help forgetting, N. B. Haldane's speech last night, though not exceeding an hour and a half in delivery, cleared the Benches as if it were a pom-pom battery. This afternoon Robertson, expounding Navy Estimates, had an audience only slightly exceeding in numbers that which hung on the lips of the War God. Possible to take comforting view of the circumstance by assuming that apparent apathy indicates confidence in the Administration. If things were going wrong with either Army or Navy, be sure the faithful Commons would be on the alert.

However that be, constant to his habit this Session, Prince Arthur was in his place watchful over interests of Empire and peccadillos of Ministers. His constancy gave opportunity of neatly hobbling C.-B. In anticipation of meeting of Hague Conference, the Premier has published manifesto pointing out reduction in the Estimates for the British Army and eke the Navy, recommending example to Foreign Powers. Now yesterday Napoleon B. demonstrated that, whilst economy has been attained in connection with Army, efficiency has been materially increased. "Same here," said Edmund Robertson to-night, speaking for the Navy.

"How's that, umpire?" asked Prince Arthur, turning to the Speaker. "It is not a question of expenditure, but of material strength. If our Army and Navy are not weaker for offensive purposes, but stronger, what's the use of our going to the Hague Conference and saying 'See what a good boy am I. I have reduced my Army Estimates by three millions and the Navy Estimates by two. Go thou and do likewise.'"

C.-B. very angry. Complained that Prince Arthur was giving the show away, unpatriotically suggesting to foreign diplomatists what otherwise they would not have thought of.

"Poor innocents!" smiled Prince Arthur, in amused contemplation of alleged density of comprehension in the Chancelleries of Europe.

Business done.—Robertson in lucid speech explained Navy Estimates. House got into Committee thereon.

Wednesday.—When the Zancigs left London it was understood they carried with them secret of their science of telepathy. If they cherished that belief they counted without Stanley Wilson. This afternoon he delighted crowded House by novel development of the entertainment.

Question from Ministerial side addressed to Attorney-General brought under his notice a leaflet issued during Brigg contest making charge against present Government analogous to the historical one which in Canning's time attributed to the Whigs criminal collusion with blue-bottle flies invading butchers' shops. In short it accused His Majesty's Ministers of putting up price of tea by threepence a pound.

Attorney-General having made judicial reply, Stanley Wilson took the floor.

It fortuitously happened this morning that local grocer served upon him notice that the price of tea had gone up 1*d.* per lb. and threatened a rise of 1½*d.* Putting the document in his pocket with intent



"And this?"
Mr. Arth-r Zancig W-ls-n.

to find a quiet hour in the Library or on the Terrace in which he might review household expenses and see where economies might be effected to meet this increment (doubtless due to machinations of a Liberal Government), he found it there when the question of the Brigg leaflet leaped to the front.

Producing the circular, which diffused a distinct smell of cheese, he asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether in this matter the learned gentleman's domestic experience tallied with his own?

"Does the ATTORNEY-GENERAL," he insisted, "know that within the last ten days the price of tea has gone up three ha'pence per pound?"

SPEAKER ruled interposition out of order. WILSON resumed his seat and quietly proceeded with his telepathic exercise.

Process simple. Taking the grocer's circular from his breast-coat pocket and whispering, after the manner of Mr. ZANCIG, "Now this?" he held it up to view of hon. Members below Gangway opposite. They knew it at sight and broke into roar of execration. His expectation justified, ZANCIG, M.P. returned the document to his pocket, and silence fell upon the House. Half a minute later out it came again with murmured "Now this?" Once more gentlemen opposite howled, throwing themselves about on the Benches in rage. The circular withdrawn from view they subsided. A third time it was shown them, with the same startling demonstration of telepathic communication.

The game might have gone on for rest of sitting, only SPEAKER spotting it sternly cried "Order! Order!" and the next turn was called.

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates.

The Value of Gesticulation.

"'THE Groom's Story' of CONAN DOYLE was next recited by Mr. OSMOND HOPE, and here again the master hand was clearly shown."

Middlesex County Times.

"The author of 'She Stoops to Conquer' is almost as dangerous as NAPOLEON for the hero of a play. SHERIDAN has become a tradition of wit, just as NAPOLEON has become a tradition of remorseless will."—*Daily News.*

BUT why drag in GOLDSMITH?

EAR-SIGHT.

(*A note on the Eidophone.*)

A NEW terror awaits the professional or amateur critic of music and elocution—that of an over-developed sense of colour-sounds. Mrs. NORTHESK WILSON, lecturing last Wednesday on the subject at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, assured her hearers that Madame MELBA'S voice immediately suggests a delicate lilac with a broad violet streak, and the Divine SARAH'S is mostly rosy red with a high vibration of green (not golden, as we have been brought up to think), while Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON has the melancholy and subtle magnetism of a minor chord which fluctuates between indigo and red.

It really won't do to let this state of things grow on us. Fancy not only having to listen to the clamant shrieks of the Suffragettes' war-song, but also to see with the cultivated ear a nimbus of, say, vermilion and madder carmine playing like an aurora borealis round the head of a Mrs. DESPARADO or a Miss SPANKHURST. Such an apparition would turn the public, as well as the unfortunate policemen, a permanent blue. Would not also the *diseuses* and other artistes who from time to time import their sprightly *chansonettes* from Montmartre embarrass us still further with an audible atmosphere of French ultramarine suffused with pink? "LA LOIE" with her lime-light effects would be child's-play to this.

The extra-fastidious tympanum would have an equally trying time in the House. It would have to "sense" the cross-currents of the PRIME MINISTER'S or Mr. BALFOUR'S oratory translated into the hues of a Scotch plaid or heather-mixture shot with pea-green laughter from factious opponents, and the result would be frontal headache for the Strangers' Gallery. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in his more callow outbursts, can be conceived as shedding forth rays of raw sienna, hedgesparrow egg tint and canary yellow; and an aura of mummy, burnt umber and bitumen might surround the less exhilarating periods of Mr. LUPTON or the Weary WEIR.

This colour-music business, therefore, is too complex and kaleidoscopic for the ordinary ear-drum to contemplate. What the visual equivalent of the voice of the nocturnal cat, the hoot of the motor-car, or the song of the average gramophone may be, we dare not picture. Indeed, we would rather not trifle further with two of the five senses, or we shall be asked to smell and taste with our ears as well. We are at present, thank you, comfortably colour-deaf, and cannot afford to keep a private eidophone.



Reformed Cannibal (with a dreadful past). 'I MAY BE BLACK, SAH, BUT I'VE GOT BRITISH BLOOD IN MA VEINS."

"Can any Clergyman, of moderate views, kindly recommend an Unfurnished House in the country?"

BUT what about the fixtures? It is very tricky work using a bath (h. and c.) which is not quite sound about the Athanasian Creed.

"Mr. ALFRED ROTHSCHILD has lent his own private band, and every seat in the house is secured."—*Evening News.*

IN these days of Art thieves you have to be careful with the Chippendale.

"As some misapprehension exists with regard to the huntsman appointed to succeed ARTHUR THATCHER with the Cottesmore, it may be stated that it is SAM GILLSON, the Bedale huntsman, who was previously with the South and West Wilts Hounds, and CHARLES GILLSON, the Meynell huntsman, who has secured the coveted post."—*Market Harborough Advertiser.*

AND if, after that, any misapprehension still exists, well, all we can say is that people really are very dull nowadays.

THE MISSED MEET.

(A Ballad of the Chase.)

THO' hoar-frost lingered in the shade, and rime lay white in copse and glade,
Upon the winter landscape played
A sun as mild as May.
With trampling hoof and stirrup-clink
The lanes beneath them rang;
Whole hamlets ran to watch them prink in brown and yellow, black and pink;
Blithely they laughed and sang:
So for the meet rode HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

To meet the hounds at Hare Park Gate; the road was long, the time grew late,
And still they rode, serene, inflate,
The unfamiliar way.
The road divided left and right,
No signpost there to guide;
The right-hand road lay cold and white; the left-hand, bathed in sunshine, bright,
And fair, and smooth, and wide:
So to the left rode HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

The fair wide road became a lane, and to a cart-track shrank amain—
A cart-track, and at that not plain—
And fretful men were they;
Each in his glum foreboding shut,
Through fields forlorn they filed,
And followed till the grass-grown rut, by wains of Early England cut,
Was lost in empty wild.
And empty, wild, were HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

And now with caution, now with haste, now South, now North, now East they faced;
Now madly spurring through the waste
(For frantic men were they),
Anon they thundered unawares
Upon a guilty man—
A simple rustic setting snares. Image of Evil sowing tares,
He leapt, and looked, and ran;
And after him rode HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.



Dark visions of a felon's jail, his wife's despair, his children's wail
Were lifted from him as a veil,
When questioned, blown, at bay.
His red right hand out straight he threw:
"Hare Park?" he mused, "Hare Park?"
As one would indicate Peru, just where the distance met the blue
His arm described an arc.
And fuming left him HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

All thro' the waning afternoon they pricked towards the dead white moon:
No trace, no sign of lord or loon:
Before them backed away
The same long, bleak horizon line,
The same grimacing whins,
The same daft sheep, the same croaked whine, the same wide down, outrolled, supine,
As like as any pins;
Doggèd, depressed, rode HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

By whins and sheep, morose, adroop, until the sun's long westering stoop
Shot out before the jaded troop
His last expiring ray:
It flickered through the wood-smoke's haze
Domestic, fragrant, warm,
On happy homesteads, miry ways, and lighted in a final blaze
Upon a scarlet form!
Then leapt the hearts of HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.



They cried, "'Tis BEN the whipper-in—his shoulders and his cheery grin;
And yon 's the wood the hounds are in,
My soul—my life—I'll lay!"
Then spurred they o'er the space between,
And naught could stay or hold:
Beyond the turf-land sound and green yawned a morass obscure, unclean,
Loathly, and dank, and cold;
But into it plunged HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey:

And tho' the rank slough sucked and clogged, they wallowed, floundered, dragged and flogged;
Until triumphant, waterlogged,
Unsavoury men were they;
Smothered in slime from spurs to stocks,
Unflinching, keen as—mules.
No sign of huntsman, hound or fox: naught but a rural letter-box,
Erect, regardant, gules.
Came dreadful words from HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

* * * * * *



First Farmer. "THEY TELL ME AS 'OW THAT THERE ARTIST CHAP AS WAS UP 'ERE LAST YEAR, GOT FIVE POUNDS FOR HIS PICTURE OF THE OLD 'OUSE."

Second Farmer. "GO 'LONG WITH YOU, MR. STUBBS. WHY, THE 'OUSE ITSELF AIN'T WORTH IT!"

A crimson smoulder in the West; the last late crow had won to rest;
A breath of ice that gripped the chest—
And freezing died the day.
A hoof-struck flint-spark lit the gloam,
A shivering horn-shake rang;
With hammering drum on lane and loam, and pattering feet as light as foam,
And crop-thong's whistling bang,
At last the hounds met HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

"Good-night," the Huntsman cried, "Good-night! Been with the Harriers, eh?—All right,
You 've missed a clinking day——"
But raving home went HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

A Remarkable Stag.

"It reminded one of the bye gone glories of an age which has, alas, departed in our midst, when landlord and tenant met together in friendly rivalry to participate in the enjoyment of the hunt with well-carparoised steeds to storm the walled fences and boggy marshes of our district, and to bring home the trophies of the hunt."—*Ballymena Observer.*

THERE is a lot more of this before the second stag "took refuse" in a house, "when the day's interesting proceedings concluded."

THOUGHTS AT THE SOUTH AFRICA EXHIBITION.

I ENVY, cypher that I am,
The rich tea-planters of Assam,
The man who plays on the tam-tam,
Or has a rod on the Mimram,
Or strokes a winner on the Cam,
Or rides in an Embankment tram.
I much admire my uncle SAM,
Bleak Tartary's tremendous CHAM,
NANSEN, as happy as a clam,
Careering northwards in his *Fram*,
The Baroness VON HUTTEN'S *Pam*,
The gifted lawyer, ABEL RAM,
The novelist, AMALIE SKRAM,
The lexicographer called DAMM,
The genial humorist, CHARLES LAMB,
Cap. WEBB, who once the Channel swam,
B. STOKER, commonly called BRAM,
Great RANJI, *alias* the JAM.
And yet such greatness is a sham,
Or at the best a little slam,
A one-horse show, a baby's pram,
Compared to thine, Sir PIETER BAM!

"Married; desires change."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

WE can well believe it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IN Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON'S new book, *A Midsummer Day's Dream* (METHUEN), there is perhaps hardly enough stuff to go round. It tells of a house-party of amateur mummers met together to play SHAKSPEARE'S rather spotty masque under the open sky. The ladies are all indistinguishably attractive, and all equally prepared to be the hero's choice. Indeed you are half through the book before you can tell one from another. To find your milky way through this galaxy of beauty is as hard as to thread the mazy woods, so richly painted by the author, in which his characters are for ever losing themselves, Apollo and Daphne, chasing and chased. As for *Bannatyne*, who carries all before him, he is gifted with fathomless resources of small-talk, a pleasantly confident habit of taking no denial, and several eligible estates. Apart from these advantages, one is often at a loss to recognise the secret of a devastating charm which is apparent rather in its effects than in its processes. The story shows more gaiety than wit and more wit than humour. But it is gallantly told, and suggests, with its atmosphere of dryad and nymph and middle-aged faun, a fine secular feeling for the joy of living in the sun.

On the paper covers of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON'S novel, *The Diamond Ship* (CASSELL), there is a note kindly framed with a view to saving us the trouble of reading the book. The writer of it begins thus jauntily:

> *The Diamond Ship* is the floating home
> Of a host of desperadoes,

and then, evidently appalled at the task of finding rhymes, he scampers to the full stop in tame prose. Later on he makes another half-hearted attempt with

> One of the best descriptive scenes
> That have come from the author's pen.

Then finally he gives the muse the go by. This is disappointing. The first stanza might so well have run:

> *The Diamond Ship* is the floating home
> Of a host of desperadoes,
> Who are foiled by the help of a wily gnome
> From the land of the wise Mikados.

He isn't really a gnome. He is the hero's miraculous Japanese servant, a perfect marvel of ubiquity and unassuming omnipotence. I think there never was a more capable person. His omnipotence is only equalled by his master's omniscience. The hero's tracking of the host of desperadoes, and his unerring fore-knowledge of their next move, are examples of marvellous intuition. Personally, in detective work, I prefer deduction to intuition. But I dare say this is mere envy.

It is odd to reflect how malleable we are in the hands of genius. Few would care for the company of a majority of the persons who play their part in *Running Water* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Yet so deft is Mr. MASON'S treatment, so alluring his touch, that comforted by the assurance they will have justice done to them before the last chapter is reached we follow with growing interest their devious doings. With three exceptions one the veteran Alpine guide, a minor character—all the people in the story are scoundrels. The chiefest, *Garratt Skinner*, father of the stainless heroine, is attractive not less by reason of his cleverness than of his courage. Apart from the plot and its development, excellent pieces of workmanship, the book has a rare charm as presenting the most vivid pictures of Alpine scenery and adventure given to the world since Mr. WHYMPER laid down his pen. Mr. MASON seems to know his Alps *au pied*, and, what is even more difficult of accomplishment, to the summit. The description of *Captain Chayne* tracking the steps of the amiable *Garratt Skinner*, who, with murderous intent, is personally conducting a wealthy youth over the Brenva Glacier, is thrilling, the finishing-touch being given by the fact that the pursuer has married the daughter of the pursued.

The meeting of the two principal men in *The Kinsman* (METHUEN) is described by Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK in these words: "The two men gazed at each other fascinated. They were the same height, the same make, the same colour; feature for feature their faces were bewilderingly alike." This is rather a brilliant idea. You see the situations that arise? No? Why—*one of them can pass as the other, and nobody will be any the wiser!!* Just think of the possibilities! Think of *what*'s that? It has been done before? Oh, bother! .... Well, how about this then?, now this really *is* funny. One of the men, *Bert Gammage*, is an awful bounder, and he passes himself off as his aristocratic cousin, and goes into Society, and shakes hands with the footman, and wears gloves at dinner, and goes to a garden-party in a frock-coat and white flannel trousers, and *What? That*'s been done before too? Oh, look here .... Oh well, *Kipps*, yes ... and *Mr. Hopkinson* well, if you're going to include plays ... no, I never heard of WARREN. But if you come to that, everything has been done before ... What did you say? You don't like the idea anyhow? You think it's beastly snobbish you hate that horrible air of superiority? All right then, don't read the book. Anyhow it's light and bright and amusing, and that's more than can be said for most of your novels.

The Dust of Conflict (LONG) is almost as freely sprinkled with blood as the sawdust in a butcher's shop, and all because *Tony Palliser* kissed his gamekeeper's daughter and was blackmailed by the gamekeeper's daughter's papa. His friend *Bernard Appleby*, in order to keep from the knowledge of *Tony's* betrothed the episode of the stolen kiss, took upon himself the suspicion of having killed the blackmailing gentleman, and hurriedly left England for the shores of Cuba. There he became embroiled in the insurrection against Spain and performed prodigies of valour. Meanwhile *Tony* dwelt at home, more or less at ease, allowing his betrothed and others to think that *Bernard* was guilty, though the affair was really the result of an accident, until, to blunt the pin-pricks of his conscience, he followed his friend to Cuba and atoned for his deception by dying an insurgent's death. Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS has written his story, of which the above is a very imperfect skeleton, with rare skill. The fighting in Cuba is as thrilling as it is sanguinary, the character-drawing is strong, and the book, as *Mr. Punch* remarked of another tale by the same author, is strongly recommended.

I find *Father Felix's Chronicles* (FISHER UNWIN), by the late NORA CHESSON, rather a bewildering book, so few even of the names of the men and women who throng its pages can I remember. *Father Felix* must have been a charming person to meet, and if a chronicler's business be only to chronicle he did it to perfection. But he fails as a story-teller because he has so many stories to tell, so many people to introduce that they are constantly elbowing each other out of the way. As soon as you begin to know a new face it is lost in the crowd. But what one does carry away is a nerve-racking impression of the cruelties practised and endured as a matter of course by Englishmen in the year of grace MCDLX. Towards the end of the book there is an extraordinarily vivid and painful account of the infliction of the *peine forte et dure* upon the Lady HAWISE DE MANDEVILLE, which shows Mrs. CHESSON'S fine power of writing at its very best. To read this passage is to suffer in one's own person the torturing pain which is the key-note of this symphony of suffering.



Tramp. "Please, Mum, me an' my mate are shipwrecked sailors-
Lady. "Fiddlesticks! Neither of you was ever near the sea."
Tramp. "Quite right, Lady. We was on a airship!"

THE GARD. THAT I LOVE.

[Lines suggested by reading notes in a horticultural journal, on the culture of "mums," *i.e.*, chrysanthemums, and advice for growing "toms" and "cues"—otherwise, tomatoes and cucumbers.]

Come forth, my Amanda! The ground may be hard,
Yet fancy can cover our beautiful gard.
With all the delights of the season to come,
From the earliest croc. to the ultimate mum.;
And see, as the first of the flowery crop,
I hand you the delicate white of the snop.!

The tul. and the hy. are beginning to peep,
The narc. and the daff. are awaking from sleep;
And here is the "primrose"—don't quote me the phrase
Which Wordsworth invented for one of his lays,
But leave the superfluous suffix to him,—
To us it is nothing on earth but a "prim."

That border I'm rather inclining myself
To plant with perenns.—such as pæon. and delph.;
Unless with the coming of June you'd prefer
A bedding arrangement of begon. and ger.

Of course in each garden, if little or big,
You're bound to make room for the odorous mig.

You ask about vegies. I look with a hearty
Approval on crops of Jerusalem arti.,
While as for the fruit, it's sufficient, perhaps,
To have an abundance of pears and of apps.
And yet I would like, for the sake of our jams—
Nay, start not, Amanda—unlimited dams!

From *The Chronicle* "Office Window":

"This column does not often talk golf, or chess or bridge, for games are meant to be played; not talked about. But for once let the rule be broken. On Saturday evening the man opposite declared 'No trumps.' He led the two of diamonds."

And now, having broken two rules, let us return to our reminiscences of Oriel, and leave games alone for a bit.

Taking their Pleasures Sadly Again.

"The Town Council are turning their attention to the weiring of the river, in order that boating fatalities may be enjoyed."—*Natal Witness.*

A SMART SET-BACK.

[Lord CREWE, in referring publicly to the so-called "Smart Set," said that he had never succeeded in "identifying the members of that sinister association."]

LONG ago, the sport of vain ambition,
I had nursed a secret whim
For establishing a firm position
Dans le mouvement (in the swim);
I had had my high and eager heart set
On the grandest prize of all,
On a close communion with the Smart Set,
On a place, however small,
'Mid the heroes and the heroines of the upper servants' hall.

Poring over my patrician papers,
Packed with many a purple plum,
I had read about their week-end capers,
And the things they made to hum;
I had heard of priceless goods and chattels
Cheerfully reduced to hay;
Heard of how they fought in bolster-battles,
Took the staircase on a tray,
And in fact were rather wicked in a reckless sort of way.

And the thought would make my bosom flutter
With desire of "seeing life,"
With the lust of laying slides of butter
For the Worldling and his Wife;
But alas! I knew no country houses
Where my hostess left us free
To indulge in these refined carouses,
And the fear occurred to me:
"Shall I never then contribute to the vogue of Father V.!

"Shall my aim in life be wholly wasted!
Shall they say, when I am dead,
'There he lies, poor worm, who never tasted
Of the wine when it was red;
Never drenched his partner's frock with soda,
Never took a manly part
In a bout of booby-traps, or showed a
Trace of true creative Art;
In a word, to put it broadly, he was never really *smart*.'"

Yet there's one who, haply being jealous
Of a so exclusive ring,
Mocks the Smart Set, has the face to tell us
He suspects there's no such thing;
And I find a certain consolation
In his bold agnostic view
Of that "sinister association,"
And I think, my lord of Crewe,
I will be content remaining well outside the pale with you.

O. S.

DRAMATIC DISCUSSIONS.

"SHOULD *MIN* HAVE BEEN ALLOWED SILK PYJAMAS?"

Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and others give their views.

The Evening News having given facilities for the discussion of the agitating question "Did *John Glayde* do the right thing in Mr. SUTRO's new play?" *Mr. Punch* begs to announce that his columns are now open to all those who are interested in an important problem which arises from [illegible] in Mr. VACHELL's drama *Her Son*. In this play [illegible] *Fairfax* has adopted (for reasons connected with the Box Office) the little son of an actress. *Dorothy* has only £300 a year on which to support herself and the boy *Min*, but, none the less, the latter appears on the stage in silk pyjamas. The question that is now stirring all clubland to its depths is this: *Could Dorothy afford to buy Min silk pyjamas on £300 a year?*

Various answers have been received, and a selection is printed below. Perhaps the two most interesting are from Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Mr. A. J. BALFOUR. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE is the well-known actor-manager. He was born in London in 1862, and educated at Charterhouse, his principal recreations being cycling, fishing, shooting and riding. A popular member of the Garrick and Beefsteak Clubs, Mr. MAUDE writes to us as follows:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In answer to your question, "Could *Dorothy* afford to buy *Min* silk pyjamas on £300 a year?" I reply that it depends on a good many things. That the public takes a keen interest in the problem is shown by the Box Office receipts, which all point to the fact that *Her Son* is the finest play that has been staged for many years, and one that no Londoner can afford to miss. Yours, &c., CYRIL MAUDE.

Mr. A. J. BALFOUR is well known to our readers. He was born in 1848, is a bachelor, and was Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury in the last Ministry. He is now in Opposition, but his many friends feel convinced that it will not be long before he has once more the reins of power in his hands. He writes:—

"Have not seen play."

Other contributions to this enthralling question are as follows:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Why ever not? Assuming *Dorothy* to be a good domesticated woman who reads "Our Housewives' Column" regularly, her expenses would be something like this:—

Rent, Rates, Taxes, &c.	£75		
Housekeeping at 30*s.* a week	78		
Clothes for herself and boy...	40		
Sundries	20		
Subscription to "Our Housewives' Column"	0	13	0
Total	£213	13	0

Which leaves £86 7*s.* a year for silk pyjamas.

Yours truly, JANET.

DEAR SIR,—I have a very good line in Silkette Pyjamas, which I could do you at 8*s.* the pair or £4 15*s.* a dozen. It has all the appearance of the genuine silk article, with twice the wear. Should I get an order from Mrs. FAIRFAX through your medium I should be most pleased to send you a pair for your own personal use, as an acknowledgment of the same. Your obedient servants, FAITH, BUTCHER & Co.

SIR,—I am a plain-spoken Englishman, and if Miss FAIRFAX had been really guilty of the senseless extravagance you attribute to her I should have been the first to condemn it. But I think there may be another explanation, and as a charitable man I feel it my duty anyhow to suggest it.

I have not seen the play, but I understand that the little boy's real mother was a musical comedy actress. Now, considering what musical comedy has sunk to in these days, it seems to me more than probable that the boy's mother appeared on the stage at one time or another as "The Pink Pyjama Girl," or some such rubbish. If so, then she may either (*a*) have cut them down for her son, or (*b*) have got another pair cheap in return for the advertisement. When Miss FAIRFAX decided to adopt the child these would naturally have been included in the fixtures.

I am, Sir, &c., JEREMY BROWN.

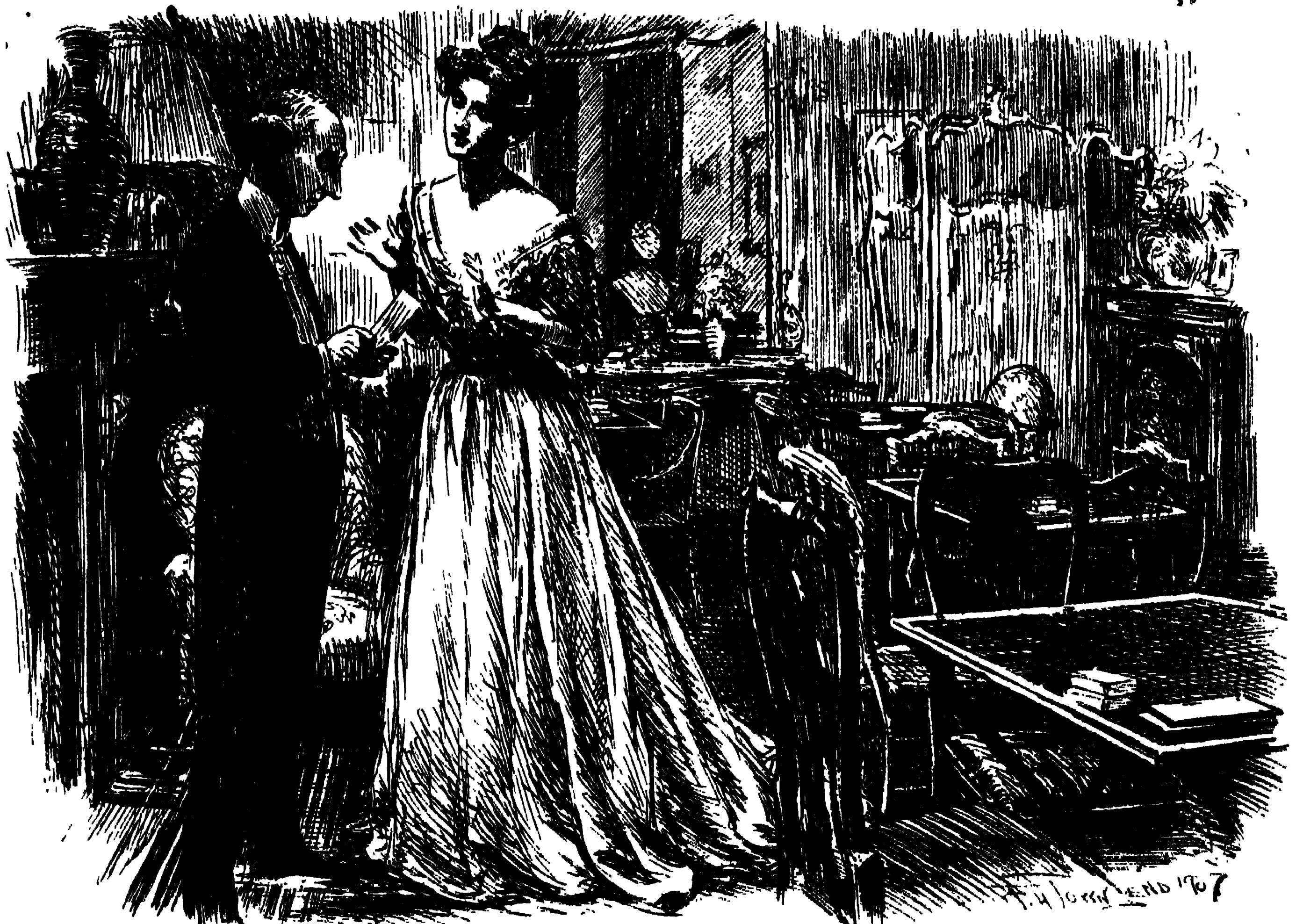
Many other interesting letters are held over. Next week the discussion will be:

"If Mr. Lewis Waller had been alive in 1821, would he have got into the Navy?"



A PAIR OF POTENTATES.

Alderman Brodrick (*to* Jam Ranji of Nawanagar). "WELL, SO AT LAST OUR CLAIMS HAVE BEEN RECOGNISED. YOU 'RE A JAM, AND I 'M AN ALDERMAN." (*Aside, enviously*) "WISH THEY GAVE *ME* AN OFFICIAL KIT!"



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.

Wife (handing list of twenty-four names to husband). "NOW, DEAR, I WANT YOU TO ARRANGE THE TABLES. YOU MUST SEPARATE THE GOOD PLAYERS FROM THE BAD, AND THOSE WHO PLAY HIGH POINTS FROM THOSE WHO PLAY LOW. HUSBAND AND WIFE MUST NOT BE AT THE SAME TABLE, AND DON'T MIX THE OLD AND YOUNG TOGETHER. OF COURSE YOU MUST HAVE TWO LADIES AND TWO MEN AT EACH TABLE. BY-THE BY, DON'T ON ANY ACCOUNT PUT THE SMART PEOPLE WITH THE DOWDY ONES."

SPRING-FISHING.

WHEN faint green of larches
In March is
Once more on the spray,
Ere with flowers in the fringe of her kirtle
Spring comes with the voice of the turtle
In each woodland way,
Then yearly the tenant regretteth the rent he agreed to
From Tweed to
The Tay.

When tops are beclouded,
And shrouded
In snow-wreaths the glen,
When gusts off the ridges come reeling,
When hands have long since lost all feeling,
Oh SCROPE! it is then
That the Sassenach questions the charm of your mellow
And elo-
-quent pen!

I am sick of the stinging
And ringing
Of hailstones that pelt;
And I tire of the dour premonition
(If haply I do get a fish on)
Infallibly felt
By the gillie who growls to my "Springer he *must* be,"—
"He 'll just be
A kelt!"

OUR SUFFRAJESTS.

THE contest at Hexham appears to have produced some fresh varieties of Suffragettes, *alias* Suffragists: namely, "Suffragines" and "Suffragelles." Suffragines (according to *The Daily Mail* Special Correspondent) are widely differentiated and readily distinguished from the true Suffragettes. Whereas the Suffragette's eye gleams with the joyous light of battle, the Suffragine wears a gloomy look of discontent. The former on political grounds attacks the Government; the latter bears a grudge against the male sex in general. The Suffragelles, again, are a corps of lady Suffragists enrolled to skirmish on the Liberal side against the attacks of Miss FRASER'S Border Suffragettes.

We do not wish to appear in any way to indulge in suffragibing or suffrajeering. But one is tempted to ask, with some apprehension, whether any further liberties on these lines are going to be taken with the English language. Is a harangue, for instance, of the now familiar kind to be described as a "suffrajaw"? Are the militant suffraJills to entangle their suffraJacks in adventures which are calculated to end in suffragaol?

The possible upspringing of all these verbal monstrosities is an excessively painful subject with which we dare not further suffrajoke.

REVIVAL AT ST. STEPHEN'S PLAYHOUSE.—*The Morals of Harry Marcus.*

HEALTHFUL LONDON.

The New Tube.

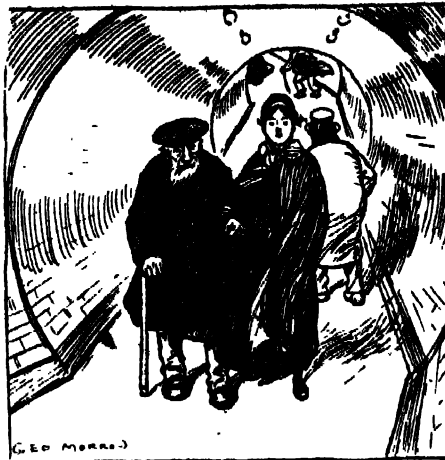
In the search for health, the picturesque, and the interesting, it is customary to take long journeys—often even to cross the sea. Foolish folk! It is the old story of being blind to what is nearest, and seeing enchantment only in the distance. Take for example the new Tube which joins Hammersmith and King's Cross: two localities that can never have been associated before, but which from now evermore will be as indissolubly connected as Beaumont and Fletcher. Ozone was never so compressed as it is in the cheery catacombs of this Company. Let us spend a penny or two on their alluring railway—let us ride, in fact, from Piccadilly Circus to the West.

We enter the station a veritable cave of the winds. Who can be ill amid such healthful breezes? Brighton, Margate, what are they compared with these Tube Stations, through which rich gusts of air, loaded with the perfume of the blue clay, are continually rushing? We get a ticket, fight our way through the numerous but exceedingly picturesque loafers, and enter the lift, being careful all the time, according to instructions, to beware of pickpockets and not to spit. We descend with a rush thousands of feet below the dull surface. Thoughts of Jules Verne and his vivid imagination crowd into our brain! A journey into the centre of the earth—what romance!

We emerge into a wonderful white passage and a sixty-knot gale. We must collect our courage and strength, for there is a long walk before us. We lean against the tempest and fight our way along miles and miles of promenade. When half-way to the end we hear our train come in, dismiss its passengers, receive others, and move on again still bravely battle forward, and at last reach the platform. There will be another train soon; meanwhile let us wait. What is more interesting than waiting at a wayside station? We think of Mr. Kipling's story of the drunken man at Hinton Admiral, and settle down to loaf, holding on to a try-your-weight machine for fear of being blown into the tunnel.

Is not all this exciting and unusual? Isn't it as good as Biarritz?

At last the train arrives and we enter it, turn up our coat collars, absorb two "cold cure" tabloids, and prepare to see the scenery. The view is monotonous but sound, varied now and again by stations. The best of these is Down Street, because there the train becomes an express and rushes through, to the chagrin of the intending passengers, who have been waiting on the platform for some months.



Romantic Scenery on the New Tube.
Invalids' Walk, Piccadilly Circus Station.

In time, after further pedestrian feats of some magnitude, we reach the upper air once more at Hammersmith, invigorated by all the winds that blow and quinine.



Romantic Scenery on the New Tube.
Passengers waiting at Down Street Station (where the trains never stop).

* * *

What had happened was that both Oxford and Cambridge had rowed a trial, Cambridge's time being slightly the better, though of course that in itself didn't prove anything. So *The Tribune* correspondent pointed out; and then, quickening to 34, delivered himself as follows:

> "The expert with the meanest exactitude for splitting seconds tells in another place by comparison the real value of the watch as a discriminator of execution."

The writer must get his hands more forward next year, and be careful not to clip the finish.

A MONOLOGUE AT THE ZOO.

I am the biggest of the elephants—the one that keeps on nodding its head. Why I do that I'll tell you later. The habit began some years ago. You see, I am getting on. I have been here ever since 1876, and that's a long time. I was thinking the other day of all the things that have happened since I moved to Regent's Park from Ceylon, and really it is wonderful. For I hear what's going on. In between remarks about how big I am, and how restless I am, and what a wicked little eye I've got, the people say all kinds of things about the events of the day. Last Sunday I heard all about the Suffragettes, for instance. There wasn't much talk about Suffragettes in 1876.

I read what's going on too. Now and then some one drops a paper or I borrow the keeper's. It took me a long time to learn to read, but I know now. I began with the notices about pickpockets, which are everywhere in these Gardens. That's an odd thing, isn't it? We four-footed creatures, whom you all come to stare at and patronise, at any rate have no pockets to pick, and therefore are spared one of your weaknesses. (Except of course the kangaroo.) I mastered the pickpocket notice first, and then I learned the meaning of the one about smoking in my house. And so by degrees I knew it all, and it's now quite simple. I can read anything. I wish the people who came here could read as well. It says as plain as can be on my little door-plate thing, in front of the railings, that I am—that I am a lady—but how many visitors do you suppose refer to me as "she" or "her"? Not more than three out of the hundred. I count sometimes, just for fun. That's really why I nod: I'm counting. "Isn't *he* enormous?" they say. "Look at *his* funny little eye?" "Would you like to give *him* a bun, dearie?" and so on. And all the time, if only education were properly managed in this country, they could read my sex. It's on the board all right—the regular sex symbol of the Zoo.

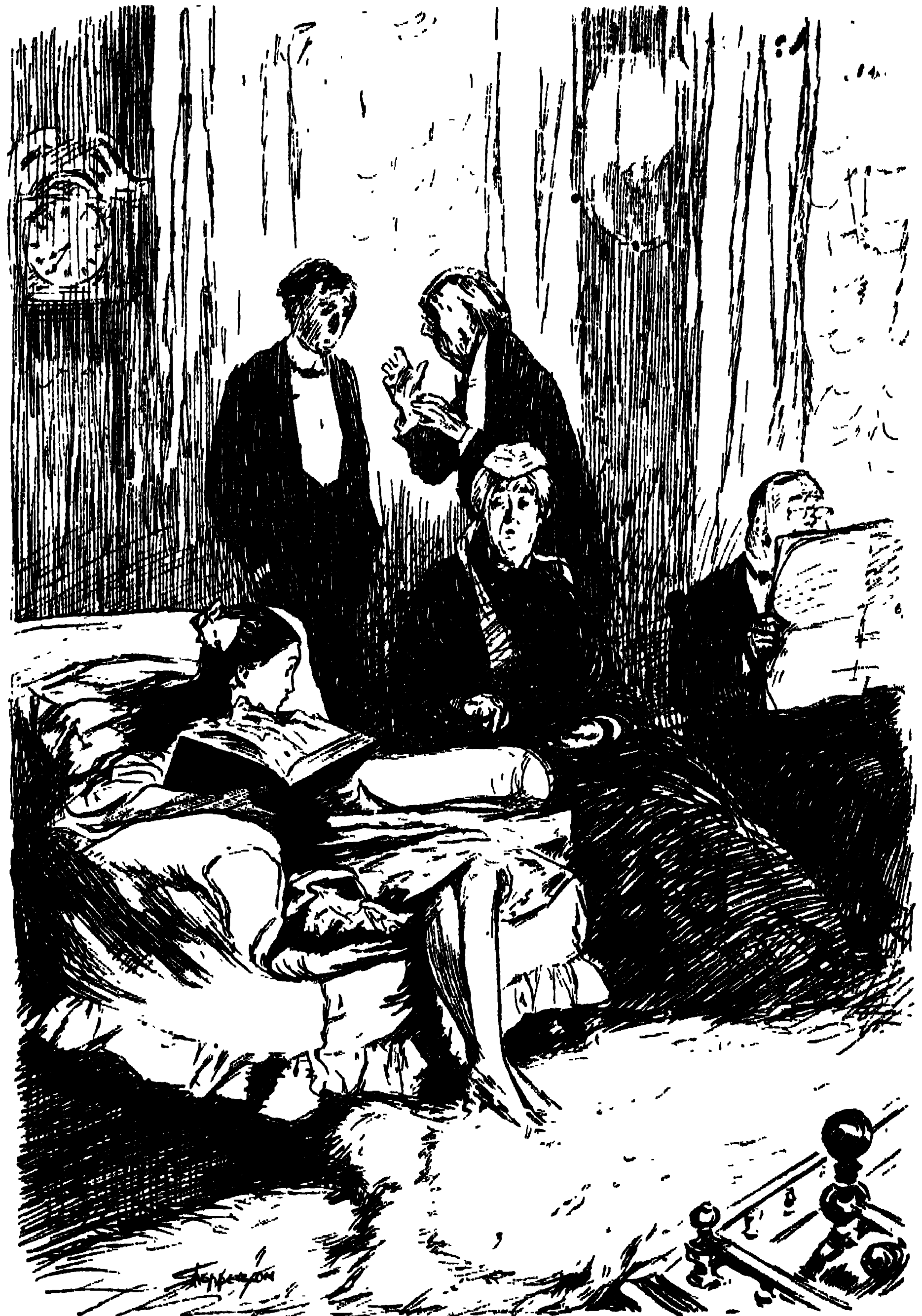
I have been here longer than anyone except the hippopotamus, which was born here in 1872. But to be born here is dull. I had six years of Ceylon first; I am a traveller. Supposing that I got away I should know what to do; but that old hippo wouldn't. Home-keeping hippos have ever homely wits, as the proverb has it.

Do you know that in 1876 Winston was only two years old? Think of it.

He used to be brought to see me when he was a tiny toddle with quite a small head. I've given him many a ride on my back. I often wonder what is the future of the children who put buns in my trunk and ride on my back, but this is the only one I can remember who has got into office so young.

It's an odd place, the Zoo. Such queer creatures come and look at me,—lean, eager naturalists, lovers, uncles with small nephews, funny men trying to think of jokes about me. I like the Bank Holidays the best. There's some pleasure in astonishing simple people; and I like Sundays the least because the clever ones come then. Schoolmasters are the worst, because they lecture on me and keep on using that horrid word "Extinct." My keeper hates them too, because they ask such lots of questions and never give any tips. There's a fearful desire to know how heavy I am. What does that matter? "My word, I wouldn't like him (*him*, of course) to tread on my favourite corn!"—I wonder how often I've heard this joke. The English make all their jokes again. They say things, too, about my trunk—packing it up and so on—till I could die of sheer *ennui*.

The worst thing, however, is that disregard of my sex. I hate that. "Girls will be boys," my keeper says; but that doesn't comfort me at all. A woman who wants to be a woman and nothing else is not flattered by being called "he" and "him," I can tell you. A Suffragette may be, but not an elephant. Please, dear reader, please do what you can to get your friends to remember I am a woman.



Kind Lady (in Bloomsbury boarding-house drawing-room, to little Yankee Girl). "Aren't you very lonely here without your parents, my dear?"

Little Yankee. "Oh, no; Momma comes to see me on Mondays and Thursdays; Poppa on Tuesdays and Fridays; Wednesdays and Saturdays the gentlemen who want to marry Momma come, and on Sundays the ladies who want to marry Poppa."

[*Kind Lady horrified.*

A HEATHEN LULLABY.

(Sung by Morpheus to Baby Argus.)

Close your pretty peepers, dear;
Gentle sleep has come to woo.
Night is falling from the skies;
Close your hundred wakeful eyes,
One by one or two by two.

Comes the Sandman with his dust,
Sowing sleep in Babyland;
Then he pauses in dismay,
Shakes his head and turns away—
Wants another load of sand.

Lullaby, oh lullaby!
(Never worked so hard before!)
Nay, my dearie, do not weep!
Would you drown us fathoms deep,
Ere we reach the Dreamland shore?

Come, my darling, get along!
Stars are fading high above;
Daylight will begin to peep
Ere we get you half asleep:
Put your best eye forward, love.

Lullaby, oh lullaby!
Listen to my drowsy rhyme.
Hoarse and hoarser yet I grow;
Close another eye or so—
Close a dozen at a time.

(Morpheus waxeth wroth.)

Go to sleep, you watchful thing!
Give up staring at the moon!
What! you won't? Well, have your way:
To-morrow's early closing day,
And *then* you go to bed at noon!

"Mr. Havelock Wilson drew attention to the rate of pay of stokers. . . . The men were disgusted with their miserable pay."—*The Times*, p. 8.

In the face of this discouragement we are glad to see that "Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest made three or four really magnificent stokes."—*The Times*, p. 12 (on a racket match).

A Contradiction in Terms.

The Piccadilly Tube announces:—

Accelerated Service and Later Trains.

THE FIGHT FOR CHILDHOOD SUFFRAGE.

(*A fragment from an unwritten History of the year* 1927.)

"Like all great reforms, this was preceded by apparently futile agitation. In innumerable British nurseries the more thoughtful children of both sexes had been urging—at first with timidity, then with increasing assurance—their claims to a share in the government of their Country.

Their Grandmothers, Mothers, and Aunts had long since obtained the Franchise, which, by a logical and inevitable process, was shortly followed by Universal Adult Manhood and Womanhood Suffrage.

Curiously enough, beyond the considerable addition to the register, these changes were not found to produce such disastrous results as certain pessimists had predicted.

Occasionally, it is true, a measure benefiting the Weaker Sex at the expense of the Stronger had been carried by the majority, swelled by a few chivalrous and sympathetic males. But as soon as the masculine portion of the population experienced any real inconvenience from such legislation, they either ignored or defied it—like the cowards they undoubtedly were!

Disappointed and disgusted matrons therefore had come to recognise that the Future of the Country must depend on their Children, who, by being familiarised from tenderest youth with their mothers' grievances, were not improbably thus led to the discovery of their own.

And indeed, impartially considered, their case was unanswerable. It was absurd - and, what is worse, illogical that Children should be required to obey laws which they had no share in making. It was both unwise and unjust to deny them a voice in Social questions so closely concerning them as Education, Feeding, and Milk Supply.

Their minds might be termed immature - but, when every male hawker of bone collar-studs, every female vendor of 'Dying Roosters' on the kerbstone possessed a vote, was Intellect any longer a political qualification?

Could it be seriously contended that any fairly well-educated boy or girl was less intelligent, less competent to decide how their Country should be governed than, say, their under-nurse, or the old lady who sold them lollipops? As to the objection that they were unfitted by Nature to enter Public life, that was easily confuted by the numerous instances of Infant Phenomena who had become world-wide Celebrities before attaining their seventh year.

It was notorious that many a British household was entirely ruled by Children. If they could be trusted to this extent, surely there was no danger in conceding them a fractional part in the election of a local representative?

It might be urged (and even with truth) that a large majority of Children did not desire the vote—but that was surely immaterial when those who *did* desire one wanted it so badly.

For a time, however, they were content merely to appeal to the reason of their elders, and they certainly succeeded in impressing the more enlightened adult minds with an uneasy conviction of anomaly—which, to any well-regulated intellect, is a quite intolerable sensation.

But the greater number of grown-ups - women, it must be regretfully owned, as well as men—were too blinded by foolish old prejudices to see the justice of the Children's plea, which they seemed to think could be disposed of by such drastic remedies as a good slapping—as though Force were ever any argument!

So, gradually, in nurseries, schools, and Kindergartens, the ferment of rebellion began to work, as Children realised bitterly that they could never hope to win by peaceful and legitimate methods.

And then, naturally enough, for they had heard the story from earliest infancy, they remembered the splendid example their Grandmothers, Mothers and Aunts had set them—the great lessons that those who wish to make the Laws must first break them, and that, to become a Power in the State, it is a necessary preliminary to render oneself a Perfect Nuisance!

Thanks, mainly, to the untiring efforts of a youthful heroine and hero whose names, Irene Yells and Chrysostom Bellows, will ever be honoured by the gratitude of their contemporaries, these tactics were so successfully pursued that the Cause of the Children was soon found deserving of serious consideration.

It is astonishing how much a few determined infants, if once admitted to a political gathering, can do to upset the harmony of the proceedings—while it is difficult to eject them when they vindicate their right to remain by kicking and even scratching and biting their cowardly tyrants.

And when they marched in their thousands to the House of Commons (it will be remembered that the House of Lords had been abolished some time previously for throwing out a highly popular Bill to tax every confirmed bachelor to the extent of half his income. The Bill subsequently became Law, but, being found to produce no increase in the marriage-rate, was promptly repealed by general consent)—when the Children marched to the House for the peaceful purpose of heckling the Speaker, Lady Partlett, it was found impossible for constables to disperse them without inflicting bruises that shocked the susceptibilities even of those least in sympathy with the sufferers' aims.

Moreover, the Children went to prison cheerfully for their Cause, refusing to waste any of their pocket-money on the alternative fine. And their parents were powerless to prevent it, as it had long been a punishable offence to offer to pay fines for Passive Resisters.

Some martyr-lings declared that they preferred a gaol to the schoolroom, although they complained of the infrequency of jam in the prison *menu*, and the illiberal prohibition of all games in the exercise yard.

Obviously such a condition of things could not continue. The moral sense of the entire kingdom was stirred to its depths, and the trend of feeling showed a violent reaction. Even the Premier, Miss Romola Clapperton, a highly accomplished and amiable elderly lady, had declared herself in favour of Childhood Suffrage—as a principle. As for the Opposition, partly from sentiments of justice, and partly from a persuasion that such an extension of the Franchise must have the effect of restoring them to Office (which, as true Patriots, they rightly perceived would justify any and every concession), they were already pledged to support a large, free, and generous measure.

Nor were Parents, as a class, actively hostile; many Fathers and Mothers calculating that the enfranchisement of their Offspring would merely provide their Parents with a plural vote.

Thus it happened that Justice, Logic and Common Sense triumphed over irrational Prejudice, and the tainted atmosphere of Politics was purified by the innocent breath of the Nation's Infancy!

In the General Election that followed, able and energetic candidates on the Opposition side appealed to the new Electorate by programmes on which the "Abolition of Lessons," "Free Sweetstuff," and "The Suppression of Corners" figured as prominent items.

It was noticeable that the Children showed a far keener sense of the privilege of a vote than many of their elders. There was none of the ignorance that a General Election was proceeding at all, or what it was about; none of the unwillingness to go to the poll unless a motor-car was sent for them, which were so marked in some of their grown-up relatives. They were polled almost to a Child, some of the younger ones in their enthusiasm demanding that their pet



"THE WEAKER SEX."

Lady Di (to Brown, the laziest man in the county, who has just about made up his mind to propose). "CAN'T YOU RAISE A TROT? I'VE GOT TO GET BACK FOR A FENCING LESSON; AND I'M GOING OUT TO DINNER; THEN I'M GOING ON TO A DANCE; AND I'VE GOT AT LEAST EIGHTEEN MILES HOME." [*Proposal indefinitely postponed.*

rabbits, their dogs, and even their dolls, should be also permitted to record their votes!

So the Opposition were borne triumphantly back to Power on a wave of the Children's Will, and the whole World held its breath in suspense, waiting for the change in the National Policy and Character that must surely come.

The change is, as yet, scarcely perceptible." F. A.

AS OTHERS FAIL TO SEE US.

THERE is a cherished belief among all good Americans that the "Britisher" has no sense of humour. A flood of light is thrown on the origin of this error by the following passage from a leading paper, *The New York Times*. After all, it takes two to make humour effective—one to produce it and one to understand it. The italics, our own, take the place of superfluous comment:—

"This episode (the appeal for the 'Auld Brig of Ayr') has suggested to *Punch* the idea of preparing English translations of Burns's verses. *Punch* apologises that it has sometimes been necessary to sacrifice 'the lilt and musical sweetness' of the lines to preserve the immortal plowman's idea. Here is an example of *Punch's* handiwork, the first verse of '*Auld Lang Syne*':

'It would be a most improper proceeding to cancel the claims of antique friendship,
And to refrain from remembering them;
That is why we ask if such connections should be foregone,
Together with the days that were a long while since?'

"*After perusing this appalling effort I think most persons will feel content to continue reading and singing Burns in the original Scotch.*"

Dear old U.S.A.!

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

DEAR, you have the daintiest of hair
(Anyway, you had when first I knew it),
But I'm bound to say I do not care
For the present way in which you do it.
ETHEL, tho' she's plainer, I confess,
Sticks to a becoming waviness;
Even if the fashion isn't "new,"
ETHEL always does it—why don't you?

Dear, those little ears are very pink,
Very delicate, and very pretty;
Being as they are, then, don't you think
Putting earrings in them seems a pity?
MARY, though inferior in looks,
Never wears those idiotic hooks;
Even if it *is* the "thing to do"
MARY doesn't do it—why do you?

Some, no doubt, derive an added grace
From a head that's touzled, burnt, and crimply,
But a girl that *has* an angel's face
Ought to frame it *like* an angel's—simply.
Dear, the glitter of a jewel dies
In the glory of a maiden's eyes;
Never mind the fashions of the day;
Look at EFFIE, dearest! Look at MAY!

DUM-DUM.



Vicar's Wife (as the maid enters with Vicar's favourite grill). "WHAT IS COMING NOW, MARY?"
Maid. "PLEASE, 'M, THE DEVIL—FOR MASTER!"

MELODRAMA AT THE COURT.

THE cleverest feature of *Hedda Gabler* is the fact that no one of that name occurs in the play. The appalling difficulty of demonstrating how the lady who was born a *Gabler* ever came to marry a man like *Tesman* was fully appreciated by the late Dr. IBSEN; and it was in one of his rare spasms of inspiration that he shirked it. Yet he was not without the courage of innocence in facing difficulties no easier to overcome.

Of course, the married woman who is so bored with herself and her *milieu* that she resorts to sexual intrigue for diversion is a sufficiently familiar type. But here is one who hankers after "the moulding of somebody's destiny" (or words to that effect), for the gratification of a kind of egoism entirely detached, on her part, from the instinct of sex. And this is how she goes about it: she takes from among her old admirers a reformed victim of alcoholism, encourages him to make himself beastly drunk once more, drives him to despair by hiding the manuscript that is to bring him fame, and telling him that it is irretrievably lost; and then hands him a pistol, and tells him he is to "do it beautifully." And all within twenty-four hours, and without even going to bed to think it over! "Fancy that!" as the Master would say.

I don't know how it may be in the "West End of Christiania," a neighbourhood which is very possibly more lurid than it sounds, but here in England this is not a type that exactly leaps to the eye of experience.

Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, easily the most fascinating of English actresses, did her possible to impart a tone of probability to this incredible freak of Scandinavian morbidity. But I must believe that her air of boredom was not a matter of art only but also of nature, otherwise the apathy proper to the early part would have been shaken off when once she started on her work of moulding destinies with rum-punch and pistols. It was a high tribute to the crudity of the last half of the play that even Mrs. CAMPBELL could not rouse herself to any very active interest in her own villainous courses.

Mr. TREVOR LOWE was a perfect *Tesman*. Simply by appearing and saying a couple of sentences he established an atmosphere by which whole pages of stuffy detail, designed to that end, were rendered superfluous. In saying this, I desire to affront an Ibsenite friend who tells me that not a single word of all that First Act could with safety be excised.

Mr. JAMES HEARN, in the part of *Judge Brack*, was a very dapper and insidious rogue; but Mr. LAURENCE IRVING was not quite happy as *Lövborg*, whether in or out of his cups. Miss WEEDEN played *Mrs. Elvsted* with some intelligence, but panted too freely; and she would do better when she addresses people to look them in the eyes rather than in the crown of their heads.

Retaliation.

[Writing to *The Daily Mail*, a lady says that owing to the Workmen's Compensation Act she will give up the housemaid, do her own housework, and canvass for the Conservatives.]

"THE Old Firm" telegraphs:—"Business ruined by Street Betting Act. Leaving for Flushing to foment war with England."

"Volunteer" writes:—"The auxiliary forces are ruined by Mr. HALDANE. Am enlisting shortly in the German army."

"Suffragette" wires:—"As slight revenge on the Government I intend to marry a Liberal."

THE following letter to *The Scotsman* clears up once and for all the mystery which surrounded the late Mr. DOWIE:—

"SIR,—I take the Prophet DOWIE to be the boy I was at school with, also ANDREW, only the two sons, who left for Australia when residing at No. 7, East Adam Street with their parents, and were educated at Arthur Street Academy, where the Friday afternoons were set apart for recitations, in which JOHN ALEXANDER figured as a hero at, and a clever scholar."



VERY OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Ancient Rustic. "I'M A POOR OLD MAN, SIR, OF SEVENTY-FIVE, AND PAST WORK. CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING FOR ME?"

Right Hon. H. H. Asq-th. "CAPITAL IDEA! BUT I'M *AFRAID* YOU'RE TOO YOUNG. NOW IF YOU WERE OVER EIGHTY I MIGHT PERHAPS MANAGE IT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 11.—Standing up to-night in defence of Ministerial policy in South Africa and the New Hebrides, WINSTON CHURCHILL distinctly improved a position steadily growing since he took office. It is his second speech in the still young Session that has commanded attention of House. First was oddly, significantly some lookers-on have it, in debate on new scheme of Army Reform. To-night attacking force was directed against Colonial policy of Government. Horse, foot and artillery moved on the doomed Colonial Office.

There is a dim idea, supported by official records, that Lord ELGIN is Colonial Minister. He may be the figure head; the Opposition see in WINSTON the front of all offending. If ELGIN's name is mentioned incidentally, it is—as ALFRED LYTTELTON did to-night in respect of attack on the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association—to hint at differences between the Chief and Under Secretary to credit of former. Of course this view of situation is misguided. Colonial policy is a Cabinet concern, and WINSTON is not yet in the Cabinet. The state of things, which has no parallel in long history of Colonial Office, is merely testimony to a strong personality.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, who knew GRANDOLPH from the date of his first speech in the House of Commons to his tragic breakdown, notes the ever-growing resemblance between son and father. It has outward and visible signs in personal manner. WINSTON's long gliding step on entering or leaving the House, the slightly bowed shoulders, the bent head, the gesture of placing the open hands on the hips when talking, each and all recall the young Leader of the Fourth Party rising, a quarter of a century ago, from corner seat below Gangway, a position convenient for attack, alternately or concurrently, upon both Front Benches.

A leading characteristic of GRANDOLPH was shared with the Walrus, as noted by the observant poet:

> Cet animal est très méchant,
> Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

GRANDOLPH did more. Smitten on the right cheek, so far from turning the left for the convenience of his assailant, he let fly with his right arm straight out from the shoulder. The man who came to punch his head remained to have his own contused.

To-night ALFRED LYTTELTON, speaking with the authority of an ex-Colonial Minister, gravely, even sorrowfully, lamented the decadence of the Department where but yesterday he ruled. It was reasonable to expect that the Young Gentleman on the Treasury Bench, if not absolutely penitent, would have been apologetic. Alack for hereditary instinct! In opening sentence he described the weighty speech just delivered as "a querulous oration. Not an attack but a lament that the Colonial Office did not live up to the high standard inaugurated in the days of Ceylon Pearl Fisheries, the Transvaal Representative Constitution, and the chaste Chinese Labour Ordinance."

This disappointing to the moral sense; was even rude. But it delighted the House which, now as in the day of PALMERSTON, "likes a man who will show it sport."

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

Tuesday night.—ROWLAND HUNT received back into the fold; much joy over the repentant sinner. A fortnight ago he spoke disrespectfully of the equator—I mean of PRINCE ARTHUR. Reproof was instant and stern. He was drummed out of the camp by process of striking his name off the list of the faithful who daily receive call to battle from the Party Whip.

Took his punishment like a man who saw service with LOVAT's Scouts during the Boer War. Perceived in his cutting-off opportunity for getting on with his great work on BOADICEA. Made his first Parliamentary mark by introducing the late (and early) British Queen into debate on question of Tariff Reform. Now she will have to stand aside whilst her biographer braces himself up for renewed and closer dealing with high politics. Cheered from both sides when to-day he re-entered arena with question about passive resisters promoted to sit on the very magisterial bench whence the other day they were condemned to forfeiture of teapots and spoons.

In private, ROWLAND much affected by new turn of events.

"I confess," he said, mopping eyes dimmed with honest emotion, "I once thought BOADICEA the greatest of Britons. Now I am sure a greater still is PRINCE ARTHUR. You remember, dear TOBY, the beautiful hymn—was it Dr. WATTS's?—



MORE TELEPATHY AT WESTMINSTER.

Mr. B-lf-r (lightly touching the cranium of C.-B.). "NOW THIS? WHAT HAVE I HERE?"

Mr. L-tt-lt-n. "YOU HAVE THERE A SCOTCHMAN OF GREAT HUMOUR; HE COMES FROM STIRLING; HE HAS A PROFOUND DESIRE FOR PEACE—WITH SOME PEOPLE; HE DETESTS SLAVERY—IN SOME PLACES. WHAT IS HE THINKING OF?—THE HOUSE OF LORDS."

Mr. B. "NOW THIS?"

Mr. L. "YOU HAVE THERE A YOUTH OF UNDISCOVERED MODESTY AND INCANDESCENT APPEARANCE; HIS MANNERS ARE AGGRESSIVE, HIS FLUENCY PHENOMENAL; HE IS A CHAMPION SPINNER OF PIG-TAILS FOR OTHER PEOPLE. HE IS THINKING OF INDENTURED LABOURERS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES WITH NOTHING TO BRIGHTEN THEIR LIVES BUT THE INTEREST OF SELECTING WHICH OF THEIR FELLOW-SUFFERERS THEY SHALL EAT NEXT."



THE IRISH "SCREECH-OWL."
"This bird lurks in the shadows under projecting portions of buildings and emits weird cries like nothing else in creation." (Mr. R-ddy.)

beginning, or was it ending? with the verse:—

'Then blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears.'"

"But you didn't actually?" I asked.

"Didn't what?" growled ROWLAND.

Business done. — In Committee of Supply.

Friday night. — From time to time during last seven years debate has been broken in upon by a cry the like of which was never elsewhere heard on sea or land. It is something between the ebullition of a screech owl and the chuckle of a parrot who has seen a kettle of boiling water accidentally souse someone in the kitchen. Nevertheless it observes the strict Parliamentary form "Hear, hear." A peculiarity about it is its abruptness, its frequent inappropriateness. At a certain point in a gravely argued speech where no special comment seems called for, suddenly sounds the shrill cry, followed after a moment's startled surprise by burst of general laughter.

It evidently came from the Irish camp, but for months Members opposite could not locate it. In course of time attention was focussed upon a plain, unemotional Member seated on the top bench, almost immediately behind the Leader of the Irish Party. It was Mr. REDDY, one of the Members for King's County. His countenance lent no assistance to anxious search. Having presumably opened his mouth and emitted the weird sound, he closed it with a snap, presenting a countenance of almost stony quietude. It was like the firing of a gun with smokeless powder. You heard the report, possibly felt at inconvenient closeness the whizzing of the ball; you searched the horizon in vain for trace of the masked battery.

Encouraged by unbroken success of his monosyllabic contribution to debate, Mr. REDDY has this Session expanded into articulate remark. He never makes ordered speech, but at Question time, when his compatriots turn the pom-pom of interrogation on the CHIEF SECRETARY, the House becomes aware of a small, grey-faced man holding on to a pillar supporting the gallery, saying something in a highly-pitched voice, thin in tone but thick in brogue. It is Mr. REDDY, putting his supplementary question "arising out of that answer."

These sallies are invariably successes. The Irish Members laugh consumedly. The pity of it is the mere Anglo-Saxon, unfamiliar with the accent, is not able to seize the point. Perhaps it is for this reason Mr. REDDY's question, whatever it may be, is never answered. Happily he does not mind that. He has shot his arrow. That it hit the mark is testified to by the hearty laughter of his colleagues. He resumes his seat at the top of the Gangway steps, and for what remains of the sitting is dumb.

In this memorable week, in the solitude of his study, he elaborated a notice of motion. It is simple in purpose, succinct in language. It merely proposes "appointment of a small Committee to inquire into the mental qualities of the hon. Member for North Armagh." This is Mr. MOORE who, after enforced absence, returned to take the place of the ever-lamented Colonel SAUNDERSON. There is about the proposal the allurement of kindly personal interest in one who, though sharply separated on political grounds, is still a compatriot. Looked at in proper light, it is one of those touches of nature that make the world kin.

SPEAKER, however, does not take that view. Intimates that the notice of intended motion will be disregarded. That something of a rebuff; Mr. REDDY bears it with fortitude. He has publicly proclaimed his benevolent intention. House has heard it; it will get into print. If the SPEAKER interposes, the responsibility lies with him. Only another evidence of the impossibility of the Saxon appreciating the geniality of the Irish character.

Business done.—Lights on Vehicles Bill and Railway (Gross Negligence) Bill read a second time.

THE POLITE FEEDER.

(Being a supplement to the interesting article on "Table Manners" which recently appeared in "The Daily Chronicle.")

BEATEN by France in cookery, by Germany in efficiency and by America in "getting on or getting out," England still retains her proud supremacy in the art of noiseless and unobtrusive feeding. To a few happy souls this is an inborn gift; to the less favoured majority the following hints may be of service in enabling us to maintain our national paramountcy in the etiquette of eating.

THE SERVIETTE.

The serviette is a test of true table manners. In the purlieus of Mayfair this writer has occasionally heard it styled a napkin, but no self-respecting diner will use such a vulgar solecism. One might as well speak of a coal-scuttle in place of a perdoneum. The serviette should not be waved about during conversation or thrust into the sleeve on joining the ladies. The well-bred Briton lays his serviette across his knees, and on quitting the table should endeavour to fold it up in the shape in which it was originally placed before him.

TAKING WINE.

The old habit of taking wine with a guest has somewhat gone out of fashion of late years, but is still in vogue in the best houses. The formula is as follows: "Mr. BLANK—a glass of sherry (or port) wine with you." If the person addressed is within an easy distance, the glasses may be clinked, but not violently, as fine crystal is brittle.

SALT AND ITS USES.

The English knife, with all its bloodthirsty suggestions, is reduced to the lowest and least obtrusive office. It is not even dug into the salt-cellar. For England has reached the delicacy of salt-spoons, and only in a Soho restaurant will she give you the real savour of the Continent by providing salt-cellars without spoons. But even in smart society it is not unusual to hear a *grand seigneur* accost a *grande dame* with the words,



Small Boy (in the middle of Thompson's pet story). "OH, PLEASE STOP! IT'S GETTING ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR THE MAIDS!"

"Madam, a pinch of salt with you." Should any salt be spilled in the process of transference to the plate, it should be carefully spooned up and thrown over the left shoulder, care being taken not to do this when any of the menials are behind your chair, or heavy damages may be incurred under the Domestic Servants' clause of the Workmen's Compensation Act. In the case of a sudden upset of a glass of claret, salt should be immediately heaped on the stain, but the converse process is not equally efficacious.

SECOND AND THIRD HELPINGS.

The number of helpings which it is legitimate to ask for depends, speaking roughly, on the number of courses. In a dinner of more than six courses, for example, the well-bred diner should think twice before asking for a second helping. This subject, however, is exhaustively treated in EUSTACE SMILES'S *Self Help*. At a Soho restaurant it is not good form to ask for a third helping of any dish in the menu of a 1*s.* 6*d.* dinner. There are in fact four factors in the situation: (1) the number of courses; (2) the size of the original portion; (3) the tariff of the restaurant, if you are paying for your dinner; and (4) the appetite of the diner.

DIFFICULT DISHES.

Ice pudding should not be eaten too rapidly or it will give you a pain in the forehead. It is narrated of an Irish gentleman that on partaking of this dish for the first time he incautiously absorbed a large mouthful and exclaimed, "Bedad, boys, I'm scalded," thus proving that extremes meet. Shrimps must not be swallowed whole. It is true that the present writer once saw these detestable crustaceans treated in this wholesale fashion by a party of Tyrolese jodellers on a cargo steamer on the Danube, but the results were not calculated to encourage imitation. Porridge, it is hardly necessary to insist, as becomes a standing dish must be eaten standing, but this attitude is not *de rigueur* in the case of grape nuts, hominy, or semoline pudding. Artichokes, asparagus, and macaroni are best eaten in solitude.

Did Shakspeare "Write for all Time?"

CERTAINLY. For instance, he foresaw the advantages of the new Compensation Act when he said:

"*I shall be glad to be your servant.*"

And again:

"*I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them.*"

Naturally: they were covered with advertisements.

"*A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*"

cried *Richard the Third* on the Field of Bosworth. Even in the good old days it seems that one could never depend on those pesky motors.

And already we find that the poet disliked the motor-bus. He says he

"*Wants not buzzers to infest his ear.*"

CHATTY METHODS ON THE BENCH.

["How silly you chaps are to get into debt with moneylenders," said Judge BACON to a batch of railway clerks, who were sued at the Bloomsbury County Court." *Daily Express.*]

FROM a daily paper of the week after next:—

Before Mr. Justice JONES, JAMES MICHAEL PEABODY (19), and EDWARD PENNEFATHER (21), were accused of stealing goods to the value of eighteenpence from a fruiterer's stall in the Commercial Road. Constable X 15 deposed that, when arrested, accused endeavoured to conceal the stolen goods by swallowing them. (*His Honour* "Rotters!"). The owner of the stall, on entering the witness-box to give evidence, appeared nervous.

His Honour (encouragingly). Come along, old son, pull yourself together and get it off your chest. Now, what's all this about these two chaps bagging your fruit?

Witness. It's this way, your Honour. One of them threw snuff in my face and, while I was sneezing, off they ran with my fruit.

His Honour (to prisoners). I say, you fellows, what! Hardly the game, that, was it? I call that a pretty thick sort of thing to do.

[*Applause in court, which was instantly suppressed when it showed signs of stopping.*

In defence the prisoners said they were sorry, and would not do it again.

His Honour then summed up:—While, he said, it was a bit off if fellows were allowed to rot about and play the goat all over the shop, yet, in consideration of the fact that this was a first offence, he was inclined to allow justice to be tempered with mercy. (*Applause.*) The prisoners must jolly well get it into their fat heads that, if ever they were caught at that sort of game again, they would get it pretty hot. The law was not to be trifled with. It was merciful within limits, but when chaps asked for it, they got it in the neck. (*Cheers.*) And he was prepared to give prisoners his solemn word that gaol was not all beer and skittles. If they didn't believe him, let them jolly well try and see. In the present case, taking everything into account, he would merely require them to shell out two quid apiece. If they declined to brass up, then they'd find themselves in Chokey before they could say Jack Robinson. And, if they wanted his candid opinion, they were a pair of crocks who ought to be ashamed of themselves; and he hoped they would never be such utter footlers as to let themselves be lugged into his Court again.

The prisoners, having paid their fine and thanked his Honour, then left the Court.

THE AVOIRDUPOIS OF SOULS.

FIVE reputable physicians of Massachusetts, U.S.A., *The Tribune* informs us, have discovered proof of the existence of the human soul, and have determined its weight. Their experiments have been carried out exclusively upon their own countrymen, and from these it is found that the weight of the soul of the average citizen of the United States is from a half to one ounce.

Curiously enough, successful experiments towards the same end have just been made by an eminent scientist of this country. We are not at liberty to reveal his methods nor yet his identity beyond the assurance that he is not Dr. SALEEBY, and has no connection with Birmingham. While the American doctors' method has been to weigh the body before and after death, and reduce the thing to a simple sum in subtraction, our own countryman has been able to manage without killing his subject.

We give the results of one or two of his investigations.

His old nurse, living in a Hertfordshire village: Dear old soul, and in very good condition; weight, 14 st. 2 lbs. 4 ozs.

A retired provision merchant: This gentleman was experimented upon in his new house, where he had just been furnishing his picture gallery and library. The former he managed with the help of a foot-rule and a printed list of the Hundred Best Artists; the latter with a large pair of scales. The results are as follows: Area of pictures bought—(including outside measurements of frames), 2 sq. poles 20 sq. yds. 4 sq. ins.; weight of books, 11 cwts. 2 qrs. 17 lbs.; weight of soul, $\frac{1}{2}$ dwt.

A mild cousin (with a strenuous wife): This gentleman had a conscientious objection to being examined. He explained that as he could not strictly call his soul his own he did not feel at liberty to have it meddled with.

A wealthy shirt manufacturer, employing hundreds of women at $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per hour (including the benefit of working amid the comforts of their own homes): After a long search, this soul could not be found. The scientist learned at last that it had been sold; but as he did not desire to have dealings with the purchaser, he made no further inquiries.

The greatest living personality in the Isle of Man: weight of soul, 4 ozs. $1\frac{3}{4}$ dwt.

The greatest living personality in Stratford-on-Avon: weight of soul, 4 ozs. $1\frac{3}{4}$ dwt.

(Note: These last results were arrived at quite independently, and the curious coincidence they present is not created by any bias. It should also be noted that printers' certificates and publishers' announcements were not consulted in these two cases.)



"A LARGE FIELD MET THE MASTER."—*Hunting Notes.*

Ireland for Ever.

"HIS Lordship said it had always been his custom to deal with first offenders leniently. In this instance he should depart from his usual custom, as the prisoner had been several times convicted."—*Cork Examiner.*

Mr. Tree, Forward!

'TO LET, small furnished Bungalow. Healthy hamlet wanted."—*Church Times.*

CHARIVARIA.

"I HAVE no desire to cultivate my garden," said Mr. BIRRELL in a speech last week, "I do not like stooping." Yet that is sometimes the way to conquer.

Mr. ASQUITH, it is said, intends to set aside £1,000,000 of his surplus for old age pensions for the deserving poor. The report has caused great excitement among the Socialists, who are asking angrily, Why only the *deserving* poor?

"What are 'The New He-brides,' about which they are making such a fuss in Parliament?" asks a correspondent. "Are they anything to do with the Suffragettes?"

We hear from an unreliable source that a most touching scene is to be witnessed now whenever the House of Lords sits. The members greet one another with the words "Not abolished yet!" and, now and then, a feeble cheer will be raised.

Mr. FREDERICK WEYERHAUSER, the American "Lumber King," who is reputed to be worth £200,000,000, has disappeared mysteriously. It is feared that he has been kidnapped, and his fellow-plutocrats are demanding that the penalty for stealing millionaires shall be made more severe.

The KAISER is said to be gradually recovering from the annoyance caused by a mad musician suddenly beating the big drum during an interval at a concert at the Palace. Beating the big drum is, of course, one of the most jealously guarded Imperial prerogatives.

We think it a pity that several of our newspapers should persist in referring to Prince RANJITSINHJI as "The Popular Jam." It sounds so much like an advertisement.

An agitation has been started among the coloured population of Cape Colony in favour of coloured people being tried only by a jury composed of coloured people. If this were done, a different complexion, it is thought, would be put on many cases.

The WERTHEIMER pictures have not yet been recovered, and a correspondent writes to ask why the police do not engage the services of a clever picture-restorer.



Horror of Major Hammerem upon reading in his newspaper of the dangers of a puffed-out chest.

Inside an angler fish landed at Scarborough last week a 2-lb. tin of English mustard was discovered, while another fish captured recently was found to contain a lady's hat. It is proposed that, to stop this petty pilfering by fish, an additional gunboat shall be placed in Yorkshire waters.

A lady of New Jersey, *The Express* tells us, has married the undertaker who buried her husband. One might search far before one found a more touching example of gratitude than this.

It is rumoured that, before allowing MARIE FASSNAUER, the Tyrolean Giantess, who is eight feet in height and weighs 24½ stones, to appear at the London Hippodrome, the police obtained from her an undertaking that she would not become a Suffragette.

On reading an announcement in her newspaper last week to the effect that Viscount BOLINGBROKE AND ST. JOHN had just celebrated his eleventh birthday, an old lady remarked, "How quaint! I suppose he was Twins."

The New York Smart Set is still talking of nothing but Mrs. BERNHEIMER'S topsy-turvy dinner which began with coffee and ended with soup and oysters, the guests sitting on the table. It is considered the wittiest idea that a member of the New York Smart Set has had for many years.

Meanwhile, an Order of Nebuchadnezzarites has been founded in Chicago, the members of which will eat their meals and take their exercise on all fours to promote health. 'Tis a merry world, my masters, as Miss CORELLI would say.

"Colonel - -, New York, will pay a specialist £4,000 for an operation to re-shape the face of a baboon. If this is successful he agrees to undergo a similar operation himself, for which he will pay another £6,000."—*Evening Standard.*

WE have not seen the Colonel, but the difference in price is smaller than we should have expected.

"Situation Wanted, by a married man, as Table Hand."—*Co-operative News.*

CAN we not persuade him to be a Table Leg instead? So much more useful.

Botanical Note.

"THIS Church constitutes an interesting leaf in our local history. It is the only one of the kind in existence, the other being at Philadelphia in the United States."—*Manchester City News.*



Little Girl (who has just kissed her father good-night). "OH, FATHER, YOUR BEARD IS SCRATCHY!"

Father. "DEAR ME, MISS, YOU ARE PARTICULAR. IT CAN'T BE VERY BAD—I SHAVED IT THIS MORNING."

Little Girl. "WELL, THEN, FATHER, IT'S—IT'S VERY TALL FOR ITS AGE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHICH do you prefer—fighting or diplomacy? Which do you find the more attractive—the Foreign Secretary handing in his resignation to his Chief, or the swift thrust in *tierce* parried with a wrist of steel? Take your choice from these two *Zenda* books which CASSELL has just published.

Title:	*The Kingmakers.*	*Princess Maritza.*
Author:	ARMIGER BARCLAY.	PERCY J. BREBNER.
The imaginary kingdom:	Sergia.	Wallaria.
The usurping king:	Leopold VI.	Ferdinand IV.
The rightful monarch:	Prince Victor.	Princess Maritza.
In love with	Beryl Mason.	Desmond Ellerey.
Deus ex machinâ:	Robert Mason, the Foreign Minister.	Lord Clovertou, the Ambassador.

There we have the chief people. But while *Victor* (in London) is slowly approaching his throne by the tortuous path of diplomacy and intrigue, *Maritza* (in Sturatzberg) is trapesing around in boy's clothes, and fighting brigands, and sacrificing herself for *Ellerey*, and having no end of a time. Personally I find it much easier to believe in a brigand than in a Foreign Secretary, and the illusion of Mr. BREBNER's book is the more real to me. Also I don't care about Mr. BARCLAY's grammar. "I wonder whom the concessionaires are" (p. 62), "He knew whom his friends were" (p. 85), "I don't believe anyone—no matter whom would try to prevent you" (p. 258). Mr. BARCLAY may say that in no case are they his own words, but merely the speeches of his characters. Then I suggest that the fact that a different person is speaking each time, and that they all make the same mistake, argues a lack of originality in Mr. BARCLAY.

A soulful youth's unbridled strife
Against the sober facts of life
Upon the face of it does not
Suggest a very striking plot,
But ARTHUR MACHEN has the touch
Which makes it such.

He has the pen which can define
A portrait in a single line,
And in a cluster of vignettes
So drawn he delicately sets
His hero of the yearning soul,
And blends the whole.

The author's title for his theme's,
Aptly enough, *The Hill of Dreams*—
Prophetic of the tale, no less
Than of his own deserved success;
GRANT RICHARDS has the book to sell;
I wish it well.

The Whirlpool of Europe (HARPER), by ARCHIBALD and ETHEL COLQUHOUN, deals with the history and present condition of Austria-Hungary, the dual Empire over which FRANCIS JOSEPH, Emperor-King, fitfully rules. Reading the story one comes to understand the title, and recognises its appropriateness. Austria-Hungary is truly a whirlpool, an agglomeration of nationalities seething under what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" constitutional government. Whether Austria hates Hungary the more, or whether Hungary most dearly desires to plant a dagger in the throat of Austria, is a question difficult to resolve. If there were only two nations linked under Hapsburg rule it would not be more hopeless than the case of England and Ireland, in whose "union" similitude with the empire of FRANCIS JOSEPH is often found. But a medley of races goes to make up the Empire. In the army there are eleven nationalities, each speaking its own language, ten angry because the word of command is given in the German tongue. The Legislature to which all send representatives is a veritable Tower of Babel. It is characteristic of Mr. COLQUHOUN that he should have had the courage to approach such a subject with intent to present in a single volume a lucid story. This, with the assistance of his wife, he has succeeded in doing, the book being a marvel of erudition gained by patient research. Its value is increased by a number of photographs taken on the spot, reproducing peasant costumes and types.

THE TRULY GREAT.

[After reading some of the autobiographies by leading golfers contained in Mr. LEACH's recent volume, *Great Golfers in the Making.*]

THERE are people who will aim at a literary fame,
There are others who will live laborious days,
Scorning all the sweet delights of domesticated nights
For the prospect of the politician's bays.
There are people who importune
Lady Fortune,
Growing grey beneath pecuniary cares,
Who will slave away like niggers
At their figures,
Just as hard as dames of fashion toil at theirs.

What a life of sordid pain and of sacrifice in vain!
One may well be moved to pity when one thinks
Of the laurels kept by Fate for the man who's truly great—
For the pro. who holds the record of the links.
Not for him the fevered hustle
And the bustle,
Not for him the constant struggle and the strife;
Fame and Fortune haste to woo him
And pursue him,
Bearing everything that makes a joy of life.

All that's beautiful and sweet falls in worship at his feet,
And you 'll scarcely find a foozler in the town
But would bump his swollen head on the stars if it were said
He was privileged to nod to BILLY BROWN.
Bishops, millionaires, contractors,
Comic actors,
Poets, painters—even monarchs feel a thrill
If he grants them some attention,
And they mention
With a glow that they have shaken hands with BILL.

Then the editors in scores lie in wait about his doors,
And they offer him a fortune to relate
How at three he learnt to drive, how he putted (*ætat.* five),
How he cured himself of slicing (*ætat.* eight).
Millions, skipping even horse-news
And divorce-news,
Seek the column where he tells them how he played
With his niblick at the seventh
And eleventh,
At St. Andrews, when he halved a round with BRAID.

Even Death, who (people say) treats us all the selfsame way,
Cannot drag him to the level of the rest;
For, of course, when smaller fry, such as peers and statesmen, die,
They are happy if they get a par. at best.
But when BILL at last has holed out,
Stars are sold out,
News and *Telegraph* are full of his renown;
Pictured columns tell the story
Of his glory,
And the posters read, "Last words of BILLY BROWN."



THE TOURIST DEVELOPMENT COMPANY LIMITED IS TURNING ITS ATTENTION TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND THIS YEAR. GREAT IMPROVEMENTS ARE EXPECTED.

CHARIVARIA.

THE re-opening of the trousers pockets of the Royal Garrison Artillery, 1st Scottish Sub-District, took place last week quietly, and without ceremony of any kind.

It is reported from Natal that BAMBAATA has come to life again. If this be true, it is an act of gross insubordination of which the Government will be forced to take cognisance.

M. DE BEAUREPAS has issued a pamphlet in which he suggests the formation of an "Anglo-Franco-Celto-Gallo-Latino-Slav-Scandinavian League." Although one would never have guessed it from this title, M. DE BEAUREPAS is a distinguished economist.

In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of its opening the reading-room of the British Museum is to be closed for six months.

During a prolonged wrangle between two women litigants in the Kingston County Court, Judge RUSSELL suddenly exclaimed, "And these are the people who want votes!" The obvious retort was, "Well, Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON have them."

The greatest indignation has been aroused in canine circles by Father VAUGHAN's repeated attacks on pamperers of dogs, and it was resolved at an important meeting of Toys held the other day near Belgrave Square that the reverend Father be bitten at the earliest opportunity.

The Theatrical Managers' Association has issued a letter to the Press requesting that the plots of new plays shall not be divulged before production in the theatre. This desire for secrecy is sometimes carried to absurd lengths. We have known instances where the plot of a musical play has been kept a secret during its entire run.

An exhibition of the works of humorous artists is to be held in Paris at the Palais de Glace. It sounds as if it might be a frost.

One day last week the temperature of London was 10 degrees warmer than that of the Riviera. In spite of this there was no appreciable increase in the demand for villas at Rotherhithe and other South London watering places. Yet the Englishman of fashion claims to be a patriot.

We had hoped that the day of inhumane judges was over in this country, but last week Mr. Justice DARLING was delivering judgment in a case when he suddenly stopped and said, "Will the usher be good enough to wake that gentleman who is sleeping, so that he may listen to my judgment?"

Says the Suffragettes' War Song:—

"From each hill and valley
See the workers rally,
Far and near assembled here
To join their sisters' sally."

Mr. Punch has sometimes been unkind to the Suffragettes, but never so unkind as this.

The Light that Failed.

RUSKIN'S SEVEN LAMPS—Just out, 1s.

THE HOLIDAY TASK.

[To C.-B., reported as about to make for the Riviera.]

THEY tell me you have booked your transit
South to the land of sun-burnt mirth,
Where cosmopolitans at Cannes sit
Soft in the lap of daedal earth;
Where social life is past reforming
And Time was only made to kill;
Where Labour Members cease from storming,
And Suffragettes are still.

There in a tideless inland Ocean
Paddling at large with careless feet,
You will enjoy the calm emotion
Allowed to Greatness in retreat;
Wrapped in a peace no Party voice stirs,
You 'll bask beneath a mellowing sun,
Assimilating local oysters,
Nibbling a hot-cross bun.

But not for long you 'll seek distraction
In smiling back at azure seas;
A brain like yours that 's built for action
Would soon be irked by torpid ease;
A day or so of care's unloosing—
At pleasure's fount a transient gulp—
Then to the problem of reducing
The House of Peers to pulp.

Well, if your neighbours, too light-headed,
Divert your eye from off the goal,
And you are keen on being steadied
By converse with a kindred soul,—
Failing a more congenial crony
To serve the noble end in view,
Drop me a line—I 'm at Mentone—
I 'll see what I can do.

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE DISCOMFORTER.

I HAPPENED to meet him at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, where I was drinking a cup of tea. The company was mainly of the female variety. We were two lonely masculine drops in an ocean of encompassing womanhood, and thus we were drawn to one another. At any rate he sat down at the table at which I had already secured a seat. There were no special points about him. His dress was unostentatious, and his face had a vacant expression and a stubbly moustache. There are thousands and thousands of men exactly like him to be met with throughout England. He said "Good afternoon" politely, remarked on the crowd, thought the place must be doing good business, ordered his tea. Then he settled down and seemed to be expecting something. Immediately afterwards the cat of the establishment, an agreeable animal of a tabby character, was observed to be advancing towards us. She was carrying something in her mouth.

"By Jove," said my companion in a voice that rang through the room, "I 'm jiggered if she hasn't got a mouse!"

No sooner had these awful words left his mouth than all the women in the room rose as if pulled up by one string, and scrambled hurriedly each upon a chair; the waitresses scurried hither and thither like hens escaping from a motor-car; and it was not until the sturdy male guardian of the entrance had descended upon the cat and chased her behind the scenes that something like order was restored. When I looked at my companion I was startled to observe the change that had taken place in his aspect. His eyes were gleaming, his teeth were set—the whole face betrayed the intense excitement under which he was labouring.

"Don't you like cats?" I said.

"Like cats?" he answered, "I should just think I do. Look here," he continued in a lower voice, "I 'll tell you a secret. I fixed that up."

"Fixed what up?" said I.

"I managed that little scene," he replied. "I brought the mouse with me and managed to give it to the cat. I knew there 'd be some fun, and there was. On the whole I consider it one of the best things I 've done. Of course a good deal depends on the mouse. They 're funny little beasts, but I generally bring it off all right."

"Have you often tried it?" I ventured.

"Let me see;—three times at Fuller's, six times in the Bond Street tea-shops, four times in Regent Street, and once here—that makes fourteen. The fact is"—he dropped his voice again—"I 've taken up the profession of a Discomforter."

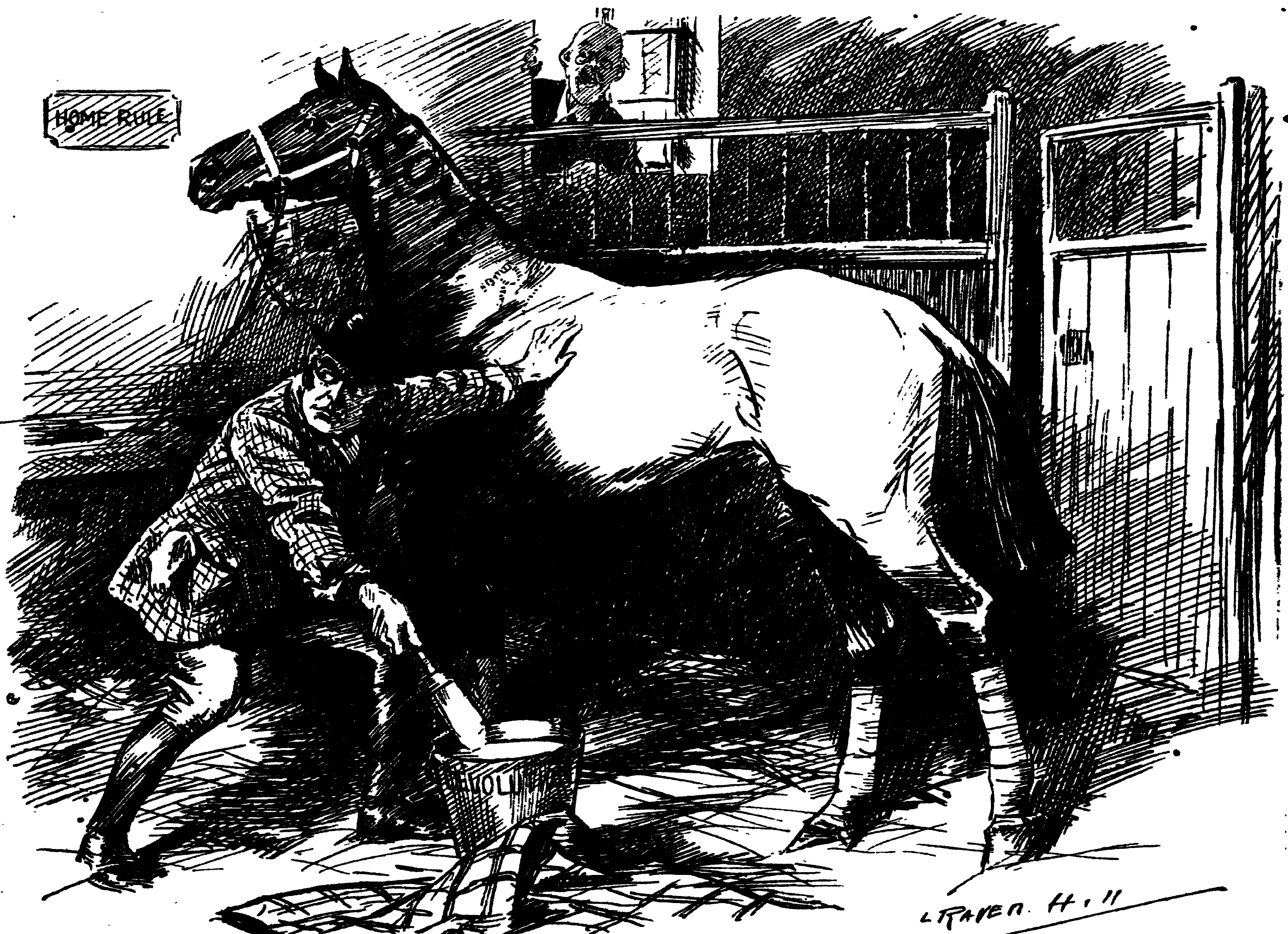
"A Dis—"

"Yes, a Discomforter. I go about trying to make people uncomfortable in small ways. No, I don't make any money out of it, but it 's lots of fun. For instance, if I see a stoutish man coming along the street towards me in a hurry, I go for him directly, at about the same pace, and when we come face to face the sport begins. As soon as he moves to his right to pass me I move sharply to my left; then of course he starts to his left and I dodge back to my right, and by that time it 's quite hopeless. You can keep it up sometimes for a dozen shifts, and, if you 're lucky, he 'll drop his umbrella or his hat will roll off, and anyhow he 'll look as silly as they make 'em. Then there 's another very pretty little trick. You go out in an old hat and get on a motor bus, and as soon as you 're in a fair crowd of traffic you let your hat blow off. The bus stops, of course, and all the other buses behind you have to stop, and most of the cabs stop, and five or six men start chivying the hat, and by the time you get it back you 've disorganised the whole traffic of London. I daresay you 've thought it 's the man who gets his hat blown off who looks a fool. You 're wrong. It 's the people who run after it.

"I 'll tell you a little thing I 've invented myself—you have to get a pal to join in it, because it wants two chaps to make it go off properly. P'raps you 'd like to try it with me afterwards. Well, you and your pal go out for a walk and you pick out some steady-going, pompous old buffer, and then you start walking ahead of him, while your pal walks a little way behind. Every now and then you turn round and take a sort of half-recognising look at the old party, and then you shake your head and go on walking. But at last you take a longer look and you begin to smile like winking, and then you turn round and walk towards him with your hand stretched out as if you meant to shake him by the hand. By this time he 's dead sure you 're one of his old schoolfellows come home from Australia, so he 's got his best smile on and his decks cleared for shaking hands with you, and finding out all about you and asking you to stay with him at his home. But, of course, you don't pay the least attention to him. You just sail past him with your hand out and your smile full on, and you shake hands with your pal behind—sort of 'My dear old chap, what a bit of luck to meet you here! How 's the missus and the kids?' I tell you, that 's the limit. You can't beat it. The old man 's purple with passion, but he 's got nobody to let it off on."

He told me a lot of other discomforting tricks, and cordially invited me to join him in an expedition. However, I judged it best to leave him to his own devices.

OUR WONDERFUL POLICE.—"Superintendent MARSHALL stated that by means of finger prints he had discovered that she was left an orphan, and had lived with her grandmother."
Daily Dispatch.



THE DARK HORSE.

ARTHUR B. (*catching* GUS BIRRELL *at his artful tricks*). "WELL, OF ALL THE SILLY FAKES! WOULDN'T DECEIVE A CHILD!"



Vicar. "I am so glad your dear daughter is better. I was greatly pleased to see her in church this morning, and shortened the service on purpose for her."

Mother of dear daughter. "Thank you, Vicar. I shall hope to bring her every Sunday now!"

THE DAILY DOLDRUM.

(*With due apologies.*)

Oh, think not platitudes shall pall,
Or triteness bore the Briton's oak-heart,
So long as Jupiter can squall,
Or Phœbus steer his flaming go-cart;
Deem not the obvious played out
While morn by morn those prattling leaders—
On "*How it Hailed,*" "*The Sun-God's rout—*"
Enrapture half a million readers.

When streets become a gelid cake,
When frosts are practically joking,
The Daily Doldrum sits awake,
And pens "*The Clutches of the Snow-King;*"
When balmy zephyrs swathe the earth,
When Winter's ruder pants are worsted,
"*Behold,*" we read, "*the month of Mirth,*
Once more the lilac-blossoms burst.
(Ed.)"

The *Doldrum's* style ignores restraint.
In June it writes: "*The air grows torrid;*
Two Piccadilly sparrows faint;
A Peckham Bank clerk wipes his forehead."
Oh, who can say what tea-shop snack
A glass of milk and penny bun (Bath)—
Inspired that symphony in black
On "*Balham in her little sun-bath.*"

What need to book returns to Kew
And watch the withering trees grow russet;
The *Doldrum* marks that change of hue;
Its poignant paragraphs discuss it.
Acute reporters snuff the breeze
Around some crescent's garden-cincture,
And lo! next morn: "*The Chelsea trees*
Begin to don September's tincture."

Yet think not when the world is dead,
And Flora brags no tinted bloomers,
The *Doldrum* rakes an idle head,
Or lacks for horticultural humours:
How can a dearth of news suppress
The voice which still contrives to blether:—
"*Old Nature in her neutral dress;*
Unwonted weeks of normal weather."

"Of all Sad Words of Tongue or Pen."

"Had the predicted tide been a 3ft. higher one, the barometer nearly an inch lower, the wind velocity 10 or 15 miles higher, and, above all, the direction N.W., a combination which might really have occurred, the consequences of the late gale to Southport would probably have been much more serious than one cares to contemplate even for a moment."

Southport Visitor.

It seems to have been a very near thing indeed for Southport.

Mr. Evan Roberts' "long silence" is at last explained. According to the Liverpool *Evening Express* it is because he has been "on the verge of paprpaplpypppppppp."

We are glad to hear that he is quite well again, but a long silence is the only dignified way of treating an illness like that.

THE PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE.

You may believe this or not as you like. Personally I don't know what to think. It happened on the first day of spring (last Thursday—do you remember it? A wonderful day), and on the first of spring all sorts of enchantments may happen.

I was writing my weekly story: one of those things with a He and a She in it. He was Reginald, a fine figure of a man. She was Dorothy, rather a dear. I was beginning in a roundabout sort of way with the weather, and the scenery, and the birds, and how Reginald was thinking of the spring, and how his young fancy was lightly turning to thoughts of love, when suddenly——

At that moment I was called out of the room to speak to the housekeeper about something. In three minutes I was back again; and I had just dipped my pen in the ink, when there came a cough from the direction of the sofa—and there, as cool as you please, were sitting two persons entirely unknown to me . . .

"I beg your pardon," I said. "The housekeeper never told me. Whom have I the—what did you——"

"Thanks," said the man. "I'm Reginald."

"Are you really?" I cried. "Jove, I *am* glad to see you. I was just—just thinking of you. How are you?"

"I'm sick of it," said Reginald.

"Sick of what?"

"Of being accepted by Dorothy."

I turned to the girl.

"You don't mean to say——"

"Yes; I'm Dorothy. I'm sick of it too."

Dorothy!" I cried. the way, let me introduce you. Reginald, this is Dorothy. She's sick of it too."

"Thanks," said Reginald coldly. "We have met before."

"Surely not. Just let me look a moment . . . No, I thought not. You don't meet till the next paragraph. If you wouldn't mind taking a seat, I shan't be a moment."

Reginald stood up.

"Look here," he said. "Do you know who I am?"

"You're just Reginald," I said; "and there's no need to stand about looking so dignified, because I only thought of you ten minutes ago, and if you're not jolly careful I shall change your name to Harold. You're Reginald (or Harold), and you're going to meet Dorothy in the next paragraph, and you'll flirt with her mildly for about two columns. And at the end, I expect—no, I am almost sure that you will propose and be accepted."

"Never," said Reginald angrily.

"That's what we've come about," said Dorothy.

I rubbed my forehead wearily.

"Would one of you explain?" I asked. "I can't think what's happened. You're at least a paragraph ahead of me."

Reginald sat down again and lit a cigarette.

"It's simply this," he said, trying to keep calm. "You may call me what you like, but I am always the same person week after week."



Landlord. "Now, Sir, you're a weekly tenant. You owe eight weeks' rent. I shall have to ask you to go."

Artist. "Bad policy that. Killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, you know!"

"Nonsense. Why, it was Richard last week."

"But the same person."

"And Gerald the week before. Gerald, yes; he was rather a good chap."

"Just the same, only the name was different. And who are we? We are you as you imagine yourself to be."

I looked enquiringly at Dorothy.

"Last week," he went on, "you called me Richard. And I proposed to Phyllis."

"And I accepted him," said Dorothy.

"You!" I said, "what were *you* doing there, I should like to know?"

"Last week I was Phyllis."

"The week before," went on Reginald, "I was Gerald, and I proposed to Millicent."

"I was Millicent, and I accepted him."

"The week before that I was—Good Heavens, think of it—I was George!"

"A beastly name, I agree," I said.

"You gave it me."

"Yes, but I wasn't feeling very well that week."

"I was Mabel," put in Dorothy, "and I accepted him."

"No, no, no—no, don't say that. I mean, one doesn't accept people called George."

"You made me."

"Did I? I'm awfully sorry. Yes, I quite see your point."

"The week before," went on Reginald remorselessly, "I was—"

"Don't go back into February, please! February is such a rotten month with me. Well now, what's your complaint?"

"Just what I said," explained Reginald. "You think you have a new hero and heroine every week, but you're mistaken. We are always the same; and personally I am tired of proposing week after week to the same girl."

There was just something about Reginald that I seemed to recognize. Just the very slightest something.

"Then who are you really," I asked, "if you're always the same person?"

"Yourself. Not really yourself, of course, but yourself—as you fondly imagine you are."

I laughed scornfully. "You're nothing of the sort. How ridiculous! The hero of my own stories, indeed! Myself idealised—then I suppose you think you're rather a fine fellow?" I sneered.

"I suppose you think I am."

"No, I don't. I think you are a silly ass. Saying I'm my own hero. I'm nothing of the sort. And I suppose Dorothy is me, too?"

"I'm the girl you're in love with," said Dorothy. "Idealised."

"I'm not in love with anyone," I denied, indignantly.

"Then your ideal girl."

"Ah, you might well be that," I smiled.

I looked at her longingly. She was wonderfully beautiful. I went a little closer to her.

"And we've come," said Reginald, putting his oar in again, "to say that we're sick of getting engaged every week."

I ignored Reginald altogether.

"Are you really sick of him?" I asked Dorothy.

"Yes!"
"As sick of him as I am?"
"I—I daresay."
"Then let's cross him out," I said. And I went back to the table and took up my pen. "Say the word," I said to Dorothy.
"Steady on," began Reginald uneasily. "All I meant was——"
"Personally, as you know," I said to Dorothy, "I think he's a silly ass. And if you think so too——"
"I say, look here, old chap——"
Dorothy nodded. I dipped the pen in the ink.
"Then out he goes," I said, and I drew a line through him. When I looked up only Dorothy was there. . . .
"Dorothy!" I said. "At last!"
"But my name isn't really Dorothy, you know," she said with a smile. "It's Dorothy this week, and last week it was Phyllis, and the week before——"
"Then what is it really? Tell me! So that I may know my ideal when I see her again."
I got ready to write the name down. I dipped my pen in the ink again, and I drew a line through Dorothy, and then I looked up questioningly at her, and . . .
Fool, fool! She was gone!

* * * * *

Il faut vivre. You'll see the story in one of the papers this week. You'll recognise it, because he is called Harold, and she is called Lucy. At the end of the second column he proposes and she accepts him. Lucy—of all names! It serves them right.



Funny Man. "Pardon me, Sir, but wouldn't you find it more convenient to carry a watch?"

A HUMANISED HOUSE.

It is well known in provincial circles that no visit to London is complete without an inspection of the Zoo and the House of Commons. The humanisation of the House, however, is about to begin. Long enough has the nation, especially that part whose representatives are in the minority in Parliament, cried out for a humane Government, and Mr. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., Chief Commissioner of Works, has undertaken the civilising work. The fact that it was at a luncheon given in the new Terrace Dining Rooms that he expressed his intention of "humanising the House of Commons," does not necessarily, in our opinion, lessen the value of his utterance.

Mr. Harcourt having expressed his willingness to accept from Members gifts with the object of beautifying the House, there is a big rush to share in this noble enterprise. Mr. Haldane is presenting an exquisite miniature of himself, for which he sat fifteen hours consecutively. It is announced that Mr. Raphael (who now sits for South Derbyshire) is presenting a replica of his Ansidei Madonna.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is all for the ministry of music, and we have reason to believe that he is willing to play pianoforte selections during dinner on two evenings of the week.

It is strongly felt that the beautifying of the House would be facilitated if certain Members would accept the Chiltern Hundreds. They are to be approached on this matter at a convenient time.

The good influence of books is not being overlooked. A meeting of author-M.P.s is to be held soon in the Queen's Hall (large), when a presentation of books will be discussed. To avoid any charge of egotism, it will be proposed that each author-Member shall present only the works of another Member.

As the debates have the effect of arousing the passions of Members, it is probable that some attempt will be made to do away with them. In the meantime some ladies have offered to bear the expense of removing the grille.

The Speaker is presenting the House with a pair of pale blue stockings, for Black Rod to wear.

Black Rod is presenting a feathered hat for the Speaker to wear in place of his wig.

Mr. Will Crooks's gift will consist of a light grey frock-coat and vest, with white piqué slip, which he himself will wear. Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton will present the House with a dark blue velveteen jacket, and a necktie of pale mauve with broad ends, which he himself will wear.

There is something approaching consternation among the Irish parties, who protest against anything like a compulsory humanisation of the House.

An Upward Movement.

West End Explosion
Consols Higher
Evening Standard placard.

Have Animals an After-life?—' for the Canaries."—*Music Hall Press.*

SITTING TO A SCULPTOR.

I must admit that I was flattered by the request. It was only natural that I should be. To be invited by a distinguished Sculptor (I do not pretend to know much about Art, but from what was said after he had gone I gathered he was *that*) to sit to him for a statue he was doing of Queen Elizabeth—well, it was a compliment that would have turned *most* dolls' heads!

Perhaps I *did* give myself airs about it afterwards up in the nursery. The other dolls said so, anyhow. But they did not even know who Queen Elizabeth *was!* *I* did, having been present while Rosamund (whose companion and chief *confidante* I have been for the last few months) had her History lessons in the school-room. So I was able to inform them that Elizabeth was a beautiful and haughty monarch, who conquered the Reformation in an Armada (or it may have been the other way about); that she was greatly beloved in consequence of having never been married; and that she died of grief because a favourite ring which was given her in Essex had been lost at Nottingham.

I had no idea I was considered so like her, so it was all the more gratifying. But perhaps I had better tell you how the invitation came about. The Sculptor happened to call on Rosamund's Mamma one afternoon when I and Rosamund were in the drawing-room. Rosamund makes all my dresses, and is really quite clever—though I sometimes wish she had rather more style.

I was just going to try on a new frock, so when the Sculptor came in I was lying carelessly on a chair in what you might almost call—well, I wasn't wearing *any* sort of costume just at the moment. It was really rather embarrassing; and I was annoyed with Rosamund for leaving me about like that when I was not looking by any means my best.

However, the Sculptor seemed struck by the pose I had unconsciously fallen into. He said it was exactly what he wanted for his statue. I was slightly astonished to hear this—for, if you had asked *me*, I should have said that my attitude was a little too limp, and my toes a thought too much turned in for true elegance. But that is one of the odd things about Art. You *never* know what the people who do it will consider correct and artistic. They seem to have some standard of their own.

So he begged Rosamund to lend me to him as a model for a day or two. Between ourselves, Rosamund is rather a selfish and short-sighted little person, and she showed it now by her reluctance to let me go.

It *may* not have been annoyance at my having been preferred to herself. I should not like to think *that* of her. She put her refusal on the ground that she could not bear to part with me. It is only charitable to allow that that might have been the *real* reason. She did not seem to see what a lift it would be for her, socially speaking, to have the likeness of a companion of hers cut out in marble as a great Queen, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. Somehow Rosamund doesn't seem alive to the importance of getting on. Not that that is any excuse for her trying to stand in *my* way.

If I had been allowed any voice in the matter, I should have consented to sit at once, without any fuss. But of course *I* was not consulted.—I never *am!* Eventually, thanks to Rosamund's Mamma, a sensible woman who saw the situation from my point of view, it was arranged that Rosamund should bring me to tea—just as I was—the next afternoon, and leave me for a day or two in the Studio.

I do not altogether care about paying visits unless I am properly dressed to go out—but I supposed the sculptor would have rich robes, such as Queens wear, ready for me to put on when I came.

So I told the other dolls that evening, when they made rude and ill-natured remarks. They are a spiteful cattish set of creatures—but then, poor dears! their unfortunate plainness excuses *much*.

Well, next day, as I had expected, Rosamund made a ridiculous fuss about leaving me. There was a dreadful moment when she almost broke down, and I thought the Sculptor man was going to let her have her own way after all. But I gave her just a look (my head may be only china, but it is of a severe mould, my cheeks have a hard glaze on them, and my blue eyes, if they *are* painted, can look very freezing when I choose to let them), and whether it was that, or the prospect of coming to the Studio again and having more tea and cakes, she agreed to let me remain and be immortalised.

* * * * * *

When the sittings began I was dreadfully disappointed. No robes of any kind had been provided for me. Luckily, the Studio was nicely warmed. But the *worst* shock was to find that the Queen was nearly finished already, and I could *not* see any particular resemblance between us. I was sure *I* hadn't a high sharp nose and peaky chin like hers, and I began to think the Sculptor couldn't be a very observant person.

As I said before, I don't pretend to know much about Art—but the advantage of having painted eyes is that one can always keep them open. And I very soon discovered that the Sculptor had, I fear intentionally, given me quite a false impression. I was not required to sit for the Queen after all, but merely for a comparatively small figure at the foot of her chair. Now if I had known that before, I am not sure that I should have consented to sit at all. If you can *call* it sitting, that is, for, as *he* arranged me, it was much more like *sprawling!*

Still, I must say he made a very nice portrait of me in that messy sticky stuff of his. I could scarcely have believed I had such a pretty profile, or that delicate little nose and mischievous curve of the lips, and charmingly curly head. He added a tiny pair of wings, which *I* think was a mistake and not in very correct taste, as I do not try to improve my figure by any artificial support of that kind. But you never can tell with Artists. Perhaps he *saw* me like that. So, on the whole, I was perfectly satisfied, and looked forward to hearing Rosamund's remarks when she arrived. She would see that she had never really appreciated me properly.

* * * * * *

When she did come, she seemed only puzzled. Rosamund is not what I call a clever child, and much less quick than I am at taking in new ideas. "But *that* isn't Josephine!" she cried, as soon as she saw my portrait. (Did I tell you Josephine is *my* name? It is.) "Why, it isn't the least *bit* like her!"

I heard the Sculptor man explaining to her Mamma (it would, of course, have been absurd to explain to Rosamund) that I was a sort of a symbol, intended to show that the Queen had been using Love as a plaything, and had dropped it for the moment. Perhaps he *had* idealised my features to some extent—but I do not at all object *to that*.

Because all the rest was exactly *me*—even to the toes being turned in with the kind of graceful languidness that is so characteristic of me when I am thinking of nothing particular.

Yes, it was my *figure* that he had wanted me to sit for—which, when you come to think of it, is just as high a compliment. I am not sure it isn't even *higher*.

And I *have* been exhibited in the Academy, and immensely admired, and when the other dolls in the nursery heard of it—as I took care they *did*—they were so horridly jealous that they almost burst their seams!

They think, though, that I was done as Queen Elizabeth, and not as a symbol thing. I didn't consider it necessary to



BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

Sales Young Lady. "Suits you perfectly, Madam."
Country Mouse (helping his wife to choose a hat). "I don't like that hat at all."
Sales Young Lady. "All that's necessary, Sir, is that Madam should dress her coiffure up to it."

tell them that—because they wouldn't have been any the wiser if I had.

I am sure I can trust anyone who reads this not to repeat these confidences (which are *strictly* private) to *them*.

But you couldn't, even if you wanted to. Because, you see, I carefully haven't told you where our nursery is. And I 'm not *going* to, either! F. A.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN. (New Style.)

[Dr. Macnamara, M.P., has joined the Napper Tandy Branch of the United Irish League at Dulwich.]

O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round,
The shamrock is by law ordained to grow on English ground.
No more St. George's Day they'll keep, his colour won't be seen,
For there's a universal craze for wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
It's the most astounding spectacle that ever yet was seen,
For Macnamara's joined the League and painted Dulwich green.

They say that Mr. Birrell has acquired a lovely brogue,
And spends his hours of leisure serenading Card'nal Logue,
And Antony Macdonnell swears he'll bust the whole machine,
Unless Ould Erin's crownless harp is heard on College Green.

Oh, if the colour we must wear is Ireland's em'rald green,
And Patrick Campbell-Bannerman must dominate the scene,
We'll tear the thistle from our caps, we'll trample on the leek,
And pitch the blushing rose into the middle of next week.

When laws can change the leopard's spots or purge the Liffey clean,
And when the leaves in summer turn to bright ultramarine,
Then I will change the colour too I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day I mean to stick to wearing of the green.

Physiological Notes.

"The music was entrancing to a fault . . . . At one moment the foot was led insensibly to beat out a gipsy measure or to dream dreams of Andalusia, at the next the ear was spellbound . . . ." *Modern Society.*

Our foot has often gone to sleep, of course, but it has never yet dreamed of Andalusia; at any rate, it hasn't said anything about it to us.

The Complete Breakfast Hen.—"Eggs, guaranteed hot buttered, 1*s.* 6*d.* per dozen."—*Lady.*



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON IN THE NORTH.

Candid Friend (to aged competitor in the Farmers' Race, who has been jumped off). "Man Sandy, ye should ha' rosined yer breeks. If it didna help ye tae ride, it might mak ye stick tae the kirk on the Sawbath!"

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

II.—Repose.

The white cloud drifts, the vessel lifts
Before the long Atlantic swell;
A grey gull swings on lonely wings,
The ocean's watchful sentinel.
The practised fowl, as I infer,
Opines that garbage will occur.

Nor sail nor smoke for days has broke
The vast oblivion of the deep;
No novel sight has marred the flight
Of moments consecrate to sleep.
Through timeless void, unchanging wheels
The cycle of recurring meals.

Born of a sense of the immense,
And nourished on ozone and food,
As in a glass obscurely pass
Visions of things we once pursued;
Flitting—a troupe of shadowy schemes—
Through the dim-lighted land of dreams.

Visions of jaunts in favourite haunts,
Entered long since in Memory's log;
Of women woo'd whose sires were rude
And strove to embroil us with the dog.
Each one re-seeking our address,
Like contributions to the Press.

Dreams of a time when Hope sublime
Contemned the thought of business cares;
Ere unpaid bills and kindred ills
Had seized us by the little hairs.
Dreams in a word divinely blent
Of youth and physical content.

O halcyon days, when in the rays
Of summer suns we sit immersed,
While from behind a gentle wind
Tempers a not unpleasing thirst,
When only those below (unwell)
Fail to observe the ocean's spell.

Alas! that ye must fly; and we,
Now borne aloof from toil and town,
Getting, to raise a Western phrase,
The obvious bulge on Jones and Brown,
Must soon return beneath the yoke,
Or end unutterably broke!

Yet so it goes; too soon our nose
Must feel the grindstone's tyrant strain;
Soon at a loss for ready dross
We must take up the load again,
Exploiting in laborious rôles
The sacred fire of festive souls.

Well, let it be; meanwhile the sea
Inspires me with a sense of ease;
These Bolivars are good cigars:
"Steward, a Scotch-and-soda, please."
Here's to to-day! come rain or shine
The rest is Fate's affair, not mine!

Algol.

SHOCKS FOR THE MILLION.

[A service of earthquake news has been established by *The Daily Mail*.]

Buy the Geyser (yellow) edition of *The Shocker*. Complete details of submarine convulsions. Full lists of continents submerged, with maps. Tidal waves. All the latest islands up to 6.30 p.m.

The Shocker will be published every Saturday night. Readers may rely on ample notice of the end of the world. (Fire insurance advertisements will be found on page 6.) Comets. Messages from Mars hourly. Our "Wanted and Missing" column will give authoritative information on solar systems annihilated during the day. Lunch sun-spots, complete with live-wire stop-press, 3*d*.

Read our World-Catastrophes (purple) edition.

Bright symposium on the question, "Is the Earth bursting?"

Those with friends abroad should take in the over-seas edition of *The Shocker*.



C.-B. "MEANS BUSINESS."

The Prime Minister (*Mr. Snodgrass*) prepares to rescue Liberal Legislation (*Mr. Pickwick*) from the clutches of Lord Lansdowne (*Mr. Grummer*).

"Whereupon Mr. Snodgrass, in order that he might take no one unawares, announced in a very loud tone that he was going to begin, and proceeded to take off his coat with the utmost deliberation."—*Pickwick Papers*, Chap. xxiv.

"As to the report that we do not mean business about the House of Lords, there is not an atom of foundation for it."

C.-B.'s message to the Electors of Hexham.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—If you want your flesh to be made to creep, MACKARNESS is your man. Doesn't look like it; neither did the Fat Boy. Yet on historic occasion his intervention was surpassingly effective.

MACKARNESS'S effort varied dulness of doleful sitting. Second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill moved. On such occasion Members permitted to wander through the wide world citing cases, urging instances, with intent to show how much better they could have arranged foreign and colonial matters had Providence been pleased to call them to the government of the Department concerned. Of course there came under review Colonial Office, which UNDER-SECRETARY claims to be, so far as Parliamentary debate is concerned, "an exceedingly fashionable Department."

MACKARNESS been ambling along for some time when his scanty audience was roused from state of semi-sleep by hearing him declare, *à propos* of discipline dealt out to Chinese in South Africa: "I have often said the late COLONIAL SECRETARY was extremely badly treated by Lord MILNER and his supporters when this flogging was taking place behind his back."

All eyes turned upon LYTTELTON, lonely on Front Opposition Bench. In the last Parliament there was much talk of alleged flogging of the heathen Chinee.



Elgin and Churchill (together). "FASHIONS FORWARD!"

"They at the Colonial Office could congratulate themselves on being an exceedingly fashionable Department (*laughter*)."—Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.



"This flogging was taking place behind Mr. Lyttelton's back."
(Mr. M-ck-rn-ss.)

LYTTELTON vicariously suffered. But that he himself had been flogged "behind his back" was an assertion as painful as it was precise. Yet here it was categorically made by the son of a Bishop, a relationship compared with which, as a mark of respectability, driving your own gig is nothing.

Members, now thoroughly awake, awaited explanation. MACKARNESS could not have withheld it. Unfortunately at this juncture SPEAKER interfered. Said he really couldn't see what all this had to do with the Bill before the House. MACKARNESS, warned off, turned to another branch of the forest-like subject, leaving House in state of pained perplexity.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night.—Long time since a speech in House of Commons created such sensation as that which BONAR LAW didn't make this afternoon. LLOYD-GEORGE brought in Patents Bill under Ten Minutes' Rule. It is called the Ten Minutes' Rule because the Standing Order establishing it says nothing about ten minutes. Sole direction is that a Minister in charge of a Bill shall make brief explanation of its provisions, and that debate be limited to equally short speech from one Member opposing it.

PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE explained that measure was introduced in interests of the poor inventor oppressed by operation of privileges conceded to foreigners. Opposition instantly spied the beard of Protection under Free Trade Minister's muffler. Ironically cheered his admission of consequences following on permission to foreigner to roam at large through the pastures of the British inventor.

BONAR LAW quick to see and seize opportunity. As soon as LLOYD-GEORGE sat down he was up from Bench on other side of Table. Crowded audience drew itself together in expectation of rattling speech. But Members have to get up very early in the morning if they hope to catch the SPEAKER napping.

"Does the hon. Member rise to oppose the Bill?" he queried.

"No, Sir," said BONAR LAW, hanging his head to hide a blush.

"Then he is not permitted to speak under this Rule. The Question is that the Bill be now read a first time." And read a first time it was.

The most eloquent speech I ever heard was that which our dear JOHN TENNIEL did not deliver on the occasion of the Farewell Dinner given to him, when he, so to speak, laid down the



Attendant. "Well, Sir, 'ow did you sleep?"
Alph-s Cl-ph-s M-rt-n. "Oh, I had a *first-class* night, thank you."
Attendant. "Did yer? Then you'll 'ave to pay the difference!"
(Mr. Alph-s Cl-ph-s M-rt-n wishes to have third-class sleeping cars to Scotland.)

shovel and the hoe. There were gathered to do him honour the flower of the aristocracy of British intellect. Prince Arthur, then Prime Minister, proposed his health in charming speech. J. T. rose to reply, and after a minute of mute struggling with memories of excellent sentences framed in his studio, sat down amid tumultuous applause.

Next to that memorable triumph comes Bonar Law's achievement. Of debaters on Front Opposition Bench he stands second. Only one exceeds him in forceful argument and lucid speech. He knows the question of Protection in all its bearings. Here was opportunity of effectively twitting a Free Trade Government, showing how, to serve their private ends, they are ready to take refuge in Protection. And here was the Speaker with the ban of silence.

> Alas for him who never sings,
> But dies with all his music in him.

Business done. — Patents Bill and Scottish Land Bill introduced.

Thursday night.—Channel Tunnel Bill has prominent place in list of private measures awaiting second reading. Comes up in ordinary manner at opening of sitting. According to Standing Order, if no objection be taken a private Bill may forthwith pass this stage. A solitary objection bars progress, remitting it to an evening sitting. Whenever Clerk at Table, reciting measures awaiting second reading, comes upon Channel Tunnel Bill, there breaks forth in chorus a cry of "Object! Object!" This afternoon C.-B. settled the matter by announcement that Government will oppose Bill.

"To find Channel Tunnel Bill again on Orders reminds one of old times," says the Member for Sark. "A quarter of a century ago sturdy Edward Watkin had it in charge. If anyone could have shoved it through, he was the man to do it. Scored conspicuous initial success in winning Mr. G. over to his side. That, as Billy Dyke said with other application, 'was going to the top of the tree and catching a very big fish.' Mr. G. was Premier at the time, captain of a host that (nominally) made him arbiter of everything in the Commons save the case of Mr. Bradlaugh. Of course he didn't support the Bill in his Ministerial capacity. Exercising privilege of Private Member, he made persuasive speeches in favour of project and went into Division Lobby in its support.

"Possibly—who knows?—that circumstance may have added zest to Don José's opposition. However it be, he scotched the thing. Edward Watkin not the sort of man to be content with talking about a scheme he had at heart. Whilst his Bill was being discussed at Westminster he was working at Dover. Had actually burrowed some distance under sea on his way to the continent when Don José interposed. Appointed departmental Committee to inquire into the business. Meanwhile peremptorily stopped progress of Channel works.

"Edward Watkin, his personal friends will remember, was not accustomed to use mincing phrases when his path was crossed. What he said about the President of the Board of Trade may not be here repeated. Leaving out adjectives and some nouns, I may tell you of a little plan, particulars of which he communicated to me. In the event of the Tunnel Works being permanently stopped, he would build on the site of the British end a pillar of stone lofty enough to be seen by ships that pass in the day. He gloated over the circumstance that in fine weather France also might look on. On its front he would have engraved in bold letters an inscription recording how the works had been visited by the Heir Apparent to the Throne, the Prime Minister, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Peers and Commoners galore, and how, when the great enterprise was fairly started, the beneficent work was 'stopped by Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham.' The scorn Watkin managed to convey in intonation of Don José's postal address is incommunicable.

"He would have been as good as his word but for the circumstance that shortly afterwards Mr. G. brought in his Home Rule Bill, in opposition to which Watkin found himself in unison with Don José. Patriotic fervour obliterated memory of private wrong. And here is the Channel Tunnel to the fore again 'under entirely new management,' as they say when a commercial business changes hands. But where are the snows (and the men) of yesteryear?"

Business done.—House sat through day and night for 27 hours save 15 minutes.



The Mandarin Tee-See-Tael-Ah no likee Opium —makee velly sick.
(Mr. T. C. T-yl-r.)

OUT AND OUTER.

BY FRANK WHISKERSON.

(With apologies to Monday night's "Pall Mall Gazette.")

THE worst thing about the THAW trial is the effect it will have on the reputation of one of our leading humorists.

I mean Mr. JEROME that was.

For years and years the only Mr. JEROME has been this one—the author of *Three Women without a Vote*, and other bright and brainy works.

I was, indeed, once so much impressed by the success of Mr. JEROME K. JEROME and his "Home-Sweet-Home" kind of name, that I thought of calling myself WHISKERSON F. WHISKERSON to see how the public would like it.

But I did not . . . .

And now, since the trial of that bright boy THAW H. THAW, when anyone says Mr. JEROME it means the American lawyer.

Which is bad hearing . . . .

* * * *

If the Suffragettes go on like this the name of JOHN BULL is to be changed to JANE COW.

* * * *

The secret of running a humorous column with regularity is to keep on having the same bright ideas.

All that one has to do is to remember that the British reader likes to have jokes repeated, and then one can wade in with perfect security.

If you want to annoy the famous author GEORGE STREET you should address him as

GEO. ST., ESQ.

I have used this bright joke three times in print already, and it always comes off.

Which is good hearing—for paragraphists; whatever it may be for the reader.

* * * *

I have been spending a lot of time lately in the National Portrait Gallery, studying the face fittings of the illustrious dead.

It was a sad task.

The trouble with old man SHAKSPEARE was that he had nothing on his head and everything on his chin. Old man MATTHEW ARNOLD'S mutton-chop RICHARDSONS gave me influenza.

But this is a painful topic. Let us think about razors and be bright again.

* * * *

Some people are impossible to offend. Although I do my best.

The other day I wrote a bright paragraph about old man ASHTON, the specialist in deadists, saying that what we wanted to know was not when ALGY was born, but where he would be buried, and when.



Cook. "NOW WE'VE 'AD WORDS, YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR ANOTHER COOK TO KEEP COMPANY WITH?" *Policeman.* "NOT ME. I'LL STARVE FIRST!"

That, you would think, was offensive enough for anyone.

But old man ASHTON is imperturb, as those bright youths PHIL RAY and Cap. GRA would say, and this is what he wrote in reply:—

"Mr. WHISKERSON, then, does not seem to be aware that I have already stated that my ultimate resting-place will most probably be in Kensal Green Cemetery (unless they care to bury me in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's). As to when my end will come, I am, of course, unable to say, but it may possibly be later than sooner, as I am blessed with a pretty tough constitution, and have not had occasion to spend a day in bed through illness for just twenty-nine years."

That letter almost made me blush. Not quite, of course.

* * * *

This on the hoardings:

SUCHARD CHOCOLATE.

But it's really quite soft, as old man SIMS, King of the Punsters and Emperor of Moss-persuaders, would say.

* * * *

You will have all these bright paragraphs again some day. Which is, &c.

F. W.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR said the other day that Home Rule was as "sure as the rising of the sun." We think it only fair to point out to Mr. REDMOND that the sun doesn't really rise—it's only the earth that turns round, and we trust there is to be no alteration in this arrangement.

THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA.

BOUNDLESS MUNIFICENCE.

Hi Falu Tin's Great Scheme.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

Peking, *Monday.*

The *Gazette* of this city publishes prominently a report of a philanthropic gift of unprecedented magnitude which is to be made by the Chinese capitalist Hi Falu Tin in the interests of the spread of morality. This famous plutocrat, who lives in a modest manner in a suburb of Peking, amassed his huge fortune—the income from which was recently officially placed at six millions—by establishing, with shrewd commercial sagacity, a number of valuable monopolies, chiefly—as with all philanthropists who mean first to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice—connected with commodities of daily life, necessary, above all, to the poor.

His struggles to obtain wealth, are, however, behind him. The point now is that with gigantic imagination, and the courage that belongs alone to the visionary, Hi Falu Tin has set apart a sum equal to ten millions sterling to be applied to the spiritual regeneration of America. In Hi Falu Tin's own words, the grant is offered for the establishment of non-sectarian schools in America which shall "lift the Americans to the plane of the Chinese people, as a preliminary effort to convert America throughout." The eyes of the civilized world will naturally be on so interesting an experiment, and all who have been reading the papers of late must wish Hi Falu Tin every success in a project of which the Dowager Empress is said to approve.

TWO ONE-MAN SHOWS.

It says little for the taste of twenty years ago that *The Red Lamp* should have then had a certain measure of success. It must always have been stupid and obscure and transpontine, and now it is also antiquated. Something might have been made of the Third Act, but I, for one, took so little interest in the conspirators that I did not care two pence whether they were blown to bits or not. It was impossible to feel any concern about the fate of the throaty hero, *Prince Alexis Valerian.* Mr. Basil Gill should never be allowed to play in ordinary clothes with a voice like that. Mr. Tree had the good luck to secure the only part worth playing, that of *Paul Demetrius* of the Secret Service—the kind of "character-part" in which he excels. Fortunately he was nearly always on the stage. For the rest Miss Kate Cutler as *Felise* made the most delightful eyes up in the corners.

It is hard to understand why Mr. Tree revived this thing. I think it must have been because there was a *Great Conspiracy* at another theatre, and dramatic themes are always so infectious.

In *The Van Dyck*, a farcical "episode" adapted by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, who reads French, Mr. Tree was even luckier still, and had practically all the talking there was. Mr. Weedon Grossmith fully appreciated the meaning of "listener's lure," and was an admirable recipient of the most protracted confidences. I don't know how well he would have played if the two parts had been exchanged; but Mr. Tree could



Mr. Tree (*as Arthur Blair-Woldingham*) *to* Mr. Tree (*as Paul Demetrius*). "Well, I may be a pretty good Actor, but you're a superb Manager. We're the only ones that have had a chance all the evening."

never have endured with any comfort the self-repression of Mr. Grossmith's. As it was, he was really admirable; but it seemed, on the first night, that the fun would be likely to drag a little when the secret once became public property. I am told that it is against the rules to keep the audience out of the secret (I am not, of course, referring to Mr. Alexander's grievance); but one is always pleased to see any of these stuffy conventions ignored, and, in this case, the breach of rule went far to make the success of the play.

The "episode" is open to two criticisms—one very obvious. The burglars might just as well have walked straight in at the start and saved all the dialogue. But the same kind of thing might easily be said of most plays. How, indeed, would the Drama contrive to support existence if no misunderstandings were thrown like artificial bunkers across the natural course of true love or poetic justice? A worse fault was the name of the play. It assigned too much importance to a trivial point, and, by the expectation it excited, only emphasised the thinness of the final tableau. Like the picture itself, it did not come off, but was left hanging. O. S.

OUR TITLED INVENTORS.

In the "Social and Personal" column of *The Daily Chronicle* of last Wednesday an interesting account is given of the epoch-making invention of Lord de Ros, which was on sale at the Irish Industries Sale. This ingenious nobleman, who is a clever carpenter, has devised an instrument known as wasp scissors, made like broad wooden pincers, which are intended to annihilate a wasp as he meanders on the window-pane. Inquiries conducted by a trusted representative reveal the interesting fact that this inventive talent is not confined to Lord de Ros, but is shared by many other denizens of the Upper Chamber.

Lord Portsmouth, who devotes his hard-earned leisure to mechanics, has invented a singularly complete and effective machine for killing flies, gnats, and mosquitoes when at rest on the ceiling. Many persons must have often realised the need of such a device in lofty rooms, where the insects in question are out of the reach of anyone but a Russian giant. To meet this crying need Lord Portsmouth has devised an apparatus resembling the instrument used by paviors, which is placed in an inverted position on the top of a ladder and worked by a small gas-engine. A net is slung below to receive the operator if, as sometimes happens in the heat of the chase, he should lose his balance and fall from the ladder. The Portsmouth Fly-Walloper also includes a complete whitewashing outfit to obliterate the stains caused by the annihilation of the insects. The apparatus is portable, and is so ingeniously constructed that it will fit into a good-sized coach-house. Care must be taken, however, not to apply unnecessary force, or the head of the Fly-Walloper may be driven through the ceiling. A special repairing outfit, including laths, ferro-concrete blocks, and cork-lino tabloids, is provided to meet this emergency.

Few experiences are more distressing to a person of refined tastes than that of groping on the floor in pursuit of a missing shirt-stud. To cope with this distressing contingency Lord Tankerville has devised a combination of a searchlight with a powerful magnet by which missing jewellery can be detected and picked up without stooping. In the case of persons addicted to rheumatism



TWO OF THEM!

Rustic. "WELL, MISS, I BE FAIR MAZED WI' THE WAYS O' THAT 'ERE FISHERMAN—THAT I BE!"
Parson's Daughter. "WHY IS THAT, CARVER?"
Rustic. "THE OWD FOOL HAS BEEN SITTIN' THERE FUR THE LAST SIX HOURS AND HASN'T CAUGHT NOTHIN'."
Parson's Daughter. "HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?"
Rustic. "I'VE BEEN A-WATCHIN' O' HE THE WHOLE TIME!"

For lumbago the relief afforded by the Tankerville Stud-picker is quite incalculable, and it is an open secret that the Royal Society intend to bestow the Copley Medal on the inventor for his humane and beneficent discovery.

The Earl of ROSSLYN, who has long been known as a singularly versatile and accomplished nobleman, has recently taken out a patent for his cerebral shoe-horn. This ingenious apparatus is devised to enable persons suffering from cranial distension to put on their hats without injury to their headwear. The cerebral shoe-horn is sold in different sizes and at varying prices. The "HALL CAINE" model, with long tortoiseshell silver-mounted handle, is a really elegant adjunct to the equipment of a dressing-room, and costs six guineas, but some of the cheaper patterns can be had for as little as £1 11*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing causes greater distress in a well-ordered household than the explosive overflow of an ill-regulated syphon. To guard against such disasters Lord LYTTON, long known as an earnest student of hydrodynamics, has put on the market an entirely original syphon splash-guard of his own invention. The apparatus consists of three parts: (1) a celluloid funnel which is attached to the nozzle of the syphon; (2) a suit of waterproof overalls which are worn by the operator; (3) a small waterproof bell-tent which completely covers the table on which the syphon stands.

The Weekly Dispatch on the "Giant Cossack:"

"M. KUDINOFF, who is nearly 6ft. high, is one of the most magnificent specimens of manhood I have ever seen. His measurements are:—Chest, 44½ inches; Waist, 44 inches; Length of arm, 34 inches; Length of leg, 33 inches."

HEROES v. SHEROES.

[The following letters have been unavoidably crowded out from a discussion proceeding in a contemporary.]

"AN OLD TRAVELLER" writes:—"You ask who is the braver, Man or Woman. I answer, Woman. Only last week I saw a small, fragile woman calmly give a cabman his legal fare. For a moment the simple heroism of the action took away my breath . . . ."

"ONE OF EVE'S DAUGHTERS" writes:—"Man is undoubtedly the braver. I once knew one who would go out wearing the same suit that he had worn a year before."

"A MERE MAN" writes:—"Only one answer is possible—Woman. No man would voluntarily stay in a house during spring cleaning."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Country House (HEINEMANN) I should describe as a "priceless fragment" by JOHN GALSWORTHY, using "priceless" in its journalistic sense. A fragment, though, it truly is—a piece of a story cut out from life. I can imagine Mr. GALSWORTHY addressing his readers in this way: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have tried to give you some idea as to how these *Pendyce* people habitually think and talk and act. I have analysed minutely the brains and—where they are present—the souls of these men and women, and I have ventured more particularly to draw your attention to three persons in the group—namely, *Mr. Horace Pendyce*, his wife, and *The Reverend Hussell Barter*. In order, however, to make their characters still more clear to you, I shall take an imaginary case. I shall suppose (if you will allow me) that the *Pendyces'* eldest son *George* has fallen in love with the beautiful wife of a reprobate neighbour . . . So? Very well, then. Let us now observe what takes place." Perhaps this is why I cannot take much interest in *George*, and fail altogether to realise the beautiful wife. But *Mr.* and *Mrs. Pendyce* and *Mr. Barter* are three amazingly drawn people, who live in every line of the book. If there are any competitions going on for the "finest novel of the year," the "best-drawn character in modern fiction," the "biggest dear in fiction," or "the coming novelist"—my votes unhesitatingly go to *The Country House*, *Mr. Barter*, *Mrs. Pendyce*, and Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. *Dixi.*



Cohen. "DERE - NOW DEY WAS PROPERLY BRACED UP, DOSE PANTS FITS YOU LIKE A GLOVE!"
Cockney Youth. "YUS, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THEY ARE RATHER TIGHT UNDER THE ARMS?"

"Never before in the modern history of Ireland has the outlook, political, industrial and social, been as favourable as at the present moment for a strenuous effort for her regeneration." Thus Lord DUNRAVEN on the situation. By way of contributing to its settlement he presents, in *The Outlook for Ireland* (MURRAY), some thoughtful papers founded on personal study of a question that for more than a hundred years has baffled statesmen and sometimes wrecked Ministries. In a succession of chapters he retells the sordid story of early trade relations between England and conquered Ireland; describes the difficulties that environ the working of the Land Purchase Act; catalogues Ireland's financial burdens; sets forth her needs, and finds remedy for all her ills in the spirit of conciliation and the actuality of devolution. Dealing with Castle government, which it is understood the forthcoming Ministerial Bill will supersede, he declares that head for head it costs more than the administration of any civilized community in the world. Under it there is no security against absolute waste and misapplication of money, or the extravagance that arises from money not being spent in the best direction or the wisest way. The book makes opportune appearance, and is worth the attention of all concerned in the old familiar problem.

The Cruise of the Make-Believes (HUTCHINSON) is one of the books which justify the existence of the reviewer. It falls a long way below the level of Mr. TOM GALLON's previous work, and it may help him to be told so, as gently as candour will permit. It is just conceivable that a rich young bachelor might be idiotic enough, out of pity for a poverty-stricken girl, to allow her seedy and dissipated relatives to spend his money and live in his house, so as to give her a holiday. But it is ridiculous to suppose that when he is trying to run away with his *protégée* the seedy relatives and several male friends of his own could all get on board his yacht and stay there for two or three days unbeknownst to him and to each other. And, as if that were not sufficiently silly, Mr. GALLON, having wrecked the yacht and crowded his *dramatis personæ* into a single boat without one of the crew, proceeds to land them on what they believe to be a desert island in unknown seas, and leaves them there for days and days before they discover that it is really a peninsula on the coast of Ireland! No, Mr. GALLON, it won't do. You must make-believe better than this if you want to make us believe it.

I am not partial to the idea that the mediocre soul inhabiting my plain middle-aged body will at my death flit to some other human tenement. The new lodgings might well be more beautiful than the present, and the lodger would doubtless adapt itself to its fresh environment and become correspondingly beautiful and superior. But would it be Me? It might even be a woman, and then I should lose my vote and have to fight with beasts at Westminster. And anyhow a next world peopled by composite photographs does not appeal to me. So that I am not a fit and proper person to appreciate the virtues discovered by other critics in *The Sundered Streams* (ARNOLD), a story based on a belief in the transmigration theory. The "Streams" were the souls of *Kingston Darnley*, landowner, and *Isabel Darrell*, his wife's cousin. Sundered through all the previous ages, they met in the flesh in these materialistic days, only to be sundered once more when *Isabel* suffered death by burning. And even when *Ivor Restormel* sprang from her ashes, although *Darnley* knew that he was *Isabel*, the *Isabel* in *Ivor* refused to recognise him as her former lover. There's tragedy for you! Some good writing I find in Mr. R. FARRER's book, but for me it is spoilt by my inability to accept the main thesis.

FROM some verses in *The Sportsman*:—

"The saddling bell's run, and the canter is o'er."

The "g" seems to have got left at the post. We hope nobody had anything on it.

CHARIVARIA.

We are glad to see that France has not lost her sense of humour. As justification for the occupation of Moroccan territory by her troops a German precedent is quoted.

Those who hold that Russia never carries out her promises are looking rather foolish to-day. The evacuation of Manchuria was completed last week.

"Yes, she's a nice boat," said the British Middy patronisingly, on being shown the pride of a certain foreign Navy by one of her officers. "We have several like her as tenders to *The Dreadnought*."

Paris seems determined to forfeit her title to be called "The Gay City." For some time past she has been going earlier and earlier to bed, and now it has been decided that the Morgue is no longer to be a public spectacle.

The pleasure of at length having taximeter cabs in our streets has been considerably discounted for many of us by the simultaneous appearance in the press of the word "taxicab."

By the by, with a view to determining what type of building is best calculated to resist an earthquake, a commission will, we hear, shortly leave Jamaica for London to examine the houses which are still standing on motor-bus routes.

It is rumoured that the new L.C.C. intends to look facts boldly in the face, and to convert the vacant building site in the Strand into a public park by planting a few shrubs there. To judge by the way the notice boards have taken root, they should thrive.

By his invention of the Gyroscope, a contrivance for steadying ships, Dr. Schlick makes a bold bid for the title "Master of the Rolls."

The fact that a testator who died recently expressed in his will his "devout and earnest hope" that his daughters would not marry clergymen has not unnaturally caused a great deal of pain in certain quarters, and we have very great pleasure in stating that some of the most steady men we have met have been in holy orders.

With reference to the report published in our newspapers last week to the effect that a messenger-boy, upon handing to its owner a purse containing six pounds which he had found, received a modest "Thank you," a German millionaire writes to us to say that in his country the courteous words would be a matter of course, and would not call for comment.



Vicar. "What a terrible thunderstorm we had yesterday, Mrs. Briggs! Lucky no one was hurt."

Mrs. Briggs. "Yes, Sir, I think hevery one ought to keep out of the way of a thunderstorm. It's all very well not to be afraid of ordinary things; but to say yer not afraid of thunder—I call that *boisterous*."

Something akin to a state of panic is said now to prevail among literary men, and hundreds are reported to be hurriedly leaving the country in consequence of a suggestion thrown out by a lecturer at the Playgoers' Club that our actresses should marry authors instead of actors.

A book bearing the attractive title *Sin*, by the Rev. H. V. S. Eck, has just made its appearance, and Father Bernard Vaughan is said to consider this an unwarrantable interference with vested interests.

It is said that Exeter Hall is to be demolished. If so, its name is prophetic. Exit a Hall.

The visit of the Russian Tars to London was a great success. They were particularly impressed by the fact that among the sights for them to see we should have gone to the trouble of including a typical London fog.

A number of Roumanians have fled into Russia for peace and security. This looks as if the state of Roumania must be even worse than is imagined.

THE CRY OF AN EVICTED GHOST.

My ancient home, farewell! The die is cast.
Soon will rude labour cart away your stones;
Your tiles have gone; your beams are going fast;
And I must quit the refuge of my past,
Also my bones.

There is no room but has its private ties;
No corner but is hallowed by a host
Of mem'ries, humorous and otherwise—
'Twas here that I (to my intense surprise)
Became a Ghost.

This is the landing where I first "appeared,"
And first beheld the human hair erect;
(It looks extremely like a turned up beard,
Which, with a hat on, has a very weird
And odd effect).

Much time has passed since that momentous day,
And many a mortal tenant come and gone;
We got on very well, I'm proud to say,
Once they had grown accustomed to the way
I carried on.

Strangers would be a little shy, no doubt,
But there especially I did no harm;
Indeed, my healthy action on the stout,
On victims to lumbago or the gout,
Worked like a charm.

With such it was my duty and delight
To meet them at the bottom of the stairs;
And one and all, at that inspiring sight,
Have squattered off a record up that flight,
Lepping like hares.

And this old room, where often I retired
For solitude; it was a striking fact
That all young ardent couples were inspired
With the same brilliant notion—which required
Much ghostly tact.

I had a plan both delicate and new:—
When it was clear that someone had to go,
Stealing up silently behind the two,
I sportively materialised, and blew!
And added, "Boh"!

And yon dim nook;—oh, Emma, ghostly fair!—
'Twas here I wooed her! To my bitter hurt
She spurned me for a comelier! And where
She's got to now I neither know nor care;
Gassy old flirt!

Those were far days! And you have long been old,
And mortal tenants flock to you no more;
They want strange innovations now, I'm told;
Bathrooms (good gracious!)—water, hot and cold!
(Lord knows what for!)

'Tis long since last I heard the tradesmen call;
Long since I heard your rusty door-bell ring;
But I stayed on. My social needs were small;
My peace was very great, and after all
Quiet's the thing.

And now e'en I must leave you, hallowed spot,
As from the sinking vessel flies the rat;
Men claim your "eligible building plot"
For piles of flats! And frankly I do *not*
Fancy a flat!

Farewell! I have no heart to stay in Town.
I know a picturesque old Haunted Mill
Where walks my friend, the Ghost of William Brown;—
Yes, I shall have to go and settle down
With Bony Bill!

Dum-Dum.

THE WRIGHT METHOD OF BIOGRAPHY.

Having successfully brought out his monumental illustrated Life of the late Walter Pater, Mr. Thomas Wright has, we are informed, now returned to the completion of his biographical *magnum opus*, *Darwin and his Friends*. Here for the first time a flood of light will be thrown on the great Victorian philosopher and naturalist's inner life, which will, as in the case of Pater, be inexorably illustrated by a profusion of magnificent and poignantly appropriate plates, many hundreds in number.

Of these the most important and significant are the following:—

(1) Figure-head of the *Beagle*, in which Darwin made his celebrated voyage to South America.

(2) Belaying-pin from the *Beagle*, kindly lent by the grandson of the purser who sailed on the voyage in question.

(3) Photograph of the Eton Beagles breaking up a hare.

(4) Portrait of the Headmaster of Eton conversing with Mr. Wright.

(5) Portraits of Mr. Silas K. Hocking, Miss Marie Corelli, and Mr. Morley Roberts, illustrating Darwin's notorious fondness for novels.

(6) Facsimile (life-size) of early Victorian bull's-eyes, to illustrate Darwin's extraordinary partiality as a boy for sweetmeats.

(7) Pen-drawing of Darwin's dust-bin, with Mr. Wright in the foreground.

(8) Facsimile of one of Darwin's washing bills, now in the possession of the biographer.

(9) Facsimile of a letter from Darwin declining an honorary degree from the University of Speonk, N.Y.

(10) Daguerreotype portrait of the hairdresser who used to cut the hair of the great philosopher.

(11) Daguerreotype portraits of five other hairdressers who never cut Darwin's hair.

(12) Photograph of the stocks at Down (Kent), with Mr. Wright in the foreground.

(13) Photograph of Down Street Station on the Brompton-King's Cross Tube Railway.

(14) Photograph of Darwin's family boot trees.

(15) Pen drawing of two lumps of sugar which Darwin refused to have put in a cup of tea while paying an afternoon visit on Mrs. Becthwayt, a neighbour of his in Kent.

(16) Water-colour sketch of a rocking-horse belonging to the grand-niece of Darwin's groom, Andrew Boakes.

(17) Enlarged photograph of an earthworm recently discovered at Down by Mr. Wright.

(18) Photograph (reduced) of a carpet bag belonging to Jonas Wornum, a schoolmate of Darwin's, who subsequently made a fortune as a hardware manufacturer.

(19) Collotype portraits of three friends of Darwin of whom no one has ever heard.

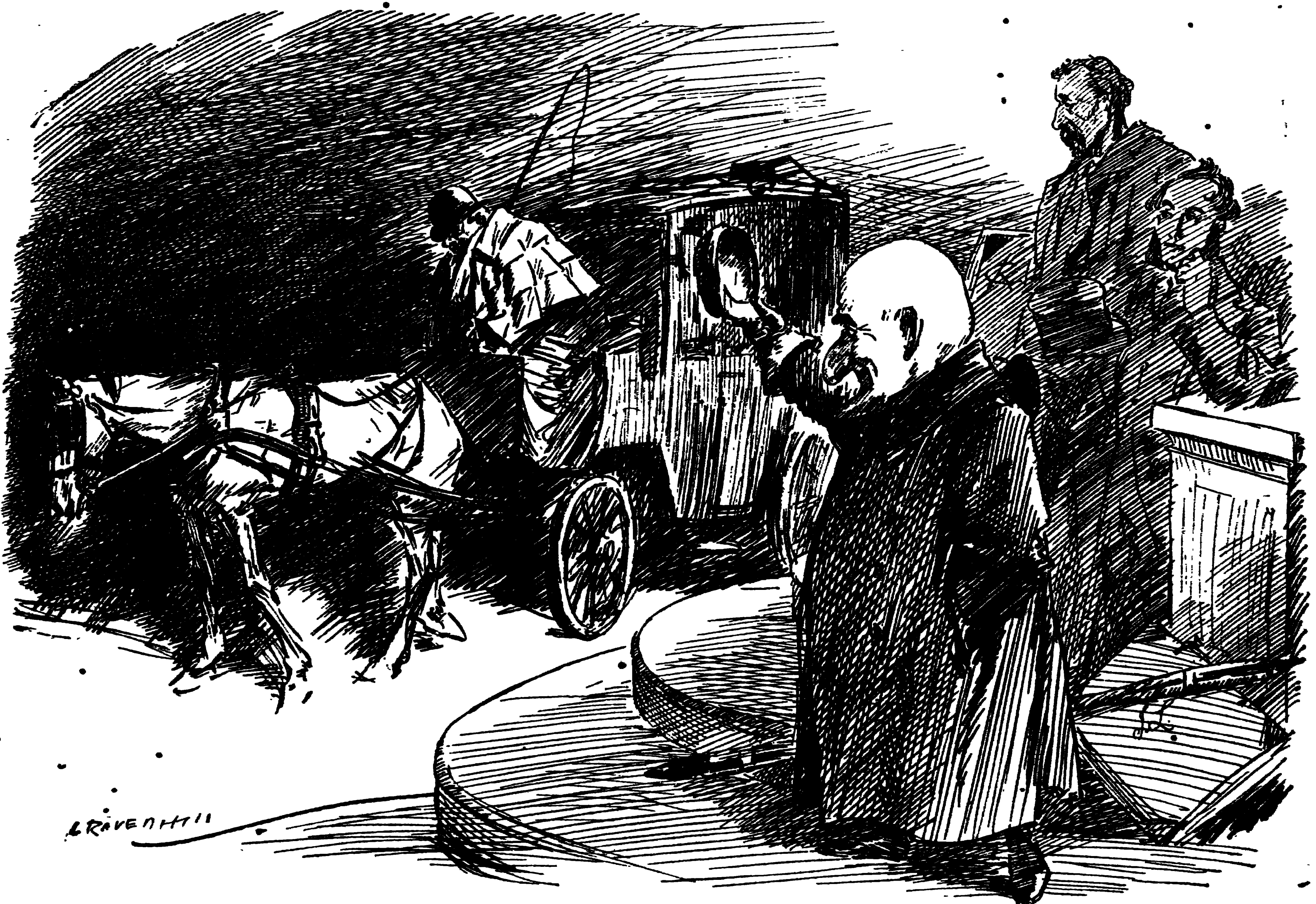
(20) Three-colour print of a toboggan run at Montana (Switzerland), representing "The Descent of Man."

(21) Pen drawing of waste-paper basket formerly belonging to Darwin, now in the possession of his biographer.

(22) Portrait of Mr. Bernard Darwin, the famous amateur golfer, as he appeared when interrogated by Mr. Wright on the subject of missing links.

(23) Photograph of Wright's Lane, Kensington.

(24) Snapshot of the Darwin family on receiving the momentous intelligence that Mr. Wright was determined to undertake the biography of their illustrious ancestor.



THE PASSING OF THE GROWLER.

Mr. Punch (*supported by shades of two of his most famous henchmen,* John Leech *and* Charles Keene). "GOOD-BYE, OLD FRIEND. YOU'VE BEEN VERY USEFUL TO ME, BUT YOUR DAY IS DONE."



Wife (to her husband, seated at the edge of the cliff). "My dear, do be careful. You might blow over!"

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.

(Dedicated to all Universities whom it may concern.)

Smith took an excellent First,
Brown took a sort of a Third,
And his *Viva* was one of the worst
The examiners ever had heard.
The tutors agreed that while Smith would proceed
To greatness with perfect security
A person like Brown need not aim at renown,
He was bound to sink down
To obscurity.

But now-a-days who cares a pin
For the chance of a flukey exam.,
What class two-and-twenty may win
On the banks of the Isis or Cam?
Brown knew only fools judge a man by his schools:
We go by a higher reality;
We 're pleased if we know he is able to show
He has what is called O-
riginality.

So Brown flew away from the High,
In Bloomsbury safely he perched,
And daily, till dinner was nigh,
In the British Museum researched.
He waded through screeds of what nobody reads,
Through chronicles dead as the dodo,
Then he published a tract called "An Unobserved Act
Throwing light on the Pact
With Duke Odo."

The thesis included a swarm
Of new and original "quotes,"
Of statements in tabular form
And bibliographical notes.
Brown at once got a chair, as you 're doubtless aware;
His treatise is set in Otago,
In Texas they con every word of this don,
And they quote him from Bonn
To Chicago.

Now what of the tutors? Of course,
Smith *may* have the soul of a muse,
And he also may lecture with force
When he takes to expressing his views;
But who would desire nowadays to enquire
If a teacher can teach? What one sees is—
That his claims are well backed by some "Unobserved Act";
And there 's proof of the fact
In a thesis.

Be warned, then, in time, undergrads,
And do not, like Smith, fondly cling
To that worst of all Plato's vile fads—
"I know that I don't know a thing."
If you aim at renown take example by Brown
(That way lies success, never doubt it!);
Cock-sure is his pose on the subject he chose,
And he knows that he knows
All about it.

LITTLE SHOWS FOR LARGE WINDOWS.

Introductory.

The idea came to me only the other day, quite suddenly, and I recognised at once that it was an inspiration. I am rather apt to have this impression on the rare occasions when an idea does seize me—but generally, after the first flush has faded, I make the mortifying discovery that the influence I had taken for inspiration was in reality nothing more than a sort of psychic draught.

This time, however, it was different. Every instant found me more, instead of less, assured that I had not deceived myself. My idea really was a good one; and it was quite practicable. It only needed to be laid before some enterprising Capitalist, and he would be certain to take it up; his instinct would tell him there was money in it—he might even let me have some infinitesimal share of the profits.

And then I reflected. Was I justified in preferring the advantage of any individual to that of the community at large? Would it not be a nobler, grander thing to place my suggestion at the service of all who cared to avail themselves of it?

In that case could I find a more effectual means of doing so than by communicating my proposed scheme through the pages of *Mr. Punch*?

Mind you, I have no wish to seem too superhumanly unselfish. I will not deny that I might not have been capable of this altruism had I not felt fairly confident that it might in the long run work out in the best way for my own interests. I mean that, by the time I have finished this series, I believe it will be realised by those chiefly concerned that they cannot avail themselves of my notion without enlisting my assistance.

I am quite prepared to give it—for a consideration—but naturally I could only undertake the more important and lucrative commissions. For the rest I have no doubt other writers will be found very nearly as competent as myself.

I trust they will be grateful to me for this recommendation. There is room for all of us.

It is now perhaps time for me to explain my idea:

I got it in passing the windows of a leading firm of upholsterers. If you are at all observant you must have noticed a recent development in the method adopted by some of these establishments in displaying their goods. They no longer appeal to the Passer-by with a chaotic array of incongruous chairs, occasional tables, rolls of stair-carpet, and samples of wall-paper. All that is out of date. Now, each of their many shop windows has become a charming interior, completely furnished *en suite*, and every article in each typical room bears a placard of its sale price, thereby enabling an intending householder to calculate with unerring accuracy the trifling outlay for which he can obtain a truly Artistic Home.

Nothing could be more realistic. Each cosy room has a practicable fireplace, with a crimson electric bulb glowing cheerfully under property coals in the patent grate; there are glazed bow-windows, through which you get a glimpse of a prettily painted garden, and, after dark, these apartments are effectively illuminated by screened lights.

And yet, I thought, there seemed to be something wanting. These elaborate Stage-sets without a touch of human interest—not even a smart parlour-maid to dust the furniture and soliloquise—(but I am forgetting—a stage parlour-maid who soliloquised nowadays would get notice on the spot)—without a single character, then, have a certain pathetic futility. They are crying out for Drama to justify their existence.

Well, there was my inspiration. Why shouldn't they have it? By utilising them for the presentation of episodes from real life, the Public would at once be educated to take a keener interest in the Theatre, and be more impressed with the advantages of dealing with the particular firm that produced such entertainments.

It would be a simple matter to adapt these interiors for stage purposes; all they require are doors for exits and entrances, and a drop-curtain in each shop-window, to become a miniature St. James's or Haymarket at once.

But about the dramas. They should of course have some bearing on the business of the firm that produces them. At the same time they should be what is called "heart-to-heart" plays, so as to strike home to the sympathies of the People.

That is one difficulty—but there is another. Even the most brilliant and incisive dialogue could hardly penetrate a thick plate-glass front window. So that the plays would have to be performed in pantomime. However, dumb-show has this great advantage—the audience are spared the infliction of epigrams.

As to the *dramatis personæ*, it will perhaps be found more satisfactory to engage professionals, though the parts might of course be undertaken by such ladies and gentlemen on the staff of the establishment as could be spared from their ordinary duties.

I should advertise the performances for certain fixed times during the day—and here I foresee the objection that the thoroughfare would be obstructed by the crowds that would inevitably collect to see them.

There is very little in *that*. No more than a double row of spectators could possibly see the show at a time, and this double row would simply form a *queue* along the pavement, precisely as they do already, with the assistance of the police, outside the doors of theatres and music halls.

As I see my idea—and as I hope to show later on—it need not necessarily be confined to upholstering purposes. However, my first example will be on those lines. This is only fair, because it was an upholsterer's window that furnished me with the inspiration.

This is the preliminary announcement:—

On ——, the 1st of April, and every day till further notice,

Messrs. FERNIE, TUER & CO.

(*You will observe that the name of this firm is a fictitious one, and I confess that I have adopted it on the principle of the lettering above the shops in a Harlequinade. But you see, if I took a* REAL *name, people might say—well, you know what you would say yourself.*)

Present

A Specially Engaged Company in
A wordless Play of Strong Domestic Interest,
In three windows, entitled

HER NEW HOME.

Notice.—Curtain rises on the first window punctually every hour from 1 to 7 P.M.; the audience is politely requested to be in their places on the pavement in good time before the commencement.

Carriages at a quarter past.

Next week (unless, of course, the Editor declines to stand it—and he *may*) I propose to give you this little drama in full. When—or if—it appears in print, and business people see all its possibilities, I shall be very much surprised if I do not hear from some of them.

My terms may be had on application. F. A.

John Glayde's "Honour"; or, Great Days on the Links.

From the Fashion Column in *The Western Daily Press*:—

"An umbrella I saw yesterday had a golf clique as handle, or the imitation of one. The clique in golf is the instrument used to get the ball out of a sand bunker, the steel being more effective than the wooden putter."

THE TRIUMPH OF FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.



Lectures, we hear, are taking the place of Bridge. The Duchess of Littleslamton announces a series on "Art in the Home," while the Committee of the "Trumpers" have tabooed the card-tables and engaged Professors to instruct members in part-singing, the elements of free-hand drawing, etc.



Racing will be almost entirely abandoned. The Racing Set are organising a series of excursions to Epping and the neighbourhood, when the studies of Botany and Entomology will be strenuously pursued.

THE MÆNADS.

A Dramatic Fragment.

Scene—*The Inner Lobby of the House of Commons.* Members *in groups conversing.*

First Member. 'Tis said the Suffragettes intend to-day
Another stratagem by which to force
Their way into our Chamber. The police,
Inspector Scantlebury at their head,
Have had their orders. They are sturdy men,
And yet methought they trembled as we passed,
Knowing their task was heavy; they have felt
The slaps and scratches of outrageous females,
And their hearts turn to water as they wait.

Second Member. Heaven, give them strength to do their duty well;
For if they fail us we are lost indeed.
But, lo, who comes? What dreadful sight is this?

[*A* Member *rushes into the Lobby with all the usual symptoms of insane terror. He seeks refuge with the other two.*

The Terrified Member. Save me, oh save me! They are close behind.
I hear their footsteps; they are after me.
Oh let me hide myself behind your backs.

First Member. Compose yourself. You are in safety here.
Come, come, what ails you? Let us have your tale.

The T. M. composes himself and tells his story:

Lunch was over, and I fell
Fast asleep—I wish I hadn't,
For my dreams were terrible,
Dreams that tore me, dreams that maddened.
Henceforth to my dying day
I can never more be gay.

Silently my arm chair turned
To a rack—'twas painted scarlet—
Baleful fires about me burned,
And a voice I heard afar let
Fly this courage-crushing cry:—
"Votes for Women! He must die!"

Feebly did I try to win
Shelter, while I more or less sparred
At the women who came in,
Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Despard,
And the raging Pankhurst two,
With their petticoated crew.

Swift they bound me on the rack,
Stretched my limbs and tore my muscle,
Dislocated all my back:
Never was there such a tussle.
Then they added to my fears
By the way they sliced my ears.

"Now," they cried, "speak up and say,
Since your heart on women dotes,
You will speak for us to-day
And affirm our right to votes.
If you don't we mean to boil
All that's left of you in oil."

Then I woke and hurried out,
While they followed in a rough rage,
All the dream-shapes, with a shout
Calling loud for Women's Suffrage.
I can hear the Pankhurst pair
Rushing fiercely up the stair.

[*He falls down in convulsions, and is carried away tenderly by the Serjeant-at-Arms. The scene closes in gloom.*

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.

(A Dialogue of To-morrow.)

The scene is the barrack-room of the Tuneful Tenth. The War Office, after much vacillation, has at last made up its mind that singing shall become a recognised branch of the military curriculum, and an inspection is to be held this very morning. Scattered about the room are warriors anxiously practising chest-notes. Others have retired to corners apart, to study that handy little brochure, "*Songs Heard are Sweet*" *by* "*Major-General,*" *without which at this time no soldier moves.*

Private Smith (meditatively). Do—re—mi—fa! Do—re—mi! Do—re—mi—fa—sol—la—si—*do!*

Private Brown. In good voice to-day, Smithy?

Private Smith. A trifle roopy, I fear, Brown. And you?

Private Brown. A little weak in the upper register. I wish this 'ere inspection was over, and that 's a fact.

Private Smith. Same here. He's a terror, is the Colonel, if anything goes wrong. Had me on the carpet last time, and walked into me something horrid. Said if I couldn't take a high C better than that, I 'd better chuck the army and go into musical comedy.

Private Brown. Gave me cells once, he did, because I missed a beat in my duet with Sergeant Nightingale.

Private Walker (continuing an anecdote). So he says to me, "Here, you," he says, "what do you think you're doing, I wonder? Sounds like a man without a roof to his mouth calling Brussels-sprouts in a Whitechapel slum. You ain't out with your barrow now," he says. So next time——

Private Webster. Who's this bloke who's inspecting us to-day, anyhow? Crusoe, or something.

Private Smith. Caruso they called him. A very decent singer, so I 'ear, though not an Army man.

Private Brown. Wonderful how these civilians pick it up nowadays. Do—re—mi! Do—re—!

Private Webster. It's this stomach-breathing what does me. "Don't breathe with your chest, my man," says the bloke. "Blimey," I says to him, "what do you take me for? A bounding acrobat?"

Private Wilkinson. Hayden Coffin and I——

Private Walker. Well, of course, I couldn't say anything at the time, him being a Colonel and what not, but what I'd have liked to have said was that I'd forgotten more about *tempo di waltz* than he'd ever learned. I should have liked to have said to him, "Colonel De Rezske, you fancy you know a lot about voice production, I don't think. You ain't fit to be 'confused noise without' in a music-hall sketch."

Private Smith. Si—*do!* Do! Do! La—si—do!

Private Brown. What I say is, I wish they'd let us choose our own songs. Stands to reason a chap knows what suits his own voice. You've 'eard me sing "*What ho! What ho!! What ho!!!*" Well, I don't want to seem to boast, but a man once told me it beat anything Harry Randall could have done. But turn me out into a parade-ground, and ask me to give you "*Tristan's Farewell*"——

Private Smith. Do!

Private Wilkinson. People who have heard me and Kennerley Rumford——

Private Smith. Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-AH!

Private Gregson (suddenly). Oi'll—er—sing thee saw-ongs ovarraby——

Private Webster. And the worst of it is you can't hear yourself speak in here nowadays. Used to be a time when—— But now, what with blokes doing their scales, and other blokes letting off upper G's, and other blokes——

Private Smith. Ah-AH!

Private Webster (morosely). Wish they'd let me exchange into a parrot-'ouse! [*Scene closes.*



THERE ARE MORE WAYS OF KILLING A DOG THAN BY HANGING.

"Are you hurt, old chap?"
"No. But I think I've swallowed a cigar."

THE CHOICE OF A SUBURB.

Scientific movers who usually compare Suburbs by multiplying the death rate by cost of season ticket are enthusiastic over a small Guide published by the G. N. R.—*Where to Live*. For this treatise introduces them to districts where a death-rate of any kind is practically unknown. Thus, in Hornsey the Registrar keeps no books, but relies absolutely upon his memory—and a little notched stick which lies on his office desk. In Harringay all residents who succeed in dying are entitled to a bonus.

Yet many well-known features of our Northern Suburbs are omitted in this otherwise admirable Guide. We find no reference to Holloway's splendid sunsets, nor to the sylvan beauties of Islington, with its quaint High Street, so much frequented by artists. Not a word about the many Funicular Railways, by which all the snow-clad Northern Heights are now ascended in safety.

Nor is the subject of climate dealt with satisfactorily. Intending residents always want to know what rainfall they may expect, and whether the Suburb can boast of a monsoon. If not, why not? The freezing-point in each district should also be stated. For after all it is climate which is so popular with Suburbanites at the present day. A slight reference to the soft air and perpetual sunshine of Mildmay Park might have emptied bracing Poplar of half its inhabitants. A paragraph dealing with the absence of malaria in Crouch End would have done marvels.

Turning over the pages we find many references to the beauties of the New River, but not one to the beneficial effects of its waters in cases of rheumatism. For though bathing is still prohibited, are not many of the houses in our enterprising Northern Suburbs fitted with baths? And all with cisterns?

Nor does *Where to Live* speak of the number of inhabitants per thousand who travel without a Season Ticket.

And lastly we should have been glad to learn something of the natives of these grim Northern Heights. These wild, untamed tribes who lock themselves each night in their mountain fastnesses. And also those men of the valleys below—the sub-tropical regions of Highbury and Canonbury. Are they still languorous and soft-spoken, fond of the afternoon siesta and the penny whiff? Does the vendetta still flourish in these Suburbs where no death-rate is given? We wonder.

Odds Locks and Todhunters!

"The ore in the Bonanza vein assays all the way from 22,000 oz. to 39,000 oz. to the ton, and it is believed that one of the richest silver veins in the world has been discovered."

Nottingham Evening News.



Gardener. "Good morning, Master George. I hear you won the 100 yards at the Sports."

George. "Yes, Carver, but in very poor time—only $12\frac{3}{5}$."

Gardener. "Ah, the best time I ever did the hundred in when I was a boy was ten seconds."

George. "I suppose they timed you with sun-dials in those days?"

THE OPENING SEASON.

I.

(In polite imitation of many contemporaries.)

But five short weeks—"short" as they will appear, of the usual length as they actually are—separate us now from the cricket season with all its concomitant delights; but five short weeks and the big brown ball will be packed away for five glorious months to make way for the smaller, and, as all will admit, the more inspiring red leather one; but five short weeks—less, now that we are nearing the end of this sentence—and the first Umpire will call "Play!", when (as the Rules well point out) the side refusing to play will lose the match . . . In accordance with our usual custom we shall now consider each of the first-class counties, and endeavour to place before our readers some idea of its plans and prospects for the coming season. In all cases our information is official and, wherever that is compatible with exclusiveness, exclusive to this paper. To take the counties in their order,

KENT

hope to have a strong side in the field this year. This season the Hop county have decided to discard from weakness instead of from strength, and they will not again make the mistake of leaving K. L. Hutchings or young Woolley out of the eleven. Hutchings, indeed, is expected to appear regularly, and will doubtless score as fast as ever, while Burnup will as usual play the Anchor Stroke for the side. The rest of the eleven will be as last year, and C. H. B. Marsham will again be found in command. It may safely be said that the team will make every effort to retain the championship, but it is now an open secret that

YORKSHIRE

were very disappointed at last year's result, and intend to put up a good fight for the premier position this season. Lord Hawke will be captain, and his lordship hopes to have the assistance of Hirst throughout the campaign. We hear on good authority that a special effort will be made to avenge the defeat inflicted on them last year at the Oval by

SURREY,

but we have no doubt that Lord Dalmeny is fully alive to the situation. His lordship has an unusually strong reserve to fall back upon this season, several new families having lately taken up their residence in such popular suburbs as Surbiton, Putney, and Carshalton, though it is doubtful if any of them will be called upon to play. It is not known what form Hayward is in, but one may safely say that if he is fit not even Surrey can afford to leave him out.

LEICESTERSHIRE

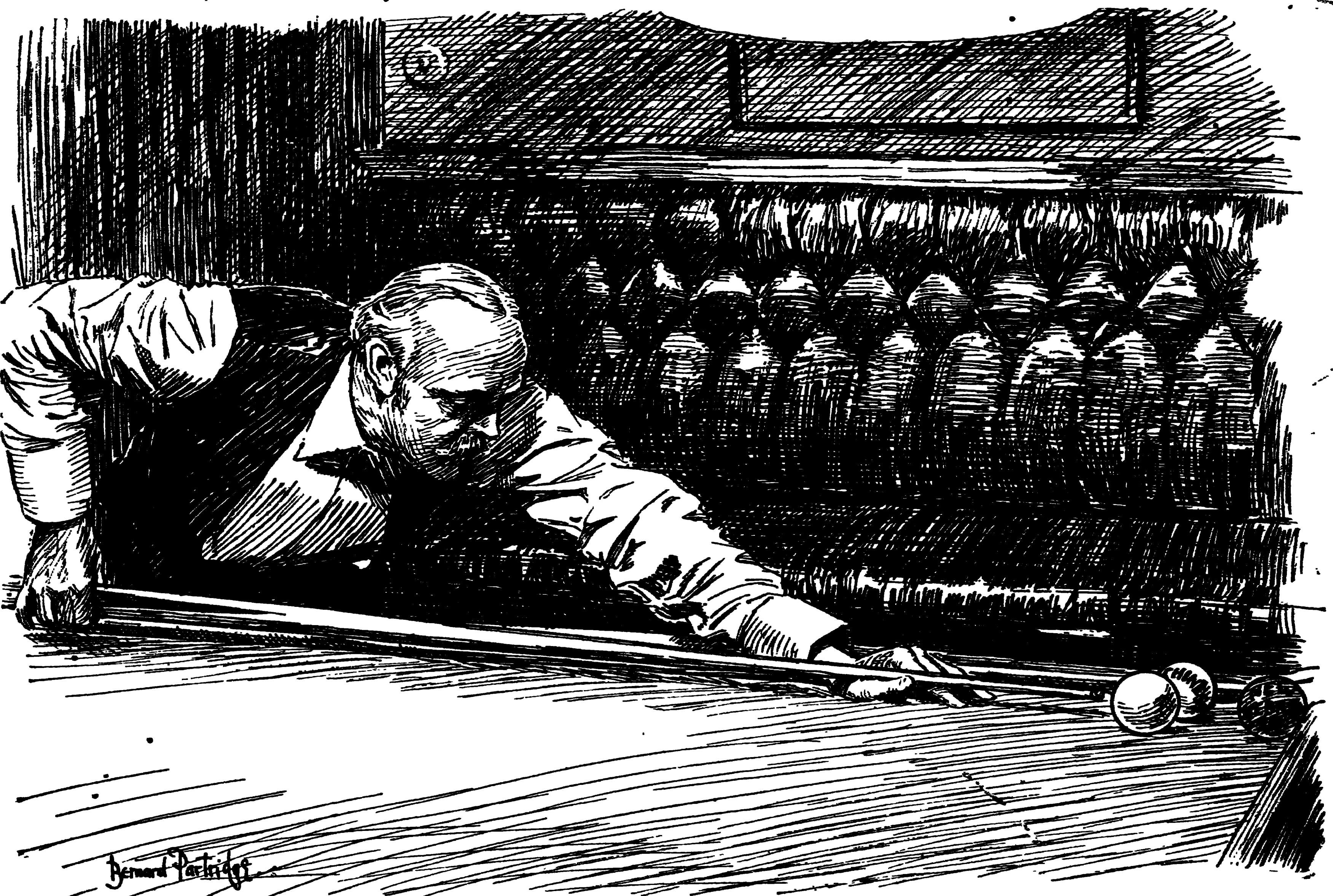
intend to make a bold bid for the championship, and to that end they have induced Sir Arthur Hazlerigg to captain them. Sir Arthur never actually obtained his blue at Cambridge, though he played for the Tom-Tits on more than one occasion; but the committee feel that what the eleven wants more than anything else is *esprit de corps*, and there is no doubt that Sir Arthur is the man to see to that.

Whether it is true or not that

DERBYSHIRE,

with the same end in view, have prevailed upon a certain Duke, with a residential qualification, to lead them into the field we cannot say yet with certainty, and we advise our readers to receive such statements with due caution; though, as a correspondent points out to us, many a good cricketer has gone to sleep in the slips on a hot day before now.

The remainder of the counties, and the Universities, will be treated in our next number; while the articles on the South Africans, which have been appearing in our columns for the last few months, will be repeated at intervals until the beginning of the season.



THE OPPOSITION ANCHOR CANNON.

Mr. Balfour. "THIS IS THE BEST CHANCE I'VE HAD OF SCORING. WITH ANY LUCK I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO KEEP IT UP FOR MONTHS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday March 25.—The Mother of Parliaments is going from bad to worse. At her time of life might reasonably expect to find her demure, decorous. Instead of which she sits quietly by whilst His Majesty's Ministers go about the country doing worse than stealing ducks. Only the other day the Leader of the Opposition felt it his duty, not to say his privilege, to charge them with being "party to a criminal legislative conspiracy," perpetrators of "a deliberate and intentional fraud upon the British electorate." To-day they are openly accused of "misappropriating £293,221 of public money." What are a few ducks here and there compared with that?

Apart from the gravity of the charge, and the colossal proportions of the plunder, the indictment has a personal interest. It is put forward in form of question standing in name of Mr. BOWLES. The Member for LAMBETH is a smart young man. Brought up to the sea under the personal supervision of that eminent salt his father, sometime Member for King's Lynn, he knows the ropes. But, looking at this stupendous interrogation occupying a full quarter of a page of the Orders, taking into account the intricacy of its figures, the familiarity displayed with the ins and outs of the Appropriation Act, its suspicion of the Treasury, its jealousy for the integrity of the Exchequer, one smells a rat, even sees it floating in the air.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

'Cap'en Tommy,' Jun. "Hallo! I suppose you know you're breaking the law!"

Asqu-th. "Er—er, ye—es! Now you come to mention it, I—I—I suppose I am! (*Aside*) I can make a pretty shrewd guess who put this youngster up to this game!" [*Chuckles without.*

In plain language, though the question is the question of young BOWLES, its inception and construction are the work of CAP'EN TOMMY, whose absence from the House all deplore. Pleasant to think of him a wooden-legged, one-armed cherub sitting up aloft watching over the interests of the poor tax-payer as guarded by the Accounts Committee. Time was when he walked the quarter-deck of that good ship, and in the main directed its useful course. There is a never-to-be-forgotten episode when he made the heirs of the CZAR of all the Russias disgorge large payment of death duties, evasion of which had been winked at by too compliant CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Difficult to think of Accounts Committee with the CAP'EN'S state-room and sleeping berth occupied by another. House delighted, and country should be grateful, to find that in the matter of public accounts he is not dead but gone before. His weather eye, always open, steadfastly surveys the pages of the public ledger as from day to day they are turned over. His deft arm is ever ready to put forth a persuasive hook which, catching by the collar unsuspecting peccant Chancellors of the Exchequer, pulls them up short.

The worst of particular case disclosed to-day is that the accusation is retrospective. It is not one Chancellor of the Exchequer who is brought to the Bar, but three Chancellors of the Exchequer. ASQUITH, whilst admitting the manipulation of accounts charged against the Treasury, points out that the particular form of book-keeping involved has been in practice for the last dozen years, had become so much a matter of routine that the transaction was not brought under his personal notice. Thus by his side stand in the dock SON AUSTEN, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and HICKS-BEACH, of late paraphrasing Virgil at the distant Cape.

The circumstance that in denouncing the irregularity CAP'EN TOMMY brings its initiation home to what was formerly his own side of the House doubtless rends his rugged breast with a pang. But duty is duty, and in deference to its call the Old Salt was ever ready, with whatsoever successfully hidden anguish, to sacrifice on its altar personal feeling.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules debated.

Tuesday night.—Man's inhumanity to woman makes countless thousands mourn. The latest development of duplicity demonstrated this afternoon when MAURICE LEVY, wholesale manufacturer, Leicester, presented a sample of his goods. It was a Bill enabling all adult women and men to vote at Parliamentary Elections. Quite an innocent-looking parcel, designed at first sight to delight the female suffragist and her friends.

That is just where the wickedness of man comes in.

When, the other day, the Women's Suffrage Bill was talked out, CHARLES MACLAREN put down Resolution re-embodying the principle. Favoured by fortune at the ballot, he secured a first place at to-morrow's sitting. Every prospect of brisk debate and triumphant division. Seemed as if nothing could mar the prospect. But there was one device, and that the crafty enemies prepared. According to Standing Orders, no resolution may be submitted and debated if it be based upon a question to deal with which in another form formal notice stands upon the Order paper. Mr. LEVY'S little Bill being introduced to-night will on to-morrow's paper stand for second reading, barring out MACLAREN'S resolution. This is what is called a blocking motion, familiar in the last Parliament before Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, Knight, became "an unimportant person."

Rage of the women suffragists uncontrolled. Member for Mid-Leicestershire placed under police protection. No girls of seventeen who look as if they may have come up from Blackpool allowed to approach within striking distance.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules further dealt with.

AS JULY APPROACHES.

By Helen and Cecil.

Cecil and me found out about it because of Deane. He is the *most* disagreeable gardener in the British Empire.

I had just asked him in the politest manner whether he had seen my hoop, and all he said was:—

"I hope, Miss Helen, that for the master's sake there'll be no more hoops left on my garden paths. According to this here new Compensation law, half my wages for the rest of my life for total disablement will not be a pleasant sum to find!"

He wouldn't explain, so we went off to find out from the others.

It is simply awful, and nobody will dare to do a *thing!*

Mother had faithfully promised to paste kites for us after tea, but just as we got to the drawing-room door to remind her, we heard her say:—

"Just one *moment*, Lady Montfort! *Have* you heard of this dreadful Compensation business? Our *only* hope is to keep it all a dead secret from the servants!"

"Oh, you can't!" said Cecil, marching in. "They all know everything already, and they have told Helen and me heaps!"

"You wicked dears!" cried Lady Montfort. "'Do tell!' as those charming Americans remark."

"Oh, well," said Cecil, "they reckoned up all the accidents they could think of, and——"

"And we told them of lots they had never thought of!" I interrupted.

"Oh, children, *dears!*" said Mother. "Why did you?"

"But what *is* the exact position?" went on Lady Montfort. "It all seems so weird and tragic!"

"It is quite *simple!*" said Cecil. (Cecil adores explaining to grown-ups.) "If an accident happens to any of them, we have to pay till they are well again, and if we kill them, we pay their best relation, and——"

"And if they kill us, I suppose *our* best relation gets nothing! Oh, I knew something horrible would come out of this Government! One law for the poor and another for the rich——"

"But, darling Cecil, do you mean even to the charwomen?" asked Mother. "We have *no* control over the charwomen!"

"Anybody you hire, Mummy!" said Cecil.

"It is absolutely atrocious!" groaned Lady Montfort.

"Why, what?" asked Dad, who came sauntering in.

"This Compensation, Mr. Lister!" cried Lady Montfort. "It appears that if my cook breaks her leg because she has spilled melted butter on the floor, I am to keep her until she is mended! But if I break my leg, as I positively nearly did this morning, then who is to compensate me? You and my husband ought to band yourselves together to—what's the word—protest!"

"I am sure personally I should be most happy," began Dad (Dad does tell the most awful—well, *things* to Lady Montfort) "to protest or go to jail, or—or anything thought suitable, but so far as my experience has gone, I seem always to have had one or other of them on my hands ever since—— Why, that last cook, Kitty, how long did you worry with that leg of hers?"

"Oh *don't* talk of legs!" cried Lady Montfort. "If knees and legs count——"

"Quite three months!" said Mother. "And when she left to be married, she wouldn't even give me the recipe for that delicious schoolroom cake!"

"Marriage stops any pension for disablement, I trust!" said Lady Montfort.

"We asked Jane," I said, "and she said it didn't, and that heaps of men would *much* rather have a girl with one hand and a pension than with two and nothing!"

"Jane say that!" said Mother. "Why, only yesterday, though I knew nothing of this *dreadful* Act, I *pleaded* with Jane not to use that step-ladder Hal, we really *must* have it attended to—but she *would*, and she jerked and wriggled it to show me it was all right——"

"Depend upon it she was taking a short cut to marriage!" said Dad.

"But you could have sworn in Court that you had warned her, Mummy!" said Cecil.

"My dear boy!" said Dad. "Think one moment. Jane the weeping plaintiff—Mother the defendant. Mother asked if she had warned the plaintiff. Mother looks at Jane, thinks how well she attends to the linen, and how comfortable she makes the visitors—'Yes—I think I—I think I am quite sure I warned her!'—Jane shakes her head. Mother ends up hastily, 'Oh, well—shan't we leave it? I would *much* rather pay than make a mistake!' Away goes the case—I pay up—Jane lives happily ever afterwards!"

"And think of high heels!" said Lady Montfort. "And the way my stupid maid will insist on bringing in my tea before she draws up the blinds. She has broken—oh, a warehouse full of morning tea-sets! I had been *longing* for her to trip over something and break herself for a change, but now, I suppose——"

"Would china be cheaper than people, Dad?" I asked.

But Lady Montfort went on, as she seized Mother by the arm:

"Breakages! My husband was groaning with a lot of men at dinner last night about the Conservative Party having no cry with which to go to the country. I could give them one! 'Compensation for Breakages!' It would rouse every household! The price of bread indeed! What does that signify, when one is left without a plate from which to eat it?"

OUR BUTTONS.

When Alfred fluttered from the nest,
His youthful livelihood to seek,
Tell me, was sorrow manifest
Upon his mother's moistened cheek?
And did his sire emit a sob
In speeding him to take the job
For which we paid him several bob—
Six, I believe—per week?

Perhaps; but we, we loved him not;
He seemed, despite his tender age,
To constitute a kind of blot
On our domestic equipage;
Unto this hour, when aught revives
The memory of the ruined lives
Of those innocuous table-knives,
I swell with inward rage.

Always he wore (for he was rich
In sweet content that inly cheers)
A long, long smile, the ends of which
Were lost behind his striking ears;
And in the fastness of his den
We heard him whistling, now and then,
Ditties that might have moved stern men
To floods of April tears.

He was a stranger to remorse,
No feeling of compunction sprang
Within his bosom in the course
Of closing portals with a bang;
Nor did he trouble to disguise
The simple fact that in his eyes
Youth had a right to exercise
The louder forms of slang.

So for a season he fulfilled,
In ways peculiarly his own,
A Button's destiny, and thrilled
Us absolutely to the bone;
Till on a Sabbath eve at last,
When dusky shades were gathering fast,
With many spoons our Alfred passed
Into the wide Unknown.

"A free kick against Satterthwaite for handling gave Manchester another chance, but Satetrthwaite, being protected by Cross, collared the ball and punted it down the field. A smart piece of work by Saterthwaite resulted in Coleman breaking away."
Evening News.

What a remarkable family! Yet how odd that they should all spell their names differently. Cousins, no doubt.



Visitor. "Is your daughter going to make her *début* this season?"

Mrs. Montague-Jones de Smythe. "Gracious no! Madame Rosalie attends to all that. We don't have to do our sewing no more!"

TO A FLEA.

Creature, thy paw! We eulogise
Not "for a change," nor yet at random,
Thee, whom the lowest men despise,
Whom better people hold *nefandum.*
And, insect, thou shalt have excuse,
Reared as thou wast 'mid vile abuse,
If as we praise thee more and more
Thou blush (if that's thy way) as never heretofore.

Think not we laud a thing unknown,
And (1) betray the human merit
Of scorning troubles not our own,
Or (2) determine *omne erit*
Ignotum pro magnifico.
Thyself but half an hour ago
Hast bitten us and gone thy ways,
And that bold bite's the thing for which we give thee praise.

Supposing, insect, by thy leave,
We made the very bold suggestion
That he, the reader, should conceive
Himself as thee, and put the question—
"What would he choose for lawful game,
At what direct his sportsman's aim,
If (as above) he were a flea?"
He'd chase some smaller brute, a microbe possibly.

Then having found a welcome prey
On wing or leg, by earth or water,
Something that he might safely slay,
And run himself no risk of slaughter,
Would he alone attack that thing?
Or would the brutal bully bring
(Not being content as thou to bite)
Some steel machine and kill the paltry chit outright?

E'en should the dauntless fellow try
His hand on game not quite so humble,
Maybe a house-, or common, fly;
At most a bee, nor that a bumble,
Would he be modest? Not a bit.
He'd make a boastful book of it,
And do his best to end his days
A picture-postcard hero, centre of a craze.

Now for thyself. Conceive—but flea
Thou art in fact, so why conceive it?
Such thy idea of sport that we,
Merely a man, can scarce believe it!
Alone, unarmed, thou comest out,
Callous thou sett'st thyself about
To stalk, *sans* guns, rods, hounds, or fuss,
Someone a myriad times thy size, or briefly Us.

Unarmed, forsooth? Why, barely dressed
Thou dost that risky operation.
Enough of words. Thou art confessed
The Greatest Sportsman in Creation.
Witness the truth of what we write,
That brave, that grand, that glorious bite
(Forbear, my modest Sir, to blink)
Upon our person marked and thereon coloured pink!

The Bachelor.

"NEW MILTON, Hants.—Between sea and New Forest. Comfortably furnished, detached MOUSE to LET."—*Church Times*

A PHILOSOPHER OF THE SCISSORS.

It is only fair to say that I started with a prejudice against that barber. He was fat and obviously Teutonic, and he kept me waiting in the grossest way whilst he finished off a red-haired being, to whom he was gabbling in a husky whisper. I noticed that this individual was smiling like a man well pleased, and I hated his broad, contented grin.

So I threw myself into the chair at last with some little hauteur. I felt disinclined for trivial conversation, and I resolved to keep this Teuton at a distance. But for some few minutes he clipped in silence, handling his scissors with a leisurely, almost caressing, touch. He spoke at last.

"You 'ave," he murmured confidentially, "de 'air of a gifted man."

I was slightly startled, but not, I think, annoyed. The man's remark was somewhat ambiguous. Was he referring to my mien or to my hair? I sat in a pleased silence, and in a moment he had enlightened me.

"Yes," he said half-dreamily, as though confirming a first impression. "Dare is no doubt aboud it. Dis grisp fair 'air - it can only belong to a man of dalent, per'aps of genius. I 'ave noticed it so often, and I do not mistake."

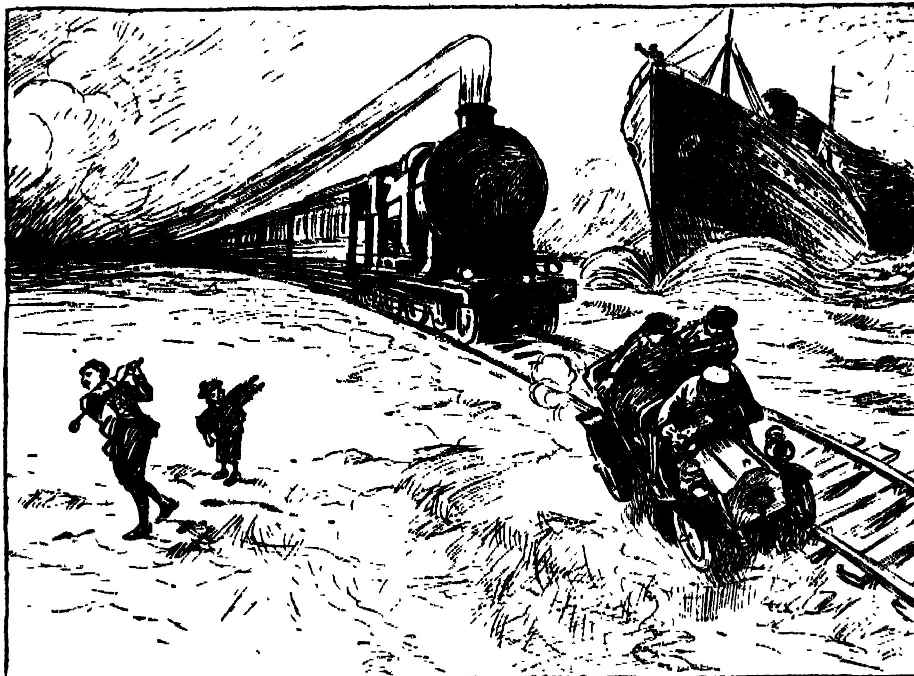
"What on earth are you talking about?" I asked him briskly, but without undue asperity.

"I am a student of garacter, Zare," he answered. "I 'ave found dat all gifts and faults are reflected in de 'air. I tell de nature of every gendelman 'oo comes beneath my 'ands, and I am ever druthful. Dare are some 'oom I must anger, and some, like yourself, 'oom I can joostly blease."

I mused a while, and still I was not annoyed. Perhaps there was something in this man's idea - all these Germans imbibe philosophy from the cradle. I thought of the many blind unappreciative people about, and I longed to confront them with this simple but discerning barber. I felt instinctively that the man was honest.

"You 'ave a somewhat gomplex nature, Zare," he resumed in the same hoarse murmur. "You are brave, although some might gall you rash; you are gentle, and yet so strong that some might gall you sdubborn. All dis is indigated by your grisp fair 'air."

Even my great natural modesty could not hide from me the fact that this Teuton had put his finger upon traits which I had often noted in my own character. And I liked him for his simple truth - I felt that if mine had chanced to be a lesser nature he would not have hesitated to point it out to me. Such men, so careless of tips and their own base interests, are seldom met with in this callous world. My heart warmed to him; for very little I would have grasped his not altogether spotless hand



Nightmare induced by Holiday Excursion Posters.

"Tell me more about your theory, I said pleasantly.

Dare are many sorts of 'airs, Zare," he said, "and to de drained eye each one must dell its dale. Dare was, for instance, de red-'aired gendelman for 'oom you 'ad to wait von liddle moment."

"What did you think of him?" I asked rather coldly. Personally, I had not taken to the man.

Ach zuch 'air is most instroocktive. Dose dark red gurls are like de danger zignals upon de railway line. A man wid zuch 'air as dat is berilous to enrage. 'E will strike as soon as look. To zuch men it is well to be most zivil."

"And what did you tell him?" I asked.

"I baid 'im von liddle gompliment upon 'is undoubted gourage, but I 'ad to warn 'im against 'is so 'asty anger. I told 'im that vonce I gut de 'air of zuch a man as 'im, and afterwards dat man was 'anged for murder gommitted in a bassion. It was my duty so to warn 'im."

It struck me that duty, to a man so simple and so conscientious, must be dangerous at times. I quite admired the restraint of the red-headed man, and I also wondered at the pleased grin which I had noted upon his countenance. These thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the Teutonic barber.

"Be'ind you, Zare, is von 'oo waits 'is turn," he whispered hoarsely. "You may gatch a glimpse of 'im in the glass, if you so blease. Dare is von 'oom it is certain dat I must anger. 'Is limp black 'air dells me dat 'e is both bad and foolish. De druth is often bainful, but it must be dold. Ach! Dare is de sad difference between such 'air, and dat which I 'ave joost ubon finished gutting now!"

I glanced at the man whom he indicated, and was compelled to agree with his sorrowful verdict. It is a curious and suggestive fact that the villain in melodrama is invariably dark. Such men as Mr. G. R. Sims are unfailing judges of character.

I gave my barber sixpence for himself, and I seemed to see a certain sadness in his eye as he beckoned the dark-haired man to approach the vacant chair. He had my sympathy in the painful task before him . . . .

But I had forgotten my umbrella, and as I re-entered the tonsorial chamber I caught a hoarse whisper from my philosopher that has puzzled me ever since.

"Such 'air broves great dalent," he was saying, and upon the face of the dark-haired man there shone a gentle smile.

"Worry.—Can any one tell 'Worry' how to make pin-cushions out of empty brass cartridge cases?"—*People's Friend.*

Answers adjudged correct:

1. No.
2. Yes.

Answer adjudged incorrect:

Mr. Haldane.

THE PUTNEY PAGEANT.

Mr. Swinburne's seventieth birthday occurring on the 5th of April, Putney, the riverside hamlet in which he has so long dwelt, has decided to rise to the occasion and celebrate this auspicious event—auspicious not only in the life of England's greatest living poet, but in the annals of the suburb too. For by making his home here Mr. Swinburne has linked Putney with Parnassus. They are now as like as two P's, to quote one of the wittiest mots of Mr. Watts-Dunton, the famous gipsy critic and the poet's most faithful Achates.

The following provisional programme has been drawn up, with no assistance whatever from Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker. At an hour before sunrise the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Putney will assemble outside the Poet's residence, "The Pines" (at the foot of Alliteration Avenue, leading to Wimbledon Common), and serenade him with songs written in his hot youth for such early occasions. It is expected that either the Poet or Mr. Watts-Dunton will make some sort of a reply, but what form it will take is not likely to be known until it happens.

The two friends will then be allowed to return to bed (in the case of Mr. Watts-Dunton, in a caravan in the garden), and the breakfast interval will be taken by the municipal revellers.

After breakfast Mr. Swinburne will be waited upon by a deputation of fellow Algernons, headed by Mr. Algernon Ashton and Sir Algernon West, and completed by the Piccadilly Johnnie with the little glass eye and the Mayor of Algeciras. These gentlemen will first apologise for having the name at all, and then present the Poet with an illuminated memorial expressing homage.

A visit is then expected from the Poet Laureate, to test the repelling powers of the new portcullis at "The Pines."

Mr. Swinburne's great reputation as a swimmer, and interest in what Mr. Watts-Dunton has happily called "natation," have led to one of the most interesting items of this crowded day. This is the deputation of the chief pioneers of the swimming world, who will call upon him some time during the forenoon. Led by Mr. Montagu Holbein, Miss Kellerman, Mr. Horace Mew, the Shanklin amateur, and the Finney Family, these intrepid trudgeonists will swim all the way to Putney from London Bridge, where they are to have a handsome, if unintelligible, send-off from Mr. James Douglas (author of *Renascence in Wonderland*). The Poet, it is expected, will come down to the river bank, where a daïs has been raised, to greet the swimmers as they emerge, dripping but enthusiastic, from the tide.

After a short speech in High German from Mr. Holbein, a pleasant tribute to the poet's well-known love of cats will be paid by Mr. Horace Mew.

The whole party will then "adjourn" (in Mr. Watts-Dunton's picturesque phrase) to the Town Hall for lunch, after which there will be an exhibition of Mr. Swinburne's birthday presents. Among these is a loving cup with two handles from Sir Lewis Morris. The children of Wimbledon Common, with whom the kindly Poet is on such excellent terms, have subscribed to provide him with a new rhyme to "astrolabe."

It is a curious and fortunate chance that not only is the Lord Mayor of Putney something of a bard, but the Borough Surveyor is one too: a coincidence that is considered by the cheerful townsfolk to be of the happiest augury. The Lord Mayor's effusions have chiefly been of a private character—little epigrams about the Town Clerk, mottoes for crackers, and so forth; but the Borough Surveyor has issued books. His *Heart Strings Vibrant*, it was generally agreed, would have been one of the successes of the publishing season of 1904 had not the Martinique eruption diverted public attention from *belles lettres*, while his "Ode to Chutney," involving a popular local rhyme, is a set piece for recitation by all the Putney school children. With two such friends of the Muse at the head of affairs the pageant arranged for Mr. Swinburne's birthday cannot be a failure—provided that, as Mr. Watts-Dunton remarked with one of his rich twinkles, "Jupiter Plu is kind."



Scotch Railway Station. A train, which has been standing at the platform for twenty minutes, starts.

Man (*to* Jamie *the porter*). "Is yon train awa' Auchendummie way?"
Jamie. "Aye."
Man. "If I'd kent, I wad hae been in her mysel."
Jamie. "She stude lang eneuch, any way."
Man. "Aye. It was just want o' information."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The scene of the story of *A Blind Bird's Nest* (Methuen) opens on the Devonshire moors, changing towards the end to New York and Washington, the latter a town of which any who have sojourned in it are always glad to hear. Miss Mary Findlater is equally at home in either hemisphere, her description of the stormy life in New York and the comparative peace of Washington being as vivid as her sketches in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor are pretty. The characters to suit their setting are also divided between English folk and American citizens. *Agnes Sorel*, the blind bird for whom, in accordance with the proverb, God builds the nest, is a charming creature whose life is overshadowed by grim tragedy. Her father, defending his sister's honour, kills a man, and through a period marked by his daughter's growth from childhood to girlhood, disappears within the living tomb of a convict prison. How his disaster affects the life of his daughter and of others I advise the gentle reader to learn at first hand. The story is well conceived, admirably written, frequently illumined with those delicate touches which are beyond the possibilities of the coarser hand of man.

It was a happy idea of Messrs. Longmans to put Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* into a pocket edition; it was even happier to get a friend and compatriot of the author, and one who understands him as well as any, to write a preface filled with enthusiasm for the poems and love for the poet. Mr. Andrew Lang — for he it is — says many true and tender things of this deathless little book, and incidentally extends the verses here and there, as when he appends to "The Gardener" these interesting remarks on Scottish gardeners generally from memories of his own Ettrick childhood: "Who dug the worms for bait? Who put them on the hook? Who showed you how to drop them into the little white linn, and let them float into the black pool where the trout lay waiting? Who made the bows and arrows? Who re-strung the bats? Who, when a game was being organised, always asked, 'Which side am I on?' - The Gardener."

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, the author of *Adam's Clay* (Heinemann), was once Editor of *The World*, and in that capacity, no doubt, had to refer to himself as "We." When he resigned his editorship to write novels and plays, you might have supposed that he would become a single gentleman again; but no, he is still "We," and "We" represents two persons whom I shall call "Cosmo" and "Hamilton." "Hamilton" is a genuine lover of Nature, who can write with strength and sincerity. Left to himself, "Hamilton" would become one of the few good modern novelists. "Cosmo" is a bore, who was, I imagine, once told by an admirer that he was smart and had the gift of satire, and whose line is the fifth-rate witticism at the expense of *The Daily Mail* and John Burns which makes the gallery laugh. On a powerful story by "Hamilton," "Cosmo" works off his little grievances against the Stage and the Government and what not, feeling quite confident all the time that he is a born satirist. Why does Mr. Hamilton stand it? Let me beg of him, before it is too late, to retire to the country and write the great novel leaving that satirical Mr. Cosmo in town to be the glory and wonder of the suburbs.



The Alligator (to our wandering dentist on the Nile). "Oh, please don't go. I've a hollow tooth, and I want you to fill it."

The extraction of humour from village folk by superior literary Londoners is getting to be rather old game. But it goes on merrily enough in spite of age, and Mr. Bensusan shows, in his *Countryside Chronicle* (Heinemann), that the opportunities are by no means exhausted. So far as we can gather, the district in which he has gleaned is in Essex, though he calls it Landshire. All the usual ingredients will be found in his pages, which have, perhaps, more of facetiousness than humour, but make pleasant desultory reading. Some of the illustrations by Carton Moore Park are excellent.

Memoirs of a Person of Quality (Heinemann) purports to contain extracts from certain journals written at different times by the second son of the fifth Earl of Blackenham. The period is fixed at the end of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth. The editor, Mr. Ashton Hilliers, admirably sustains the fiction by the style of his narrative, founded upon close study of the literature of the far-off day. *The Hon. George Fanshawe* had a gift of finding himself in tight places, equalled only by the pluck and good fortune with which he got out of them. The succession of stirring episodes that formed the volume would have admirably served the purposes of a monthly magazine given to story telling. Mr. Hilliers bountifully hands us the whole bunch at once, and very good reading it makes, presenting striking pictures of social life in the good old days.

Our Wonderful World.

"Master Mountjoy Fane is almost exactly the same age as his little cousin, Maynard Greville, and, like the latter, he is a singularly handsome little boy. Yet another point of similarity between the two is the fact that each of them has a sister younger than himself."—*Sketch*.

And a mother older than himself. Dear, dear! How things do turn out.

From a Board of Education Circular to Secondary Schools:—

"A scholar whose birthday fell upon the first day of the school-year should be counted for the purpose of this return as having been on that day over the age which he reached on that day."

This gives you some idea of the lengths to which the Government is prepared to go if the House of Lords refuses to consider itself abolished.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured from Cairo that, unless he promptly mend his ways, ABBAS will soon find himself *A bas*.

There has been an earthquake in Turkey, and, on the advice of the German Ambassador, the SULTAN will grant no more interviews to the representatives of English newspapers.

It is so hot in Russia that it is feared that the Duma will dissolve.

The new Governor of JAMAICA has quite a reputation for graceful prose, and should prove a polite letter-writer.

"Raids are possible without a Channel Tunnel," says a naval expert. If this be true, it certainly seems absurd to incur the enormous expense which the tunnel would involve.

The Sentimentalists are said not to be satisfied yet. Some of them do not intend to rest until RAYNER has not only been pardoned, but been granted a knighthood.

"The accused perpetrated a very clever fraud," was a remark made when a Bank clerk was given six months' hard labour. We cannot help thinking that such testimonials are a mistake.

"The female head must have some covering, no matter how slight," is a rule of St. Mary's Parish Church, Scarborough, and the female parishioners are now being pestered with advertisements of hair-restorers.

A really good anecdote has become something of a rarity. The following is vouched for by one of our great daily papers. While riding in Windsor Great Park last week the Prince of WALES came across a number of Crown workmen engaged in removing some iron fencing which had been in position a great number of years. The men found their task rather difficult, and the PRINCE, after watching them, remarked, "You have got a tough job there." The workmen doffed their hats and laughingly assented.

A surprise was arranged for King EDWARD before he left Biarritz, when a torchlight procession of soldiers was marched up to his hotel and the band played the British National Anthem. HIS MAJESTY is said to have thought it a capital tune.



'WERE YOU IN THE ARK WITH NOAH, GRANDPAPA?"
'NO, MY CHILD, I WAS *NOT* IN THE ARK WITH NOAH."
'THEN WHY WEREN'T YOU DROWNED?"

Samples of 134 different kinds of Austrian wine were recently tasted in a single day by a committee of experts, reports the Vienna correspondent of a contemporary. At the end of the test one might, we imagine, have searched far before coming across a jollier body of experts.

Mr. HARRY K. THAW has been declared sane, and Mr. JEROME is mad.

The Bank of England Rifles have been disbanded. Paradoxically their mission was to prevent the Bank being rifled.

Mr. CALTHROP has been interviewed by the *Express* on the subject of Women and Dress. "Everybody has something beautiful," he says, "it may be an eye, the nose, or the mouth, and the whole aim and object of the dress should be to lead up to and emphasise that beautiful feature." A lady who owns one beautiful eye (which looks in a different direction to the other) has, we understand, written to Mr. CALTHROP for more explicit advice.

"Fur coats for dogs have entirely gone out of fashion," says *The Daily Mail*. It is, however, an exaggeration to say that, since the pronouncement, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands have been rushing to barbers' shops in their thousands. At the same time there is no doubt that many dogs who had almost stopped moulting have now resolved to keep it up.

FROM the *Army and Navy Stores Catalogue*:

"BELL (Mrs. A.), Picturesque Brittany. With 25 coloured Billustrations."

What a lot some people sacrifice to alliteration!

Making the Most of It.

"KING EDWARD received Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who stayed to lunch with HIS MAJESTY. The Under Secretary for the Colonies will stay there until the KING leaves."—*Reuter*.

FROM a Labour Candidate's letter to *The Newcastle Daily Chronicle*:—

"Now, Sir, I cannot understand how your representative comes to designate me as 'gentleman.' Such designation is utterly false, and is calculated to do mischief. I shall be justified in asking you to counteract this wilful miscarriage of justice."

OUR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

When they asked me to enter for our Cross-country Championship (mixed) I was particularly glad to accept, because I felt it would give me the chance of settling the question, once for all, which was the better runner, Mabel or I. All through the beagling season we had been secret rivals, and I must say the hunting never interested us half as much as each other's position in the run, and though we are really devoted to each other, as everybody knows, we *do* cool off a bit on hunting days, and that was why I was glad of the opportunity of beating her out and out so that there might be no further barrier to our friendship. Mabel, I may mention, is taller than I am and takes longer strides, but I can always leave her on the plough, as of course "threes" don't hold it like "wide sixes."

It was a three-mile course and pretty bad going; there were about twenty men starters, but Mabel and I were the only girls who meant business. Mrs. Philgap, the Master's aunt, also entered, because she said in her jovial way that we ought to have a chaperon. As she is distinctly fat and considerably over forty we gave her a long start, in order, as we said, to give her the chance of looking after us about half-way on the run. (*I* said this, by the way, not Mabel, who has no sense of humour.) That was easily settled, but I think the Master had been a good deal harassed over the rest of the handicapping, because so many runners developed symptoms which, though not bad enough to prevent their entering, necessitated their having a comfortable little start.

Mabel got a few minutes on me, for instance, for what she claimed to be a touch of the "flu," but I retaliated with a bilious attack. Then she got thirty seconds for a "give" in her knee, and I got twenty for a return of chilblains; she wheedled another ten out of him because they were so worried over servants at home, but the death of an uncle by marriage knocked twenty seconds off my form, so we started even after all.

The start was to be made from the Philgaps' lawn in front of the house, and we finished there also: the course only crossed the public road once, but there were some stiff fences, a good deal of wire and plough, but no water, though as we had to cross the little river by a plank just before the finish it came to the same thing in the end. We all wore large numbers pinned in front just like proper runners (mine was 22, Mabel's 35), and when Freddy Philgap said they also represented the starters' ages, I laughed, though Mabel, who, as I said before, has no sense of humour, didn't. Still, she was wearing a new blouse, quite a ducky thing, pale blue delaine to match her hair, which is very fair and pretty, though it *doesn't* curl naturally.

I had made up my mind to go steady at the start and save myself for the finish, and I think it was the nervous excitement that winded me so quickly at the beginning, for before we got to the second fence I found that a day's beagling was a very different matter to the Cross-country Championship; no checks, no horn, no encouragement from hound or man—the latter, in fact, completely ignored us from the start, and we saw nothing of them after the second field. I heard Mabel pounding along behind me blowing like a grampus.

"I'm done already," I called jocosely over my shoulder, but she made no reply, which I took to be a good sign. I lost my fringe net, a new one, at the third fence, and scratched Mabel's nose with a briar at the fourth—at least she says I let it fly back on her as I dived through; but I didn't do it on purpose anyhow, and after all it was a judgment on her for keeping so close. As I expected I gained a lot on the plough, and it was while I had slowed down a bit up the rise to the road we had to cross, that I heard a bicycle bell, cockney voices and loud laughter. I peered through the hedge and to my horror saw Mrs. Philgap, who is really quite in with the country, purple, panting and dishevelled, with a large 17 pinned on her ample breast, caught in the wire in the opposite hedge, while half-a-dozen dreadfully common young bicyclists were commenting on her discomfiture with delighted exclamations of "Giddy old Kipper," "Sweet Seventeen," "Cheero, Maudie—you'll win!"—the great cowards! Of course I felt for her, and I suppose I ought to have seen her through, but my courage failed me, for I remembered my own 22, my lopping hair and scarlet face, not to mention the shortness of my breath and my skirt, so I just slipped across the road lower down and continued my way unnoticed. But there was *no* excuse for Mabel, she certainly ought to have stopped, and even then would have come in second just the same, and I really felt disgusted when, looking over my shoulder, I saw her follow my example and leave our chaperon to her fate. She came after me at a great pace too, and I sprinted down a hard cart-track to respond to her effort. I think it must have been this that upset me, for I began to feel awfully bad all of a sudden, and was actually leaning against a hurdle for support when she came up.

"Oh! I feel so sick!" I wailed, raising my eyes to her crimson and white-patched face. I shall never forget the look of fiendish joy that crossed it.

"Lie down a bit," she called as she ran on; "you'll soon feel better."

Her cruelty saved me, added to the fact that, thinking me done, she was walking, and, recovering with every step, I began to gain on her. She saw me coming and mended her pace, though she was beginning to roll a bit, and I was really surprised to see her suddenly stop and begin to put her fringe straight and arrange her blouse. Then I saw a photographer waiting to take us as we passed the last fence. (Freddy Philgap had engaged two to take snapshots of the run, one for *The Country Sportsman*, and one for *The Whipper-In*.) It was a horrible moment. I tried with a sudden twitch of my distorted features to compose them into a sort of quiescence, but I felt it was a failure, and when I heard that merciless click I heartily wished I had never been born.

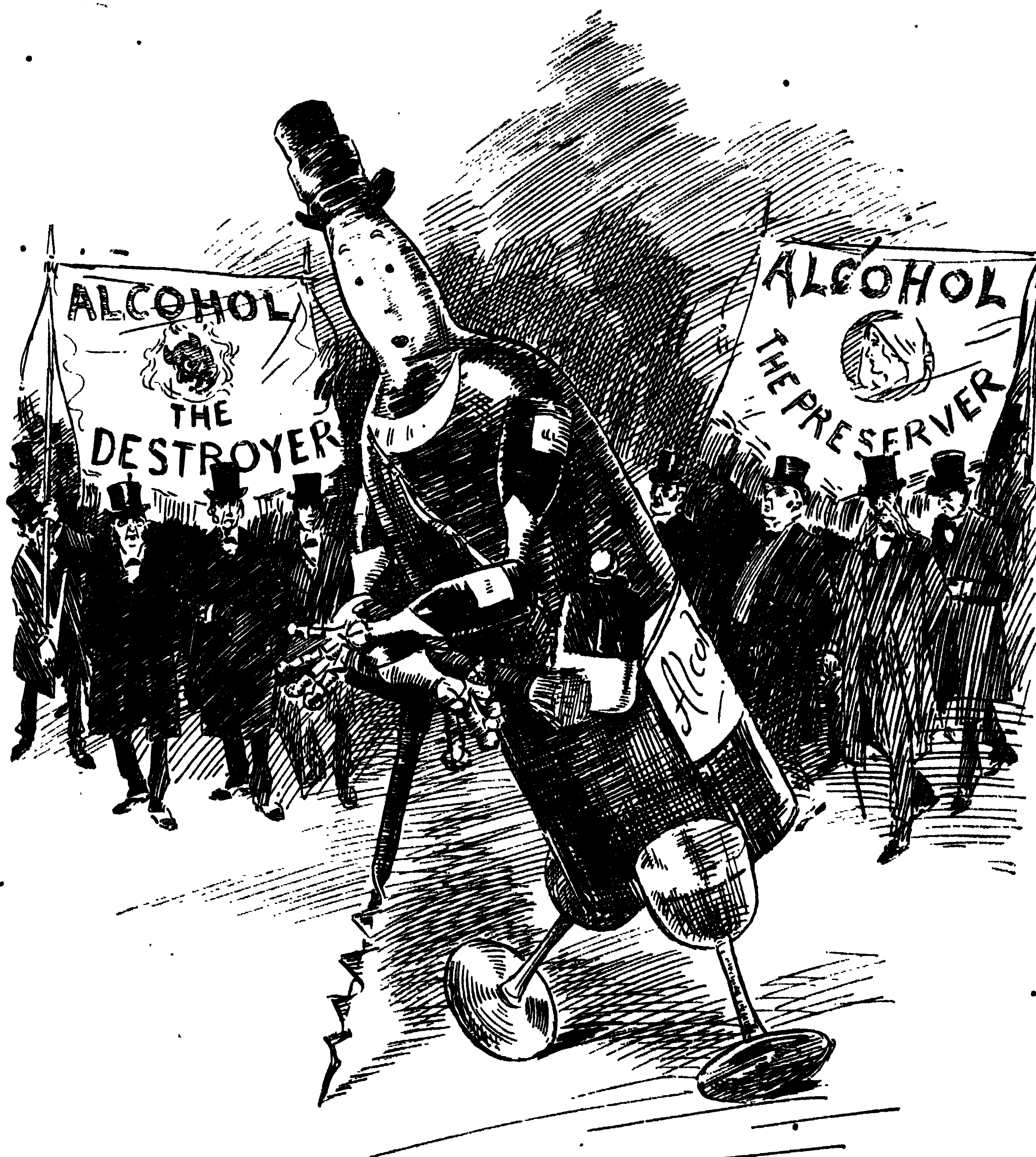
There was only a downhill stretch of grass, the river to cross, and a short sprint on the level to finish with. Mabel was still leading, but I was less than five yards behind—in fact she had hardly reached the middle of the plank across the river when I set foot on the end.

Of course, if she had kept her head it would never have happened, but my weight made the plank wobble. She staggered, screamed, lost her balance and went over one side, which of course caused the plank to jump and sent me over the other. Although the water was only a foot deep, we both, apparently, went under, and I think Mabel must have dived into some weed, to judge from her appearance as she scrambled to the bank, and although my hair *does* curl naturally, perhaps I didn't look much better. But before we could turn on each other and say what we felt, a sudden sight transfixed us with horror. The photographer of *The Whipper-In* was waiting on the level stretch to snap us as we finished. It was too much, and, gathering up our drenched skirts, we fled before him through the shrubbery to the back of the house and never stopped till we reached the seclusion of the bath-room. I don't regret it, for the fact that neither of us finished drew us together again as nothing else could have done, and when we heard a sound of cheering and saw, through the bath-room window, Mrs. Philgap reel proudly to the winning-post, I'm quite sure neither of us grudged her the prize. As a matter of fact I didn't care who got it as long as Mabel didn't, and I know she felt the same about me.

From a Cornish paper:—

"Mr. John Trevaskis, Trinity pilot, picked up a spar about sixty-six feet long one day last week near the beach. The spar seems to be in good condition."

So does Mr. Trevaskis.



WHO SHALL DECIDE—?

Perturbed Spirit. "I DO WISH THEY'D SETTLE WHAT I REALLY AM!"



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Charwoman. "Shall I git me lunch now, so as to give me strength for me washin', or shall I do me washin' first, so as to give me a happytite for me lunch? I think it's strength I want most."

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CHILD.

It was eleven o'clock, and Guntard's was crowded with people, but I managed to get a small table to myself, just by a screen.

There was a good deal of noise and bustle going on all round, so it was some time before I realised that there must be people behind the screen, but presently a woman's voice could be distinguished, evidently talking to a child.

"No, darling," she said, "cherry brandy isn't good for you. Mummy doesn't want her little daughter to have such things."

"The Twentieth Century Child!" I murmured, with mingled pity and disgust.

Then the talking began again, though the child's answers were too indistinct for me to hear.

"One cake more, then, darling—one of these nice pink ones, but that really must be all. You will be making yourself ill, and then you won't be able to go to Daisy's birthday party. Just think of that."

A moment's pause. Then—

"Mummy's looking forward to the party *quite* as much as you are, my pet, and she *knows* her little girl will be the smartest and the sweetest and the cleverest in the room!"

The child said something I couldn't hear, and the infatuated mother went on again:

"Then there's the fancy-dress ball on Thursday. I think you shall go as Spring, my darling, covered with flowers."

The child was evidently making hay while the sun shone with the cakes, and didn't answer.

"And after the Ball my wee girlie must pay off some of the calls with Mummy. And then there will be her *own* 'At Home' cards to be printed and sent out. How busy Mummy and Nina will be! And I mustn't forget to send a picture of you in fancy dress to the papers, my sweet! How jealous the other little girls will be!"

A picture of an overdressed, smirking child—"Our Little Contributor, No. 56789"—rose before my mental sight.

"But now we really *must* be going, darling," cooed the voice. "We have only just time to have your new motor coat fitted on before lunch. We shall have to leave your new shoes till to-morrow."

The rustle behind the screen became louder, and a minute later a fashionably dressed woman came out, carrying in her arms a small black Pomeranian dog with a pink ribbon round its neck, and a lot of jingling gold and silver ornaments fastened to it.

As she passed down the shop the lady stopped for a moment beside a friend at another table.

"This is my very *own* little girlie," she said, "and she is a very *vain* little girl, too. But isn't she sweet?"

Then she went on, smiling, and in the distance I could hear her saying—

"*I* have had a glass of cherry brandy, and a biscuit, and my little girl has had three iced cakes—threepenny ones—and two macaroons—greedy little pet!"

LITTLE SHOWS FOR LARGE WINDOWS.—II.

Here is the little Domestic Drama intended for performance in the shop-windows of any upholsterer sufficiently enterprising to produce it.

HER NEW HOME.

(A Wordless "Heart to Heart" Play, in 3 Windows.)

Window the First.

Scene.—A Bedroom, upholstered complete for £27 18*s.* 6*d.* (by Messrs. Fernie, Tuer & Co., 191, 192, 193, Emporium Street, W.). Every article in the room bears a label with price marked in plain figures. A Young Bride is discovered standing R.C. in her going-away dress. Her discarded bridal finery is lying on the bed. She is lost in *reverie.* At the back two Bridesmaids look on sympathetically. Enter the Bride's mother by door R. She reminds her daughter, in dumb show, that the motor has been panting for a considerable time on the gravel-sweep, that He is growing impatient, and that, unless they start very soon, they will inevitably miss the train. The Bride expresses in eloquent pantomime that never till now, when she is about to leave it for ever, has she fully realised the exquisite refinement of the little home in which she has spent her happy girlhood. Her heart is heavy with doubts and apprehensions.

She feels that, after all, she knows Him so little. He has undertaken to furnish the New Home without consulting *her.* Can she be sure that his taste and judgment are to be depended on? May he not have dealt with some establishment inferior to the firm which has invested her parents' villa-residence with such inexpensive distinction? [*I quite feel that all this is difficult to convey in by-play, but I have seen even more subtle and complicated meanings rendered fairly intelligible by this method—it is purely a matter of technique.*]

The Mother reassures her. She must hope for the best. If her future surroundings should not be quite what she has been accustomed to, Love and Duty will give her courage. In the meantime she must not be too late for the train.

The Bride still lingers. She cannot go without taking a fond farewell of all the familiar objects which she learnt to regard as beloved friends. Sadly she gazes at the Sheraton wardrobe at £3 4*s.* 8*d.*, whose bevelled mirror reflects her for the last time. She bids good-bye to the neat Sheraton dressing-table at £2 17*s.* 2*d.*; to the washhandstand in fumed oak, with real marble top and back fitted with Art tiles to customer's own selection, that wonderful bargain at £2 13*s.* 9*d.* Even the handy little sky-blue enamelled towel-horse at 9*s.* 6*d.* comes in for a parting pat, nor are the two seven-and-eightpenny shrimp-pink rushbottomed bedroom chairs forgotten. The artistically framed photogravure on the wall of a Nymph reclining in a cascade (a variety of subjects within, our price 5*s.* 11*d.*) brings the water to her eyes. And lastly, as her light feet cross the Art carpet square (6 ft. by 4), in any shade 19*s.* 11*d.*, she almost breaks down before the Chesterfield couch in Art *cretonne* which is such marvellous value at £2 15*s.* 6*d.*, and on which she has indulged in such pleasant day-dreams of the Fairy Prince who would one day invite her to share his Kingdom. The Fairy Prince has come—he is a clerk in a firm of outside brokers, and all her fancies had pictured him—and yet!

The door opens. He is seen standing outside in his travelling suit. Her Mother places the Bride's hand in his. He leads her out, while her Mother sinks into a wicker easy-chair with brocaded cushion reduced to 15*s.* 11*d.*, and the Bridesmaids prepare to throw a white satin slipper out of the window as the curtain falls.

Window the Second.

Scene.—A small but elegantly fitted Drawing-room, cost complete £29 3*s.* 4*d.* Time—Three weeks later. The Stage is clear at rising of Curtain.

The door on L. opens, and He appears. With a gesture of encouragement which only partially conceals his secret anxiety, he seems to be inviting someone to come in. The Bride enters. She looks pale; she dare not lift her eyes for fear of what she may see. He stands back, watching her expression with growing suspense. Suddenly her face lights up. She has noticed a placard on the carpet. Where, *where* has she seen the name of that firm before? Can it be——? Yes, it *is* the same establishment which gave such satisfaction to her own dear people! *Now* she can find courage to inspect her future domain. He looks on, smiling proudly, while, with increasing rapture, she takes in detail after detail. The French inlaid writing-bureau, with ormolu mounts, for £4 9*s.* 4*d.*; the luxurious Louis XV. settee at £3 17*s.* 0*d.*; the Chippendale corner china cabinet, a marvel of cheapness and utility, for £1 19*s.* 11*d.* only; the mahogany palm-stand, 9*s.* 10*d.*, with plant 10*s.* 4*d.*; the gipsy kettle coalscuttle at 5*s.* 8*d.*, and all the rest of her new treasures. She intimates not only her ecstatic delight, but her keen remorse for ever having doubted, even in thought, that his taste was otherwise than perfect. They embrace.

Suddenly she tears herself away and darts to the window. Then she conveys by gestures that her mother has just alighted from a cab and is about to pay them a surprise visit. He suggests in dumb show a harmless little practical joke. Why not remove all the tickets before her entrance? She assents gleefully, and the cards stating the price of each article are hastily thrust into a cupboard. The mother-in-law enters. Greetings. She stands aghast at all the evidences of reckless extravagance she beholds. In emphatic pantomime she upbraids her son-in-law for his mad folly and predicts his certain ruin. Laughingly, he extracts the tickets and replaces them on the various articles. The mother-in-law is amazed and appeased. She could not have believed that even Messrs. Fernie, Tuer & Co. could supply such goods at so low a figure. She intimates, like the Queen of Sheba, that the half was not told her, and that she would like to be taken over the house at once. They kneel before her, and she blesses them as the curtain falls on the picture.

Window the Third.

I haven't space to describe this thoroughly. The scene would be the Dining-room; the occasion, the Young Couple's first Dinner-party to two suburban married couples—pleasant people, to whom, however, furniture has not yet revealed itself as a Fine Art. The window would illustrate their naive admiration of the set of six Chippendale dining-room chairs with red leather seats at 19*s.* 11¾*d.*, and two carving ditto at 23*s.* 6*d.* They would start up from their places to examine the Chiming Grandsire Clock in the corner reduced to £7 9*s.* 2*d.*, the Cosy Wing Chair covered in real tapestry for 19*s.* 11*d.*, the massive American Maple Sideboard at £6 17*s.* 5*d.* They would be eagerly taking down the name and address of Messrs. Fernie, Tuer & Co., and expressing their intention to do up their own homes in precisely the same style, as the Curtain falls.

Or the Third Window might illustrate the First Quarrel, being an occasion when He, in a momentary aberration, brings home a "Curate" cake-plate stand of inferior design by a rival firm, and She insists that either It or She must leave the house. He is obdurate at first, but finally yields, and hurls the "Curate" cake-stand through the window, whilst She falls into his arms and the Curtain descends on a touching tableau of Reconciliation.

I shall endeavour in my next article to give another example of my method, in connection with an influential Concern which, while it does a little in furniture, is mainly occupied in pushing a somewhat higher line of goods.—F. A.

THE TRIUMPH OF FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.—II.



IT IS GRATIFYING TO FIND THAT THE PUBLICITY GIVEN LAST WEEK TO THE REFORMS PROMISED FOR THE COMING SEASON HAS HAD BENEFICENT RESULTS. MOTORISTS, INSTEAD OF BEING A MENACE TO THE COUNTRYSIDE, ARE NOW A JOY TO THE VILLAGES THROUGH WHICH THEY PASS.



THE HABIT OF DINING EXTRAVAGANTLY AT EXPENSIVE RESTAURANTS IS GIVING PLACE TO A PLAINER MODE OF LIVING. A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF HIGHER THINKING IS CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED TO RESULT.

OUR GARDEN.

What?
Not know our garden? The only spot
In the whole wide world where there's pleasure,
And leisure,
A treasure
That a man might seek with the whole of his mind
And never find,
Though he hunted far
From the golden bar
Of the sunset back to the morning star.

Here, where the thrushes spill from joyous throats
Their rippling tribute of melodious notes,
And where,
Though still the trees
Sway in this April breeze
Their branches bare,
There's a burst of life and a shimmer of green,
The first faint shimmer that's hardly seen,
And lo!
With a glow
That warms the earth
The grass breaks out in a burst of mirth
And a glitter of laughing sunlight fills
The golden cups of the Daffodils.

Now lift your eyes and see
The Almond tree.
Surely old Adam, when with lagging feet
And recollecting sighs
Sadly he fared to meet
His lot, and left the gates of Paradise:
Surely he thought, when all in front was gloom,
Of those irrevocable hours
Of sun and flowers,
And that pink flush of delicate Almond-bloom.

Out and away, where the poplars bound
The edge of the lawn, there's a jolly sound
Of children's laughter that rattles round.
Three little figures frisk together
For joy of the sunny April weather:
Cracketty-racketty, trip and stumble,
Up to it, on to it, bump and tumble:
A rout that never becomes a wrangle,
Flight, collision and shouts, a tangle
Of arms and faces and legs and frocks,
Of hats and ribbons and shining locks.
And, hark!
There's a bark
As the impudent Dandie joins the whirl
With a playful nip for each plump-legged girl;
But the great majestic St. Bernard fellow
In his dignified robe of orange yellow,
In his robe of state
He is couched sedate,
And he watches the games of these riotous Graces
Till they tumble about him,
And tug him and flout him,
And he lifts his head and he licks their faces.

So that's our garden. When next
You're oppressed
And distressed,
And more than usually perplexed
With the sort of worries that I can defy in it,
Drop me a line, and come and lie in it. R. C. L.

Commercial Candour.—"Don't wait for that Bald spot. Use Capilla."

DEFEATED AT LAST.

Indefatigable Japanese General Vanquished by Gallant Britishers.

"Nishi the Tireless," the hero of Motienling and now Director-General of Military Education at Tokio, is at present staying in London, and a *Daily Mail* interviewer has recently testified to the intrepid zest with which the gallant General pursues his world-quest for knowledge. Being, like the majority of Japan's warrior heroes, shy and reserved, and shrinking from the limelight of public adulation, General Nishi is anxious to dispel the notion conveyed by the interview that his capacity of endurance is absolutely unlimited, and to that end has courteously placed at our disposal extracts from his diary, which *Mr. Punch* has freely Englished, as follows:—

April 1.—Breakfasted with the eminent *littérateur* Mr. G. K. Chesterton, to meet Dr. C. W. Saleeby. Conversation general during the meal. After breakfast Mr. Chesterton began to expound the difference between Eastern and Western Quietism. Flow of language and volume of voice quite wonderful. At 1.30 P.M. monologue still unfinished. Excused myself on score of another engagement and returned to my hotel, took a dose of bromide and rested till 7.30. Dined at Smiles's vegetarian restaurant as the guest of forty Released Suffragettes. Came home in a tireless fourwheeler at 10.45.

April 2.—Breakfasted in bed. At eleven interviewed by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt. Lunched with Mr. Algernon Ashton. Went with Mr. Ashton in his Mors car, in company with Mr. Hayden Coffin, to visit Kensal Green, Woking and Highgate. Dined alone and went to the Notting Hill Literary Society to hear Mr. Chesterton lecture on Frank Richardson and Spinoza. At 11 P.M. no sign as yet of Spinoza. Brought home in an ambulance by Dr. Saleeby.

April 3.—Dr. Saleeby called in his motor to take me to see his new aeroplane at Brooklands, and play hockey with him in the afternoon at Bristol against the local team. Dr. Saleeby single-handed disables all opponents and then renders first aid. On the journey back to town he explains connection between Shinty and Shintoism. Collision with omnibus in Hammersmith; omnibus completely wrecked. Dr. Saleeby trepans the conductor and saves his life. Return to hotel 1.30 A.M.

April 4.—Lesson from Lovejoy in the anchor cannon stroke 11 to 1. In the afternoon practised Græco-Roman wrestling with Lancashire suffragettes. Motored with Dr. Saleeby to Ponder's End to hear Mr. Chesterton lecture on Aeroplanes and Aerated Bread.

April 5.—Suffering from severe brain fag. Declined all invitations and retired into a nursing home to undergo rest cure. Doctor pronounces me to be suffering from Saleebitis. (*Signed*) Nishi the Tired Out.

Sporting Intelligence.

"Young Australians are being given a chance to distinguish themselves in the sculling contests now proceeding at Oxford. The son of Mr. Justice Higgins is stroking the first 'togger' (emergency crew) at Balliol, and four other Australians are associated with him in the team."—*Argus.*

They are cheerful people at Renton, wherever that is. According to *The Glasgow Evening Citizen:*

"There were a lot of smiling faces at the annual meeting of Renton F.C. last night. The income for the season has been £87, and the outlay £740."

As one happy member observed to another, the deficit was on the right side anyhow.

IN HAPPY DUNMOW.

Rich Programme for the Bacon Festival.

Shakspeare is not to be allowed this year to have it all his own way. There is to be a Bacon Festival too, and it will be on a scale of some magnificence. St. Albans might seem at the first blush its best venue, but by a fortunate chance Dunmow's traditional claims were thought of in time, and the little Essex town (the birthplace of Clyde Flitch the great American dramatist) was selected for the high honour. A special service of motor omnibuses will run during the festival between St. Albans and this place, and the two towns for that occasion only will also be connected by wireless telegraphy.

The Dunmow Festival, which is in the capable hands of Mr. Louis Napoleon Porker, assisted by Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. William Harris and the President of the Baconian Society, will open on April 22, synchronously with the rival festival at Stratford-on-Avon for the play-actor and holder of horses' heads—William Shakspeare—to whom has fallen for too many years the honour of wearing the giant's robe, presented to him, for reasons of his own, by the Great Chancellor. The two Festivals will end simultaneously.

Mr. Porker has been fortunate in obtaining the services of a first-class touring company from Chicago, known as the Prime Packers, who will give a series of performances of Bacon's plays in the theatre that is now being rapidly built. On the opening night *Hamlet* will be played, with Mr. Thomas B. Rasher as the melancholy *Dane*, and Miss Lydia Brisket as *Ophelia*. These are both fat parts.

Mr. Hall Caine has rented a semi-detached villa for the fortnight, and will walk in the front garden daily.

A phrenologist (with a candle) will lecture hourly on the bumps of the ordinary Baconian.

There will be no Bensons present—either acting Bensons or writing Bensons.

The simple tribute of the townsfolk themselves will be offered in the way of a decoration of old places, and a procession of Dunmow children to the statue of Bacon (now being cast in lard by a leading sculptor), all in their Sunday frocks—carrying to strew there Bacon's own English flowers picked from the cottage-gardens and the fields round about—"rosemary for remembrance," and "lady smocks, all silver-white," and "cuckoo-buds," and "violets dim," and daffodils, and "pale primroses" and "freckled cowslips," and such others as at Dunmow even now "do paint the meadows with delight."

Every morning the Town Band will play "Ehren on the Rind."



HELP!

Lady (buying presents—to friend). "Now I wonder if that is the sort of tie that would be considered good taste by a man?"

Shopman. "Er—I selected it *myself* from a very large stock."

SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

(*Overheard on the spot by Our Special and Untrustworthy Reporter. With apologies to "The Observer."*)

I.—Mr. Cook (at the Mansion House Station).

Mr. Cook (to the booking-office clerk). Third-class single ticket to Cannon Street, please, and where do I change?

II.—Messrs. Freeman, Hardy and Willis (at the Ritz Hotel).

Mr. Freeman (room 345).
Mr. Hardy (room 346). } Boots!
Mr. Willis (room 347).

III.—Mr. Lyons (at Luncheon).

Mr. Lyons (to Waiter). Here, you! Why hasn't this bread been aërated?

IV.—Messrs. Negretti and Zambra (anywhere).

Mr. Negretti (to Mr. Zambra). Good morning.

V.—The Harrods (at Home).

Mrs. Harrod (curiously). My dear, where can one buy good cheese?

Mr. Harrod (smartly). At the Stores, of course.

Mrs. Harrod (absently). What Stores?

Mr. Harrod (automatically). Army and Navy.

VI.—Messrs. Salmon and Gluckstein (at the Club).

Mr. Salmon (to Mr. Gluckstein). Cigar?

Mr. Gluckstein (to Mr. S.). No, thanks.



TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

Mrs. T. "I'M AFRAID IT'S A 'YARMOUTH,' MY DEAR." *Mr. T.* "A 'SCARBOROUGH,' MY LOVE, A 'SCARBOROUGH.'"

A BID FOR SYMPATHY.

In a recent interview, Mr. GOSLING, L.C.C., referring to the proposed Summer Steamboat Service, is reported to have said, "If there is going to be a repetition of the kind of criticism we had last year and the year before, and if we are to have incessant attacks made upon the service by outside people, *it will be quite impossible to make it a success.*"

But why not a few notices on the steamers themselves to this effect? The British Public is always quick to take a hint. "Don't jeer at the engines. They are doing their best," placed abaft the funnel, will, we are quite certain, save these delicate pieces of mechanism from hearing many unfeeling remarks. Lack of outside sympathy will cause even the most insensitive engine to lose pride in its work.

To ensure a successful season the captain and his crew—or rather, staff—should also be protected. Nothing tells so much against perfect seamanship as the knowledge that the captain has not the entire confidence of his passenger. "Don't cough when the captain misses a pier," should work wonders.

We also learn that Time Tables are to be dispensed with this year. This "improvement" is bound to lead to unkind criticism, unless it is politely pointed out that time of arrival must necessarily depend on the state of the tide and the piermaster's tea-hour. Should the captain run into a fog bank or shoal of porpoises and be delayed accordingly, let him display the Sympathetic Departure notice-board, on one of the gangways. "When you arrive at your destination (or any other destination you may care to use) leave the Steamboat quietly, *without looking at your watch.*"

But as many more notice-boards might interfere with the view of the lovely Thames Valley sunsets (and every passenger expects at least one of these on each trip), the L.C.C. might issue an Etiquette of the River. A neatly bound brochure (1*d.*, of all respectable newsagents) containing the following additional hints, would ensure a successful season:—

1. When passing a breakdown you are earnestly requested to say very loudly so that the captain may hear, "She's waiting for her engines to cool down," or else, "Hat overboard."

2. Ties and hat ribbons to match the paintwork of the steamboats are sold in the Refreshment Saloon. Buy one, and encourage the Council by your support.

3. Should you happen to pass an empty steamer (although this is highly improbable) it is quite unnecessary to inform its captain that there is a passenger waiting at Westminster Bridge. Such news is telephoned from the previous pier.

4. All intercourse between the general public and members of the crew should be limited to the usual courtesies. An occasional reference to the healthy colour of the steward, boatswain, and ticket-collector, however, will not be considered bad form.

5. Children in arms are admitted, but must not criticise while the captain is berthing his steamer or hauling in the log.



"RENOWNÈD SALISBURY."

John Bull. "WHAT'S THIS? 'PROPOSED FOREIGN OFFICE MEMORIAL TO LORD SALISBURY?' EXCELLENT IDEA--BUT WHY NOT A *NATIONAL* ONE TOO?"



M.F.H. (*to enthusiastic follower who is first in at the death*). "YOU KNOW, JIM, YOU SHOULDN'T BE A BUTCHER; YOU OUGHT TO BE A HUNTSMAN."

Jim. "ALL RIGHT, M'LORD! I'LL CHANGE PLACES WI' YOU, AND I WON'T CHARGE YE NOTHIN' FOR THE GOOD-WILL O' THE BUSINESS!"

PARTURIUNT MONTES.

THUS wisely spake my wife to me:
"Though wedded we have been
Ten tedious years, each Easter we
A holiday have seen.

"Gay Paris oft has been our haunt;
We 've had, too, as you know,
A shockingly expensive jaunt
To sunny Monaco.

"We 've borrowed money (when 'twas Lent)
To see the sights of Rome—
I shudder at the sums we 've spent:
This year we 'll stay at home.

"Each morning you shall write in peace
Some dainty villanelle,
And thus we shall not only cease
To spend—we 'll make as well.

"Nor, when your holiday is o'er,
Will you be quite run down;
But, with your strength renewed, once more
You 'll toddle off to town."

So spake my wife with frugal mind;
I listened like a lamb,
To all she might decree resigned -
And here, in short, I am.

Each morning finds me at my desk,
Each evening finds me still
Awaiting something picturesque
That may inspire my quill.

I struggle not to see the sun
That lures me with his tales
Of all the wonders he has done
Among the Surrey vales.

I struggle, too, with knitted brows,
To keep my fancy's glance
From where, below the greening boughs,
The daffodillies dance.

I struggle not to think of BROWN
Who loafs the weeks away
A thousand miles from smutty town
Beside fair Naples Bay.

I struggle to forget that SMITH
Is mouching at his case
In puggaree and hat of pith
Along the Pyrenees.

I struggle (vainly) not to guess
How JOHNSON—happy man!—
Is spending hours of idleness
Beneath the palms at Cannes.

I struggle in a mortal throe,
On desperation's verge,
And after all my travail, lo!
These versicles emerge.

IT has often been said that sportsmen are not as a rule very ready with the pen. Yet in the following passage from *The Field* how clearly are the salient facts of the case made to stand out!

"In October last a case was before the magistrates at Swansea, in which the defendant, whose dog, it was alleged, had worried certain sheep, should be kept under control or destroyed, under the provisions of the Dogs Act of 1871."

Service Notes.

The New Rifle Sight.

"TO-DAY with a pea rifle the teacher saw a 5-ft. snake entering the shelter shed."

South Australian Register.

THE PALACE OF PUCK.

When I can afford it I shall take a theatre of my own. Then—not immediately, perhaps, because there are one or two other things I should like to do with it first, but some time or other—I shall invite Mr. W. J. Locke to produce his *Palace of Puck* all by himself, choosing his players and making them do what he tells them. I should like to find out if he was really satisfied with the cast and its performance at the Haymarket. Of course if he was, there is no more to be said. But then I should have to assume either that he does not understand his own play or that *I* don't—the one an uncivil, the other an entirely uncritical, assumption.

The play is a little fantastic piece of fairyland, having no relation, in its characters and details, to real life. Some faint touch of bygone worlds there may be in it, a touch of Murger in the Bohemians, a touch of Dickens in the Philistines, but nothing nearer to the world as we know it than that. The theme of the play, which is the opposition of the artistic and Philistine temperaments, is actual enough: the critics who found *that* old-fashioned were wrong: the words may be catch-words of which we are weary, but the things are eternal in civilisation. The presentment, however, is entirely unreal, the people are symbols of qualities, not real people at all. The Philistine attitude to life, symbolised chiefly by an incredible merchant, is compelled to sojourn for a week with the artistic attitude to life, symbolised by equally incredible artists, and the sojourn has a wonderful effect on it. It is a pretty idea, now and then marred in the writing by a rather bald facetiousness, and a little too thinly spread out, but on the whole carried through many scenes of charm and humour to a conclusion of happy sentiment.

Clearly—which means that I think so, anyhow—in such a play the artists should have been made fantastically beautiful, the Philistines fantastically grotesque. But with one or two exceptions the actors, on the first night at the Haymarket, fulfilled nothing of this requirement, unless that—I do hate finding fault—the ladies could not help being beautiful. They insisted on being as real as they could. There was Mr. Fred Kerr for example. His great gift as an actor is that he is "convincing," exactly like a score of men you know—and that was just what was not wanted. As the impossible merchant he was made to say many grotesque things: "I disapprove of"—almost everything except Mincing Lane and his suburb. Of course he ought to have worn a frock-coat, cut short, a protruding white waistcoat, and comic trousers; Mr. Kerr was dressed like any contemporary English merchant on his travels (the scene is a French château), that is to say, like a man who would have talked a great deal about sport, a little, very likely, about art, and never have mentioned his business once. And so he acted: a figure from real life saying impossible things. It was originally announced that Mr. Hawtrey was to play this part. I should have liked immensely to see him in it: it is quite unlike anything I have seen him do, but with his *verve* and sense of fun he ought to have made a delightful grotesque of it.

I think the merchant's wife, *Mrs. Podmore*, should have been a grotesque



Mr. Fred Kerr (as Christopher Podmore, who belongs to a period before lounge suits). "I say, I don't like this costume. There don't seem to be any pockets to put my hands in!"

Mr. Ben Webster (as Max Riadore). "Look how beautifully I manage it!"

also, but that evidently Mr. Locke shirked, making her merely a charming, unappreciated woman, not really Philistine at all, and so spoiling the balance of his play. Miss Marion Terry, being Miss Marion Terry, had more charm and grace than all the professedly artistic people put together, and was in no need of conversion at all. It was ridiculous to be told that (even in Stoke Tootington: these jokes about the suburbs are really rather thread-bare, Mr. Locke) no one had ever made love to her before. Miss Miriam Clements as an artist's model, called *The Witch* because she wore a lovely red dress, was beautiful enough but not fantastic at all. She showed genuine indignation at the merchant's insults, and was genuinely touched when he fell in love with her—all very nice acting if it had been in a different sort of play.

But I will not go on finding fault. Mr. Ben Webster had a touch of the fantastic as a Chopin-playing "dreamer," and Mr. Esmond, as *Puck*, the presiding genius of the whole affair, had a great deal of it. So far as the acting went he saved the play, and if only he had been properly balanced by a lighter comedian in *Mr. Podmore's* part.... Well, well. Mr. Locke must remind me of his fantasy when I have taken my theatre.

That is, if he agrees with my criticisms. If not, he needn't trouble. Rue.

ROYAL AND ANCIENT LIGHTS.

(An Essay in the Irrelevant by Our Golfing Expert.)

Considerable excitement has been aroused on the Sunningcombe Links during the Easter holidays by the rumour that Sandy Auchtermuchty had become a vegetarian. Inquiries have proved the rumour to be correct, and the facts revealed furnish a most interesting commentary on the psycho-physiology of the thinking golfer. Auchtermuchty, as we need not remind our readers, is not only a very fine player, but a profound believer in the reaction of mind on matter. The other day, after a light lunch of bread and cheese, he found that he putted with exceptional accuracy. Experimenting further on the same lines, he gave up meat for two or three days and found that his game improved in every department. Bread and cheese, milk and nuts now form the staple of his diet. Before a match he calms his nerves with a dose of phenacetin, and before going to bed he smokes one pipe of bromo-Cavendish—the well-known Chatsworth brand. Golfers being essentially an imitative tribe, the effect of his example on the Sunningcombe amateurs has been most striking; and whereas the average weekly consumption of sloe gin used to be about 4,000 pints, it has now dwindled to less than 500.

Is piano-playing good for golfers? The result of a *plébiscite* of scratch amateur players recently held by *The Week End* is not exactly conclusive, but is most interesting as a revelation of individuality. Mr. Mure Fergusson judiciously observes: "Anything that tends to expand the mental horizon and develope the æsthetic sense of the golfer must *ex ipso facto* enhance his efficiency. The golfer should aim at being urbane, not suburban. Personally I find that an hour's practice at Chopin's *Etudes* is an indispensable preliminary to a serious match."

Mr. J. L. Low also strongly recommends the piano as promoting delicacy of manipulation, but, on the other hand, Andrew Kirkaldy condemns it as an enervating pursuit. "The good golfer,"



ARMS AND THE ——.

Mrs. Flanagan. "Well, I suppose we'll soon be having policewomen, and then you'll be out of a job."
P.-C. Flanagan. "No, my dear, I fancy ye'll find the sthrong arm of the law will always be wearin' the throusers!"

he remarks, "should be a man, not a whey-faced, long-haired ivory-tickler." Ben Sayers, somewhat irrelevantly, eulogises the bagpipes as the only instrument worth cultivating; while Massey, the famous Biarritz professional, waxes lyrical on the charms of the *tambour de Basque.* Harry Vardon says that he prefers the pianola, as you can't get a good stance on the pedals of a piano; but Mr. Edward Blackwell thinks that Leschetitzky's method unquestionably makes the wrists stronger and suppler, and even goes so far as to recommend that pianofortes should form part of the equipment of every golf club-house in the kingdom.

Great and general sympathy is felt for Mr. Max Bamberger, the famous Beckenham amateur, in the sad misfortune that befell him in a recent club match. Mr. Bamberger, who stood one up at the sixteenth hole, sliced his ball out of bounds into the pigsty of an adjacent farm. On endeavouring to recover the ball, Mr. Bamberger was seriously bitten by a large Berkshire hog and is still confined to his house. What renders the outrage peculiarly distressing is the fact that the farmer refused to pay compensation, and even expressed an inhuman satisfaction at the temporary discomfiture of the eminent amateur.

We understand that an interview with Andrew Kirkaldy on "The New Theology" will shortly appear in *The Daily Chronicle*, not, as has been incorrectly stated in some of our contemporaries, in *The Hibbert Journal.* Kirkaldy, as thinking golfers are well aware, not only holds original views on teleological problems, but has the faculty of expressing them in a most pungent and excoriating style.

GRADATION.

[An alarmist has suggested that, with the multiplicity of subjects for which Degrees are nowadays conferred, we may soon have Masters and Bachelors of Cookery.]

As Father Time his passage wings,
We prize more highly certain things:
A comfy chair, a cosy fire,
Epitomise the heart's desire;
The feeling, too, *in prandii itinere*,
That all is, as it ought to be, culinary.

My cook was all a cook could be;
He'd got an Honours' *chef* Degree—
The "to-a-turnness" of his chop
Brought him out very near the top;
And nobody was ever known as quick as he
At frying up a fritter or a fricassee.

Of course, with such a skilful one,
My dinner-parties went like fun;
My social reputation grew
More than was, possibly, its due;
You couldn't find more palatable chicken, ham,
Et cetera, from Temple Bar to Twickenham.

Alas, it all is over now;
One day he broke it to me how
He'd had an unexpected "call"
To abdicate the Servants' Hall,
"I fear, Sir, I must shortly quit 'The Rookery,'
To take up a Professorship in Cookery."

And so I'm left disconsolate;
Just at this moment, on my plate
Lie four potatoes—every one
Abominably underdone.
A cookery professor! Of absurdities
The wildest and absurdest, 'pon my word, it is!

OUR SERIAL STORY.

"THE SECRET OF IT."

Given away by William Le Queux and E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Le Queux *crossed his legs and lit a cigarette.*

"*Suppose you begin,* Oppenheim," *he said, with a wave of his hand.*

"Your room, Sir," said the hall porter at the *Hotel Inevitable*, as he threw open the door with a flourish of keys.

In a moment my mind was made up.

"I will take it," I said.

In the light of what happened afterwards I have often wondered what it was that stayed my foot at the instant that I was about to cross the threshold of the room. Can it have been chance only, or did something, some unknown spiritual force, warn me that my fate was sealed the moment that the door of 317 was closed upon me? Had any living man suggested to me that in such a respectable London hotel as the *Inevitable* a deadly drama could work itself out in secret I should have laughed him to scorn.

But, whatever the reason, the fact remains that for an instant I drew back, and in that instant something happened which changed the current of my thoughts entirely, and was destined to influence the whole of my after-life.

A woman had entered the corridor. She was young; and I felt that there was something foreign in her appearance, though of what nationality I could not determine. Her hair was of a shade between brown and golden, and the soft yet firm outline of her features was such that it was obvious that I was in the presence of no ordinary woman. Just for a moment, I was able to get this hurried impression of her, and then she was gone.

With a new air of determination I turned to the hall porter, and drew out my revolver. He stopped in astonishment, but I waved him on into the open room.

"I will take it," I said, for the second time that evening. But this time I said it grimly, and with no throbbings of hesitation at my heart. I had a mind to see what was in that room.

Le Queux. What was?

Oppenheim. Aha!

Le Q. Oh, don't bother to keep it up with me. I'm in the trade too. And, by the way, don't you think that the Hotel business is being a little bit overdone? Everybody starts that way now. Now I thought——

Op. (*huffily*). All right, then, do it yourself.

Le Q. No, no—I didn't mean I think it's a very good beginning. I assure you I am quite excited. But if a slightly older hand might be allowed to suggest .... something in this line, eh? .... Don't you think ....

"The Secret!"

As these words were uttered in a tone of mingled doubt and uncertainty, the stranger withdrew his eyes from the house opposite him, and ran them over the remainder of the well-built residences that formed the square in Bayswater into which Chance had that moment driven him. "Confound it!" he muttered to himself, for he had a bad habit of talking aloud, and which he had long meant to cure himself of, "if I cannot find which of these houses is the one I am looking for, I shall have to look about for some other way of obtaining the information of which I am so badly in need. Let me see," and he drew out again a dirty and crumpled piece of paper and proceeded carefully to study it by the light of an adjacent lamp.

At this psychological moment a six-cylinder, 60 h.p., beautifully fitted Napier Car swung round the corner of the square, and a quie[illegible] footman jumped out and came straig[illegible]t towards him.

"Beg pardon, Sir Jasper," he began.

The stranger turned sharply, as if he had been bitten, at the same time replying,

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake, my good man." And then, as the light fell upon the upturned face of the footman, he could not repress a start.

Oppenheim. Why?

Le Queux. Aha!

Op. Oh, you can't take in me. But really, Le Q.—a London square! How many mysteries in London squares have we had, do you think? One million? Two million? No, I think we had better leave the beginning as I had it.

Le Q. Considering I was doing this sort of thing before you were born——

Op. Oh, stop that. Let's leave the beginning altogether, if you like, and get on to the plot. Now here's my idea. There's a German spy, at least he's really an English nobleman, but anyhow he is in possession of a secret about the invasion of England by Germany, and the rising of hundreds of thousands of waiters; and he has been caught by two Germans and is being slowly poisoned. So he hands the secret on to the hero who plays cricket for his county. And the hero wins over the heroine to his side—she was really an American in league with the Germans—and with her help, and the help of *The Daily Mail*, all is saved. And the poisoned man recovers..... There, what do you think of that?

Le Q. Rotten.

Op. (*indignantly*). Well, I like that, considering all that *you*'ve done for Germany and *The Daily Mail.*

Le Q. Yes, yes, but one must explore new fields now and then. Now, listen to this. This really, though I say it myself, is charming. Quite charming..... There is a man, a very wicked man, who moves in Society and is really a king of thieves. And he owns the whole of this London square I was telling you of; and he has a pneumatic tube which I can't explain just now, and a butler and a telephone, and he hides the jewels of a well-known Society beauty in the desk of his rival, and .... well, I mean, it's all frightfully exciting, and I really think, Op., old chap, that you and



Chipleigh, the Sculptor (as he follows his colossal group to the Royal Academy): "They may chuck it, but they can't *ignore* it."

I could make rather a good thing of it. Eh?

Op. But, good Heavens, Le Q., it's all so old and hackneyed. No, no. Now if you and I were to tackle *my* story—*you* could do the foreign complications part, and *I'd* look after the grammar and the style and so on, and——

Le Q. (*producing a revolver, coldly*). I beg your pardon?

Op. (*producing his*). Really, Le Q., you didn't think I hadn't one too, did you?

Le Q. (*rather annoyed*). What's the matter? I just took mine out to polish it. Well, I suppose we'd better each write our own book, as we evidently can't agree on even the simplest points. I shall call mine *The Secret of the Square*, and I don't mind telling you that I shall let White publish it.

Op. (*triumphantly*). I shall call mine *The Secret* quite simply; and what about Ward, Lock for the publishers?

Le Q. (*carelessly*). Op. 193.

Op. (*still more carelessly*). My one hundred and ninety-fourth Le Queuilleton.

DRAMA OF THURSDAY:

Or, L'Art de rien dire.

(*With acknowledgments to The Daily Telegraph.*)

While the phenomenal success of the recent Pantomime at Drury Lane was happily such as to show no appreciable sign of diminution, the approach of midsummer, and the existence of prior engagements on the part of the principal artists concerned, are all factors which Mr. Arthur Collins is too astute a manager to leave out of consideration. This being the case, it will occasion the playgoing public no surprise to learn that the National Theatre has closed its doors, not to re-open them until the expiration of a period whose length will of necessity be dictated by circumstances. When, however, this welcome event takes place we have every reason to believe that the management of Old Drury will be discovered to have provided for their patrons an attraction of a most interesting, and at the same time unusual, nature. In view of a recent protest we refrain at present from the publication of further and more detailed particulars, contenting ourselves with the assurance that, before long, readers of "Drama of Thursday" will once more have occasion to acknowledge the verity of our prognostications.

Be this as it may, however, it will be welcome news to the admirers, both young and old, of that thoroughly English institution, the Christmas pantomime, that the reception of *Sindbad the Sailor* has been such as to justify Mr. Arthur Collins in contemplating a somewhat similar venture for the winter of 1907–8. It is, of course, too early as yet to speak on the matter with any degree of assurance, but we are happy to be in a position to state that, should present intentions be carried out, the novelty will in all likelihood be founded upon a well-known and popular legend, which is, we understand, to be treated rather in a humorous than a realistic spirit. Further than this it would at this juncture be obviously indiscreet to go, but we may be permitted to indicate a possibility that room will be found for the inclusion in the musical score of such melodies as shall between then and now have commended themselves to the popular taste.

Rumour has of late been more than usually busy with the prospective arrangements of Mr. George Alexander. Happily however we are now able to set speculation at rest by the authoritative announcement that for a successor to Mr. Sutro's present successful play (when in the natural order of things one shall be required) the popular County Councillor will be found to have turned again to a source which has before this supplied him with material for certain of his conspicuous triumphs. To put the matter more plainly, one of the most distinguished of our leading playwrights has within the last few days received a commission to furnish Mr. Alexander with a piece of a somewhat similar character to those in which author and manager have already been so beneficially associated. Should however the play in question when completed prove unsuitable to Mr. Alexander's requirements, we have reason to believe that precedence may be given to a work of strong emotional interest by a dramatist who has not hitherto obtained a hearing in London; though it is obvious that the claims of an adaptation from the French, or a revival of one of the earlier successes of the St. James's Theatre, are by no means to be overlooked, while there is more than a possibility that opportunity may be taken for the presentation of a Shakesperian production of an unusually attractive character.

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"Frankie, dear, I don't think you have washed your face and hands as I told you to."
"No, Ma; but I've dusted them very carefully."

OWED TO A TELEPHONE GIRL.

"But though I listen to thy voi-hoi-hoice
Thy face I never see."
Old Ballad

Girl of the ever-varying voice—
Now cheerful as a blackbird's song,
Bidding the wakened world rejoice
In summer sunshine, hot and strong,
And now a very Fury's yell
That, hearing, I have inly raged,
Knowing of old—alas, too well—
It means, to all my pleas: *Engaged!*

Who are you, pray? Do you and I
In tubes or buses ever meet,
Or pass each other idly by
As total strangers in the street?
Or are you composite, and not
A maid of curious moods that run
From heavenly sweet to - you know what,
But several girls who speak as one?

A piquant problem! But to-day,
When messages not mine I get,
Whilst all my own you send astray,
Making confusion wilder yet,
My int'rest turns to passion fast,
Until I simply long to view
Your face, O fair Unknown, at last,
And tell you—what I think of you!

The New Geography.

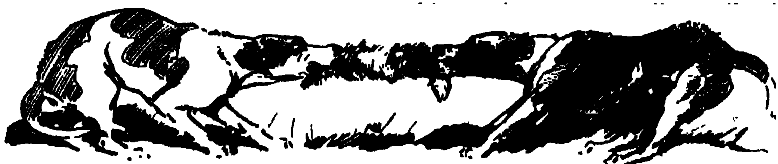
Schoolmaster. Where is the Amazon?
Boy. In Holloway Gaol.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. R. W. Chambers was right in giving to his new and most attractive novel, published by Constable, the name of *The Fighting Chance*, in the singular; although his most delightful hero is represented as enjoying two of them—(1) the chance of conquering an inherited taste for alcohol, (2) the chance of winning the hand of a lady who is betrothed to somebody else. For the second "fighting chance" was a very soft thing, nearly all the hard work being done by the lady herself. This charming *Sylvia* belongs to a virginal type unknown outside America. At one time she will risk her reputation by a hazardous tryst with her lover in a dark corridor in the dead of night; at another she will "turn scarlet to the hair," and be stunned by "the deliberate grossness" of the suggestion, advanced by the man whom she proposes to marry for his wealth, that he has a fancy for children to be born to inherit it.

The author gives an admirable picture of life in an American country-house during the shooting season. Grouse, it would seem (p. 10), are shot in coverts; and the guns, male and female, have the habit, intolerable to English taste, of recording in the gunroom books their own individual achievements, showing the proportion of game killed to cartridges expended. Among the minor characters is an incredible English lord, who does little beside laughing raucously and blinking. The following is one of his rare remarks: "Gad, she's well rid of him if he's been choking her this long—the rank, rotten weed that he is, sapping the life from her, so when she hung over toward another fellow's bush we thought she was frail in the stem · God bless us all for a simpering lot of blatherskites!" This is, of course, good enough for American consumption, and Mr. Chambers has to keep up the anti-English bias which helped to popularise some of his earlier work in his own country; but if he wants to avoid making himself ridiculous in the eyes of enlightened readers over here, he should try and meet a peer or two before he attempts to reproduce their methods of diction.



THE END OF THE SEASON.

There is little intentional mirth in the book, but the struggles of a wealthy *parvenu* to wedge himself into an aristocracy of New Yorkers, whose exclusiveness is taken by themselves, and the author, very seriously, furnish a rich element of undesigned humour.

Mr. Pegram's delicate drawings add greatly to the charm of a work that is sure of a wide success.

In *Poison Island* (Smith, Elder) you
Will find precisely the kind of brew
Which readers do well to expect from "Q."
Mysterious mariners scheme and plot
For buried treasure concealed at a spot
That's shown on a travel-stained parchment map
Possessed by a drunken sea-captain chap.
The captain is scotched by a mate, and he
Himself goes after the £ *s. d.*
But not till the clue (as is only right)
Has managed to come to the hero's sight.
His friends assist; there's a frantic chase;
Murders happen all over the place;
And incidents press on the crowded stage
Till the final word of the final page.
And when the ultimate chapter's read,
And you've mopped your temples and cooled your head,
And restored your locks, which bristling rose,
To their usual sleek, recumbent pose,
You'll thank your stars that the tale's not true,
And quaff a bumper to "Good old 'Q.'"

One of the things that pleased me most in *The Wingless Victory* (Lane), by M. P. Willcocks, was *Captain Penrice's* sermon in the village tabernacle at Challacombe. "The preaching of *Captain Penrice* was a fearful joy to most, especially to the guilty consciences, for he practised a certain species of sharp-shooting amongst the congregation, the writhing victims of which were watched by the rest of the audience with a glee not unmixed with dread." But I don't know that it is fair to specify this incident. The book is full of good things, and in particular it contains a remarkably subtle picture of a woman who is a living typhoon of small emotions. The village atmosphere serves, perhaps, to set this figure off by way of contrast, but it is atmosphere sufficiently cleverly made to permeate rather than frame it. I keep a little list of names which are worth looking out for on book covers, and I have added that of Miss Willcocks.

Jane Wardle, in *The Artistic Temperament* (Alston Rivers), shows a distinct power of recording observations readably. It is a power, that is to say, rather of describing existing types than of creating new ones, but it is done so well that every now and then you seem almost to have met them. They are not particularly pleasant people to meet, but somehow you don't want to put the book down till you have finished it. I am not quite clear as to which of the characters is supposed to have the artistic temperament. Is it the suburban lady who, carried away by the romance of the artistic world, falls in love with a painter friend of her husband's? Or is it the painter himself, who paints her portrait, and gradually breaks faith with his *fiancée*? Or is it the young man in the City, who cuts literary gems from the weekly papers, and brings the liaison to a climax with a revolver? I am not sure which, and I don't know that it matters much, for Jane Wardle writes a good hand and uses a very legible kind of ink, and that's the great thing. By the way, why Jane? Wouldn't John give a more accurate indication of the author's sex?

Not even a Shilling!

Among *The Times'* book bargains one day last week was its own A. B. W.'s volume of Dramatic criticisms for—what? Five pounds and cheap at that? No, elevenpence. This strikes the outsider as being neither paternal nor kind.

The difficulties and discouragements which meet the almanac compiler at every turn are hardly realised by the uninitiated. On page 185 of our *Whitaker* we read, under the heading "Religious Creeds of Prisoners:"—

"The religious convictions of one prisoner could not be ascertained, as he was unfortunately suffering from delirium tremens."

And, as a consequence, the statistics for the year are completely disorganised.

There was an advertisement in *The Era* the other day for a theatrical company, "previous experience unnecessary, as it is the desire of the Management to achieve something novel." We are sorry to damp these aspirations, but, as regular theatre-goers, we can assure the Management that the thing has been *vieux jeu* for a long time.



"Straight on till you come to 'No Thoroughfare'; up that and turn to your left down 'Forbidden to Cyclists;' left again along 'Strictly Private;' sharp to the right through the wood marked 'Trespassers will be Prosecuted;' then ask a Bobby."

MR. PUNCH'S CITY COLUMN.

The Money Market was in rather a depressed condition to-day. Consols fell a sixteenth partly on account of rumours of a Suffragette revolution and partly because the hints that Mr. Churchill will be offered a Cabinet position still continue.

American Rails were very dull on the announcement that Mr. Rockefeller purposed giving ten millions to educational work in the States. It was thought that this signifies an all-round reduction in shareholders' dividends.

Newspaper shares were lifeless, the dearth of interesting murders and the superabundance of Mr. Haldane's speeches placing the control of this market entirely in the hands of the bears. British Weeklies alone offered a passive resistance to the efforts of operators for the fall.

The £300,000 ten per cent. loan issued by the City of Bagdad has been taken up eagerly by local investors. It is understood that the prospectuses were not distributed as usual through the post, but left at capitalists' houses by the Bastinado Guard, with the intimation that the Head Impaler would call next day for applications.

Marked activity was observed in Westminster Collieries. The extent of the boring increases daily, and it is felt on the market that something may eventually come of it. There are rumours of large buying of deferred shares by a powerful waste-paper syndicate.

A decided spurt took place in Empire Diamond Fields. The report of the Company's expert, that though the property does not appear diamondiferous yet the seventy square miles of desert would make an admirable camel or ostrich farm, being regarded as a bull point. The pound shares were quoted at 1½d.-2d. (ex dividend).

The fall in Amalgamated Air-ships continues. Wall-papers stick much as they were. Bleachers are still colourless. The purchase of Exeter Hall by a catering syndicate was regarded as a bull point for breweries and distilleries, and caused a sympathetic rise in De Beers. Chatham and Dovers were slow to move. There was a disconnected demand for National Telephones.

A rumour that Mr. G. B. Shaw and Mr. Zangwill would both join the Directorate of the new *Times* Publishing Trust made no difference at all.

Answers to Correspondents.

"Privy Councillor."—The letter you send from Messrs. Hope and Honour promising a weekly dividend of £12 2*s.* 3*d.* on every five pounds invested is not altogether to be relied upon. You had much better lose your money through a respectable member of the Stock Exchange.

"Speculator." — Sorry my advice regarding Klondykes misled you. Owing to a printer's error my advice, "Sell for the fall," appeared in type as "Buy for the rise." These little slips will happen. Cannot say how low Klondykes will go, but should say about sixty degrees below zero.

"Oil King."—The difference between bulling and bearing shares is this: If you are a bull you buy in hope of a rise and they fall; if you are a bear you buy in hope of a fall and they rise. Of course you need be neither bull nor bear, but simply purchase shares as an investment. Then they usually cease paying dividends.

Lord Cromer.

Great are the wonders that thy Kings of yore,
O ancient Egypt, reared beside the Nile—
Palace and Pyramid and storied pile
To stand in majesty for evermore:
Yet where is wonder greater than the reign
Of this wise Governor, who, trained for war,
Laid healing hands upon a nation's sore,
And stablished peace with plenty in her train?
O ancient Egypt, by whose sleepless flood
Yon mighty fanes uprose in ages dim,
Cemented by ten myriad toilers' blood,
Which of thy rulers may compare with him
Who raised the poor, undid the oppressor's wrong,
And set the throne of Justice high and strong?

NATURE STUDIES.

The Motor Bus.

I happen to be exceptionally well situated for studying the habits of the Motor Bus, for, living as I do within easy hail of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, I have only to stroll into Victoria Street at any moment of the day to see dozens of these vehicles thumping, clanking and snorting their swift and gaudy way to or from Westminster. Vanguards, Generals, and I know not what other types: for weeks and months past I have beheld these gigantic excrescences upon our modern civilisation tearing furiously and inexorably through the crowded traffic, and I think I am now qualified to pronounce upon them. I do not propose to take a side in the dreadful quarrel now raging between the haughty, nervous and delicate-nosed inhabitants of South Kensington, let us say, and the defiant proprietors of these motor cars for the million. If it be true that South Kensington is to become a depopulated waste because wheels make a noise and petrol-engines a smell, I fear that no effort on my part can prevent the catastrophe. I shall watch with interest the slow dwindling of the Cromwell Road, the attenuation of Queen's Gate, and the disappearance from human view of Rowland Gardens and the Boltons, confident in any case that I shall still have the Albert Hall, the Memorial, the Museums and the Brompton Oratory to fall back upon in times of trouble.

What chiefly strikes me about the Motor Bus is this: wherever I have investigated it I have never seen it without a complement of passengers, and yet nowhere have I beheld it pick up any. Dauntless old gentlemen, for whom the London streets seemed to hold no terrors, have placed themselves in advantageous positions, and have waved angry umbrellas and shouted "Hi-hi!" at the top of their admirable British voices; old ladies have courted death by stepping timidly out into the street in front of the advancing monster, and then flying back to the shelter of the pavement so as to express by an appropriate pantomime their desire that the monster should stop—but, as a matter of fact, the monster never has stopped. Sighs, imprecations, the agitated umbrellas of men, and the lifted, imploring hands of womanhood, have all been in vain, for the Bus has gone by without replenishing its burden. Why is this? Whence comes this amazing dislike of the Motor Bus to the picking up of passengers? And, further, how comes it that, in spite of this dislike, no Motor Bus is ever empty? I submit these questions to an intelligent public in the confident expectation that it will be found impossible to answer them.

As I walked slowly homeward last night along Victoria Street I was passed by a Motor Bus. It, too, was proceeding slowly, for the street, owing to a recent fall of rain, was very greasy. The hour was late and there were few other vehicles abroad at that moment at this particular spot. Slowly, as I say, the Omnibus proceeded—slowly and in a straight line, faring onward to Victoria Station. Suddenly, close by the Army and Navy Stores, it seemed to waver. Then, gathering courage once more, it pranced skittishly forward with a sidling motion, and finally, pirouetting round until it faced towards Westminster, stopped in a kind of dishevelled amazement—like a scared mastodon. It had skidded, but the incident had evidently found it unprepared. Nothing could have equalled the fatuous solemnity, the almost exaggerated decency, with which it accomplished the manœuvre, and nothing could have been more grotesque than its manner of stopping. It seemed to shout loudly for help; I almost heard it calling the spectators to witness that after all it had behaved with dignity and propriety under circumstances that might have upset the best-bred Bus in the world.

When next I am told that the Motor Bus has come to stay, I shall permit myself to point out that the only moment when I myself have seen it at rest was after it had skidded and lost its head. Ordinarily it does not stay: it goes very rapidly somewhere else, and carries with it only such passengers as are under a contract to inhabit it permanently. And this is the engine that has lowered the rents and ruined the peace of South Kensington!

"WHAT OFT WAS THOUGHT."

["I hope you will soon recover from your disposition."—*Extract from a private letter.*]

O glorious sentiment! Oft would I grope for it—
Scarcely dared hope for it,
Hardly could think
The feeling my soul was so frequently smitten with
Could have been written with
So little ink.
But now has my thought found the voice that it sought,
And the phrase has been brought
To my ken,
Through the strangest of haps, by the lapse of a chap's
Untutored and letterless pen.

When Jones, who, whenever he feels conversational,
Grows educational,
Starts to recall
The crimes of the Board and its red-tape futilities,
Storming his fill at his
Bête noir, Whitehall;
When he raves of Clause 3, or of Circular B.
When at paragraph D.
The man moans,
Then I long for the lore to restore you once more
From your disposition, dear Jones.

When Brown starts to talk of his friends, Alfred Tennyson,
Maurice (Fred Denison),
Tommy Carlyle,
Mat Arnold, Bob Browning—his intimate talks with them,
Long country walks with them
Mile after mile;
When he tells how they roared at the sallies he scored
When they met at Bob's board
Up in town,
I wish—yes, I do!—I knew how to cure you
Of your disposition, dear Brown.

When Smythe opens out on his family history—
Wonderful mystery
Full of romance—
Tells of the peers that the Smythes are related to,
How they've been mated to
Monarchs of France;



A CASE FOR RELIEF.

Patient Income-Tax Payer. "THE GUV'NOR'S VERY AFFABLE, BUT—WHAT'S HE GOING TO TAKE OFF MY BACK?"



A JEST'S PROSPERITY.

Dealer. "That's only his fun, Sir."

French Humourist (retiring promptly). "Rather would I make ze joke myself. I like not ze funny horse."

When he hints that the term non-Smythe connotes worm
Only fitted to squirm
And to writhe,
What would I endure to be sure of a cure
For your disposition, dear Smythe.

When I, in a moment of insight that frightens me
Whilst it enlightens me,
Suddenly learn
How I carp at the friends of my youth, picking holes in them,
Cursing the souls in them,
Each in its turn;
When I see that I'm all turned to wormwood and gall,
Though I've small enough call
To talk fine,
I cry (and, no doubt, others shout), "What about
This vile disposition of mine?"

BARGAINS THAT MAY COST YOU MORE.

Under the heading "Bargains by Post," one of our contemporaries (a bright little sheet called *The Daily Mail*) advertises a number of really useful and desirable things, such as coal, pianos, roll-top desks, and "four Rooms Furnished Complete." Without exception the sellers are making a sacrifice, and the buyers are assured of a bargain.

The advantage of the new method of shopping by post is enormous, especially to the Post Office. Take the simple illustration of coals. A ton of coals—and no self-respecting householder would order less than a ton—direct from the colliery should cost something like 22*s.* 6*d.* If the purchaser decides to have these sent to him by letter post, he may receive them in one parcel, the postage of which at inland letter rate will be £37 6*s.* 8*d.* Should the purchaser reside abroad, postage would be £746 13*s.* 4*d.* for any country not a British Colony or Possession. In either case, the fee for registration would be twopence extra. By parcels post, however, the postage would be less. For addresses inland £10 4*s.* would cover it; the rates for foreign lands vary, and our space is as limited as our capacity for statistical computation. But in the case of parcel post, as a limit of 11 lb. is set, the ton of coals would have to be sent in 204 packages, which would be absurd. These calculations are made on the assumption that the postage is prepaid. The charges would be double if the postage were not prepaid. We are not strong enough to work it out exactly, but we calculate roughly that the penny stamps required for a ton of coals by post would extend in a single strip from *Punch* Office to Piccadilly Circus and a little bit farther.

A ton of coal, then, would cost anything from £38 9*s.* 4*d.* to £747 16*s.* It will be obvious to our readers, therefore, that "Bargains by Post" is a column worth watching. We may perhaps add that pianos would come a little cheaper than coals, if the purchaser had no particular choice.

Going one Better than Mr. Jesse Collings.—Senator Foraker. But what has he done with the cow?

LITTLE SHOWS FOR LARGE WINDOWS.

III.

I NEED hardly explain that, when I wrote last week of an enterprising Commercial Concern to which I ventured to think my suggestion would recommend itself, I was referring to *The Times* Book Club.

There could scarcely be a more ideal stage for a Grand Spectacular Ballet Divertissement than the ground-floor of those palatial premises in Oxford Street—and there would be any amount of room for it, when once the "light elegant bookcases (our price 12*s.* 6*d.*)," the stacks of "The International Cook Book" (the "Bargain for To-day" at 5*s.* 9*d.*) and the large double-column placards contrasting the literary merit of American works, containing six hundred pages and fifteen plates, at 2*s.* 4*d.*, with that of effete English fiction, with no more than 450 pages and a mere frontispiece, have been cleared out of the way. I do not presume to offer my own services, because I am too well aware that the Manager can get a suitable piece, infinitely cheaper and of superior quality, from the United States.

I merely submit the following little sketch as an illustration of what *might* be done.

Let us call it:

THE DEMON PUBLISHER
AND THE FAIRY TEMPORA.

THE OPENING (*A Dark Scene*)—A Mine of Wealth. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

The Demon Publisher is discovered in a lurid crimson glow, making eight hundred per cent. (*I do not see exactly* HOW *he can be represented as doing this—but the Management will, so* THAT *is of no consequence.*) Enter the Fairy Tempora. She has a round open face, divinely pale, on which crowded hours of glorious life have left their imprint, and large white wings (*these could be easily constructed out of the advertisement sheets*). She carries a golden wand surmounted by a spread-eagle.

She has come to plead the cause of Literature. She conjures up a vision on a transparency in the background, of a group of Retired Major-Generals, Rear-Admirals, Widows, and Country Clergymen, all lovers of Literature, but debarred from purchasing net books second-hand for a period of six months from publication!

Demon Publisher unmoved. She announces her intention to sell them "unspoilt" copies at once, and at a ruinous sacrifice. The Demon harshly forbids her to do anything of the kind. Enter his Creatures and Minions, the Authors and Booksellers. In her despair the Fairy appeals to them, declaring that her sole desire is to deliver them from the Tyrant who is holding them in thraldom. Under the Demon's evil influence they refuse to believe her. After intimating to them and the Demon that she is determined to achieve her purpose at all costs, she retires, more in sorrow than anger. Authors and Booksellers perform a dance of infatuated homage before the Demon Publisher as the scene closes.

SCENE II. (*in the adjoining window*)—An Open Market. Booksellers' stalls in background. On left, the D. P.'s Den. A crowd of Retired Major-Generals, &c., discovered in the last agonies of Literary Famine, waiting patiently for a four-and-sixpenny novel to come down to one-and-twopence. How long? How long?

Enter the Good Fairy, who expresses indignant sympathy. A band of Authors march on, blowing their own trumpets. Again the Fairy appeals to their good feeling, their own interests. In vain. They intimate coldly that they too have their living to make, and do not see their way to desert their old customers, the Booksellers.

No. X 57423 expires slowly of mental inanition.

Bent on relieving her starving *protégés*, the Fairy now assumes various disguises, under which she enters the Demon Publisher's den and attempts to lay in stores on subscription terms. The D. P. is seen bowing her out politely, empty-handed. She has failed once more! She endeavours to touch the Booksellers, but they inform her, in pantomime, that they can only supply her with single copies at the same prices as the General Public.

Rather than endure the cries of her faithful followers, she consents even to these harsh terms. She purchases copy after copy net, and distributes them, unsoiled, at second-hand prices among the sufferers.

Their pangs are assuaged for the moment. The Authors and Booksellers look on with cynical satisfaction, but the poor Fairy realises that this, though magnificent, is not business; she is merely playing into their and the Demon's hands—and besides, even a fairy purse cannot stand the strain for an indefinite period. She must find some other weapon.

Suddenly she waves her wand. A convoy of gilded cars comes in—like *Roxane's* coach in *Cyrano*—carrying abundant supplies of cheap and filling American fiction. The Major-Generals, etc., seize on them with avidity. The Famine is stayed at last!—and the Demon and his Minions quail visibly as they see the crowd rapturously expressing their amazement at the quality of their new fare. [*Tableau.*

SCENE III. (*in the window round the corner*).—In Queer Street.

Enter a Procession of Unemployed Authors and Booksellers, with banners and collecting boxes.

They complain, in dumb show, that it is *they* who are starving now. Thanks to the Fairy, the entire Book-loving Public has acquired such a passion for Transatlantic fiction that they have lost all taste for the less brainy articles of Home-manufacture.

Enter the Demon Publisher, also in reduced circumstances. The Demonstration curse him bitterly in by-play as the cause of all their misfortunes. He seeks to regain his lost ascendency by specious representations that if they will only have courage and stick together all may yet be well.

At this crisis the Fairy Tempora re-appears. She mutely reproaches the Authors and Booksellers for their failure to recognise her as their best friend, but indicates that, even now, though the eleventh hour is drawing nigh, she is prepared to forget and forgive—on condition that they renounce their degrading allegiance to the Demon. The Authors are seen to waver. Presently, like the gentleman in *Nicholas Nickleby's* drama, they "recollect to have heard a clock strike ten in their infancy, burst into tears, and become exemplary characters for ever afterwards."

Throwing themselves at the Fairy's feet, they penitently implore her to take their works henceforth on her own terms, and she graciously assures them of her patronage and protection so long as they succeed in pleasing her and her subscribers. The Retired Major-Generals, Rear-Admirals, Widows, and Country Clergymen rush in and fold the reclaimed Authors once more to their bosoms.

A *corps de ballet* of Minor Book Club Fairies dance on to share their Principal's triumph. The Demon Publisher, baffled and forsaken by all his dependants, sinks ignominiously through the earth, while the Booksellers—(*I confess I find myself in rather a difficulty here. I can't for the life of me see* WHAT *the Booksellers' business is to be at this dénoûment .... However, I daresay the Manager of the T. B. C. will settle it for them. That is a detail of minor importance, so long as the curtain descends on a tableau representing the Fairy Tempora in a blaze of glory*).

And yet, as I said before, I have misgivings that this particular piece will never have the honour of being produced by the T. B. C. Management. It is all right as far as it goes—but I fear their Manager will consider that it does not go quite far enough.

F. A.

THE NEWEST JOURNALISM.

THE CRIMINAL LITERARY AGENCY (LIMITED).

Telegraphic Address: Crimes, London.
Telephone No.: 2 Hop.
Head Offices: Stonecutter Street.
Branch Offices: Pentonville, Dartmoor, Parkhurst, Wormwood Scrubs.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to inform you that we are now making our Spring Contracts. The C. L. A. is the only agency of its kind, and has been founded to meet the wants of Editors who desire ex-convicts, murderers, and burglars to write their reminiscences. We enclose herewith our new circular for the season.

We catch the convict at the prison-gates, just as his time is up, and retain him exclusively. Our list includes some of the most miserable blackguards of the age. By our process they become heroes.

WHY I MURDERED HENRY JIMM.
By ex-convict Y 234.

The JIMM murder was the *cause célèbre* of fifteen years ago. The man who did it was sentenced to penal servitude for life, as his case was taken up by a well-known firm of solicitors, whose speciality is the reprieving of criminals. Here ex-convict Y 234 relates the thrilling story afresh with delightful touches of humour. Price, £10 10*s.* a thousand words.

DO YOU THINK I WAS GUILTY?
By William Bludjohn (ex-convict W 3213).

WILLIAM BLUDJOHN was arrested, tried and found guilty twenty years ago for the murder of three policemen, his brother, and his sweetheart. There were extenuating circumstances at the time, and BLUDJOHN, who has never ceased to protest his innocence, was sentenced to twenty-five years' penal servitude. Everybody loved him in the prison, and he rose to be the confidant of the Governor. He has just been released, and we promptly got hold of him. "Do you think I was guilty?" might be truly described as a Sikeological romance.

*** In connection with this, editors could offer £100 for the best reply to the engrossing question, "*Was* WILLIAM BLUDJOHN guilty?" Price same as above, or *by the yard* if desired.

CONVICT CHARLIE'S COLUMN.

This is quite a natty idea in popular journalism. CONVICT CHARLIE is the veil behind which a famous swindler, forger, and thief hides his identity. It is a change from the insipid "Chats to the Chits," or "Talks for the Tots," though it is modelled on the same lines. CONVICT CHARLIE discourses easily on such subjects as "How to Forge a Signature," "How to Crack a Crib," "How to Kill a Warder." He has been called the WILLIAM LE QUEUX of prison romance, for he is the author of that delightful story which ran for two years serially in *The Home Weekly* "The Bloodstained Cell."

CONVICT CHARLIE'S Column will double the circulation of any paper in a week.

Testimonial from an ex-convict who was an ex-editor: "I used to read CONVICT CHARLIE'S Column' every week, so that I thought I'd try some of his lges myself. I did. Now I am earning £6 6*s.* a week from you for my prison recollections."

Price £20 a column. It's worth it.

We have also on hand a number of fraudulent financiers whose time has expired, and who are busy writing for us. We can hire these out to syndicates to use as they wish. They are useful for week-end parties in country houses. The peerage loves them. They can write anything, and they are adepts at using the same material in different forms according to the different papers.

Terms on application to the
CRIMINAL LITERARY AGENCY.



Cabby (to whom 'cellist has handed a shilling). "WOT'S THIS, GUV'NOR?"
Musician. "YOUR FARE."
Cabby. "MY FARE? AND WOT ABART THE FLUTE?"

THE WASTRELS AGAIN.

Dear Mr. Punch,—For many years Thomas was a faithful retainer of our family. Humble, self-effacing and efficient, he did his work so quietly and so well, that as cook used to say, "Never in this world I see the ekil o' that blessed cat."

But alas, he was too good for this troubled sphere. And an end was put to our bliss.

One cold dawn Thomas set forth, so it is supposed, to catch his morning mouse. In the semi-obscurity of the larder he encountered cook, who, in an unhappy moment, stepped on Thomas "unbeknownst."

Let us draw a veil over that scene. Cook is a personable woman; and it is well known that on such occasions, the more hearty the cook, the less hearty the cat. And so it was here.

To cut short a harrowing story, after two days of suffering Thomas turned his face to the wall and made a good end.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, mark what follows.

My own idea was that a simple soap-box should receive the dear remains, and that they should be buried in some green nook in the back yard, with a short inscription such as "Furry but Faithful" rudely carved over it. Such would have been a fitting resting place for one so trusty and so unassuming.

Cook wanted something more tasty, and, while the meeting was still undecided, a kitchen maid, who possessed the susceptibilities of a motor-bus, consigned Thomas's mortal part to the uncouth hands of the Corporation dustman; by whom it was spirited away, in the ignoble company of sardine tins and Chicago tongues, to a neighbouring bin.

Your readers may not be aware that it is the custom of some Municipal Corporations to remove the refuse of the city to some secret spot, where undisturbed they may work their wicked will upon it. The will of the local tyrants of the community from which I write, and which Thomas once adorned, is to convert the spoils of their grubbings into bricks, by subjecting them to a high pressure.

Oh, Thomas, Thomas, is this thy fate? This the guerdon of thy laborious life; thy battalions of mice, most dutifully slain? Thou art a brick. Not different, Tom, from other bricks. Bearing upon thy smooth face no word, no mark, no little sign, to tell how much of honesty and worth has been packed (under high pressure) into so small a compass.

Nay, worse!! We know not, Tommy, no, not even cook, into what space (given sufficient pressure) thou wilt compress. Thou mayst be only half a brick; and to what base uses put!

So, *Mr. Punch*, pray allow me space in your invaluable paper to expose this scandal, and oblige,

Yours, &c., Anti-Bum'ble.

P.S.—One consolation remains. One chance that crass stupidity, and gross official greed, may overreach themselves, and find their schemes recoil upon their own heads.

In your ear, *Mr. Punch*. From what we know of Thomas, we think he will make an indifferent brick.

Read the following lines, *Mr. Punch*, and weep.

Our Thomas was a cat of parts,
Well versed in every trick,
Master of more than feline arts—
In brief he was a brick.

One day he heard the angels call,
And feeling deadly sick,
He turned his whiskers to the wall,
And ceased to be a brick.

The Borough Council's minions came
And took the carcase quick,
And under pressure (Shame! O shame!)
Reduced it to a brick.

But not the kind he was before
They did this dastard trick;
Thomas is not himself once more,
He is *another* brick!

THE LATEST ADVERTISING.

Advertisers who dislike paying money for *réclame* should take pattern by the ingenious Mr. John Lane, of the Bodley Head. Mr. Lane's premises being recently rifled by a burglar, he took occasion to send to the *Westminster Gazette* an account of the depredations, enumerating therein the books which were missing, with a particularity that on any less exciting occasion might have cost him several pounds.

We expect to see other folk with wares to sell following suit. Indeed, one has already done so, as the appended letter, which we have just received, indicates:

Medical Burglary.

Sir,—You will, I am sure, be both interested and pained by the story which I have to tell you. On reaching my premises this morning I found that they had been visited during the night by a burglar. His choice of my articles was so curious that I cannot refrain from telling you all about it. Of the famous Pain Killer, 1*s.* 1½*d.* large bottle, he took twenty bottles, or enough to cure any complaint there is (even, I hope, acquisitiveness). He also took two huge albums full of testimonials from thousands of people to whom this Pain Killer has been a boon unspeakable. He took, further, fifty boxes of "Ruddy Pellets for the Wan," and they are, I doubt not, doing good either to himself or his anæmic relatives and friends. Anæmia, I need scarcely point out, is a malady incident to livers in a great city, and nothing is so beneficial to it as these same Ruddy Pellets (in two sizes of box, 1*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*). *A propos* of livers, I should say that he took thirty-five bottles of my world-famous Bile Champagne, a remedy that has never been known to fail. Altogether, I think you will agree with me that the burglar chose well, and is likely, whatever his moral future may be, to live long and healthily. I am,

Yours, &c.,
Jabez Knostrum.

ZOOLOGICAL SEQUELS.

["False Teeth for a Python.—Mr. Ditmars, the curator at the Bronx Park Zoological Gardens, New York, assisted by sixteen labourers, has pulled all the teeth of *Salome*, a 265-pound python. He will equip her with a set of false teeth."—*Daily paper.*]

The following current advertisements taken from *The Bun* are, presumably, the sequel of the above.

PROTRACTED PASTILLES.
All Giraffes use them.
Sold in three-feet Tubes and go down Any Throat. Distance no object.

Leopards!
TRY
PUMACEA.
It touches every spot.

Whales and others wishing to reduce the figure should communicate with
WHITEBAIT, GREENWICH.

Blushing.
A lobster who has prevented himself from contracting this distressing trouble (by remaining in the sea), will send particulars on receipt of address.

TO PYTHONS.
Old Artificial Teeth Bought.

Men's Wear.

"Encrusted with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, the Shah owns a pipe valued at £60,000, which he smokes only on State occasions."
Glasgow Evening News.

The Shah, in his novel smoking jacket, reads almost as expensively as his pipe.

A Chance for Scorchers.

"Junior reporter wanted; young, cyclist; state speed."—*Yorkshire Post.*



INFERENCE.

Jack (who always has to take over his elder brother's old clothes and other relics). "MOTHER, W-W-WILL I HAVE TO MARRY BOBBIE'S WIDOW WHEN HE DIES?"

AN ANTICIPATION.

[The "Social Democratic Federation," in a manifesto on Mr. HALDANE'S scheme, asserts that soldiers ought only to be led by officers they have chosen themselves.]

THE vision seemed a trifle unexpected, I admit,
Of Private THOMAS ATKINS in electioneering kit;
A red rosette adorned his cap, he wore an overcoat
Embroidered with the strange device, "Vote up, ye beggars, vote!"
While this was the assertion that the flag he carried made:
"JONES! He 's the man! And down with all compulsory parade!"

"My friend,"—thus I accosted him—"may I presume to ask
The meaning of your rather extraordinary task?
Is it a Tory stronghold that you sally forth to storm,
Or are you bent on furthering Municipal Reform?
I always thought that soldiers weren't allowed to interfere" . . .
"Chuck it!" he cried. "I 'm precious dry. Give us a drop of beer!
The *Dragon* 's handy . . . yes, a pint o' bitter. 'Ere 's to *you!*
Electioneering? Well, you bet! An' keen as mustard, too,
Seeing as 'ow the comfort of us 'angs on the event—
We 're voting for a Kernel to command the regiment!

"Yes, Mr. 'ALDANE 's followed up the S. D. F. designs;
We 're running all the blooming show on demmercratic lines.
'And what are they?' I answers, with un'esitating voice,
'The soldiers' blooming orficers must be the soldiers' choice!'
Our Kernel 's got to be a man wot THOMAS A. can trust—
And that is why I 'm canvassing an' working fit to bust!
'The candidates?' Ay, two there are: the second-in-command—
That 's Major THOMSON, D.S.O.—'e fought in S'maliland;
A plucky sort o' josser, but a blessed martinet—
'*E* 'll never be no Kernel o' the regiment, you bet!
'Distinguished record?' As you like; that isn't *our* affair—
'E may be BOBS an' KITCHENER in one, for all I care—
I know 'e 's keen on night-attacks, an' 'orrid down on drink—
'E 'd like to clap the hindependent soldier into clink!
'E may be all the papers say, 'e may be rather wuss—
But, anyway, 'e ain't the man to 'ave command of *us!*

"JONES is the other candidate. The promises 'e 's made
Are free canteen, an' lots o' leave, an' optional parade.
If right is right an' votes are votes in this henlightened land,
It 's Mister JONES will be to-night the Kernel in command!
Well,—time to get to work again. There 's fifty yet to poll.
Bless demmercratic principles an' popular control!"

He went. And as I mused upon the altered state of things,
The intellectual triumph which the right of suffrage brings,
Afar I heard my THOMAS'S reverberating tones:
"JONES is the soldiers' candidate! Roll up, and vote for JONES!"

"Domesticated Yorkshire woman seeks situation as housekeeper to elderly gentleman. Lady preferred."—*Telegraph.*

KIND of a giddy harumfrodite.



THE NEW WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.

(*Correspondence.*)

Dear Sir,—If a caddie is hired from a village four miles from the golf links, and is, after five rounds and a-half, overcome by fatigue and sleep, is his employer responsible for his safe return?—Yours, Anxious Golfer.

CHARIVARIA.

The King of the Belgians celebrated his seventy-second birthday last week. It is no doubt owing to a scarcity of newspaper correspondents in that part of the world that no reports of the scenes of enthusiasm which took place in the Congo Free State have yet come to hand.

People are asking who is the "small King Charles" whom the Queen, according to the newspapers, carried under her arm during the Spanish festivities? The suggestion that it was the popular King Carlos of Portugal is absurd, as his physique renders the feat impossible.

England is said to be reaping the advantage of being the first to produce a monster battleship. Other powers are now sending us orders for vessels with which to knock the *Dreadnought* into a cocked hat.

Some idea of the size of the *Dreadnought* may be gained from the time it took for the report of an explosion in the fore-part of the vessel to reach this country.

We wonder, by-the-bye, whether it is generally known that there is in our Navy a vessel considerably smaller than the *Dreadnought*, called the *Leviathan*. The *Dreadnought* is said to be highly amused, and not to be above making nasty remarks when they meet.

The statement that the ships of the future will fly through the air would seem to have put the ships of the present day on their mettle, and quite a number of them have recently been trying to prove that they can, anyhow, sail on land. The Lords of the Admiralty, however, as a result of the *Trafalgar's* escapade, have decided not to countenance such experiments, and the *Trafalgar* now finds herself in the dock.

The *Express*, the other day, published an historical account of "The attempts made by man to emulate the birds." By a curious omission no mention was made of Lord Rosebery's famous impersonation of a raven.

We congratulate an old lady of seventy who has just won a competition in a contemporary, and will receive, as a prize, a motor bicycle.

Lightning struck a boot factory at Northampton one day last week, and sent a large chimney-stack crashing through the roof of a dwelling-house; but no one was hurt—which was a great sell for the lightning.

The American theatrical trusts have been snapping up our leading Music Hall artistes regardless of cost. Considerable satisfaction is expressed at the Zoo and in the Indian jungles that "Lockhart's Elephants" should have been offered £250 a week, and "Eight Lancashire Lads" only £150.

Bookmakers are complaining bitterly that the Act of Parliament which was passed in order to stamp out their business is causing them grave inconvenience.

A conference is being held in Washington between representatives of Mexico, Costa Rica, Salvador, and Guatemala, with the object of reaching an agreement for the maintenance of peace in Central America. It is hoped by optimists that each Republic, by a self-denying ordinance, will limit itself to one revolution per year.

"The Times" Day by Day:

Only last week we had occasion to reproach *The Times* for its ungenerous treatment of Mr. A. B. Walkley. And now we have just come across this in Mr. Sonnenschein's latest Catalogue—a press cutting on a Cyclopædia of Education:—

"Here is a solid, well bound volume of 561 pages sold for half a crown. Compared with the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is up to date." *Times.*



HOMING.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 8.—Among the ravishing pleasures of vanished youth was an occasional visit to the Christy Minstrels, seated all in a row, Banjo at one end, Bones at the other. The proud boast of the troupe was that they "never performed out of London." The spell is broken. The hall in which for a generation they made obvious jokes and sung sentimental ditties is now no more. Gone is inquiring Bones. Gone is respondent Banjo. Gone the interlocutor, whose family name, you remember, was Johnson. Christy Minstrels have gone and have left no address.

This afternoon, House reassembling after Easter holidays, brings back a whiff of old memories. In Committee of Supply on Civil Service Estimates. Attendance small; interest languishing. Early in sitting Banbury caused flush of excitement by taking exception to expenditure of £300 for "a shed for Lord Mayors in the park at Windsor." What Lord Mayors were doing at Windsor, and why they should have recourse to a shed, passed comprehension. Presently, after several repetitions of the phrase, it dawned upon puzzled audience that what Banbury was talking about was not Lord Mayors but lawn mowers.

Curious how loyal cultivation of city accent can, with rapid intonation, confuse the identity of such absolutely diverse entities.

Committee recovering from consequences of this misapprehension when Lea of St. Pancras nipped in. As far as can be made out from a story frequently interrupted by Chairman, a Gentleman in the Cellars of His Majesty's household, also occupying apartments in the Royal Palace of St. James's, varies the monotony of existence by selling champagne on commission. Lulu pleaded that the First Commissioner of Works had no jurisdiction in the matter. Chairman of Committees ruled question out of order. Lea, temporarily snubbed, presently up again, dragging by the collar the anonymous Gentleman from the Cellar.

Barnaby Rudge's raven was accustomed irrelevantly to break in upon current conversation by remarks successfully imitating the drawing of corks. Thus Mr. Lea. In any pause or turn of debate was heard the popping of a champagne cork, and there was the Member for East St. Pancras wanting to know about this denizen of the Palace of St. James's who had a sort of country residence in the cellars, and pushed (on commission) sale of the champagne of a foreign firm of shippers. Thought he had been got rid of when at opening of debate Chairman ruled him out of order. An hour and a half later he was moving the reduction of vote in order to have question thoroughly threshed out. Again, more sharply snubbed by Chairman, temporarily desisted.

It was here the Christy Minstrel business began. Banbury obliged with the banjo. Alpheus Cleophas, at the other end of the semi-circle, took the part of Bones. Performance strictly followed old lines. Bones tossed the ball of interrogation to the Banjoist. That accomplished gentleman made elaborate reply.

"Now, Massa B.," said Alpheus Cleophas, though of course adopting Parliamentary form of address, "why should not Osborne be used as a convalescent home for private soldiers and seamen as well as for officers?"



AFTER FORTY-NINE YEARS.

Mr. Punch (*to* Lord Cromer). "Sorry to say Good-bye, Sir. But no one has ever earned his rest so well as you; and may you long enjoy it!"

Due reply forthcoming, Bones with preliminary rattle up again.

"Now, Massa B., what are you going to do for Holyrood Palace?"

Hitting his knee with drum of his banjo, next banging the crown of his head (all in a Parliamentary sense), the Banjoist suitably replied. So it went on by the hour, sound of the occasional drawing of a champagne cork below Gangway on Ministerial side indicating desire of Mr. Lea to get another look in with the mysterious, by this time limp, Gentleman from the Cellar, still held by collar.

May seem trivial; really meant business. Conditions ruling this evening are the very ones under which votes are liberally granted. Lulu, an old Parliamentary Hand by descent and instinct, smiled genially at the antics of the end men. Sometimes he contributed a mild little joke, at which Committee, beginning to be bored with the Banjo and his insatiable interlocutor, gratefully laughed. But Lulu got all his votes, with such rapidity that House was up at a quarter past eight.

Business done.—All votes save one in Board of Works estimates carried. Exception was the First Commissioner's salary.

"Leave it," said Lulu, with generous gesture of right arm. "Never mind me. I'm but a worm. 'My country, 'tis of Thee.' Give me money to carry on public works. Let my salary stand over. 'Twill do in August when the guillotine is at work."

Committee so touched with this superb self-denial that they straightway proceeded to grant votes with both hands. Uneasiness grew upon reflection. All very well for Lulu thus magnanimously to postpone vote for his salary. But will he in the meantime draw it quarterly?

Tuesday night.—The Secretary of State for War successfully preserves the traditions of his *rôle*. When his great prototype contemplated a new move in his campaigns he issued a bulletin. According to contemporary criticism, these documents were not always illuminated by the lamp of Truth. In short, they were not the kind of thing George Washington would have penned. That is a detail which obviously has no bearing on the case under consideration.

British War Office does not recognise bulletins. Accordingly our Napoleon Buonaparte Haldane from time to time

issues a Memorandum. It is understood that these are necessary supplements to the brevity of speech imposed upon him at various initial stages of explanation of his great measure. Last night, whilst Bones and Banjo, as mentioned, indulged in dialectics, the inevitable Memorandum slowly circulated, adding fresh gloom to depression of the returning Eastertide revellers.

Study of it had disastrous effect on GEORGE WYNDHAM. Fresh from reading morning lessons in the parish church by Saighton Grange, he, in course of speech this afternoon on second reading of portentously entitled Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill, adventured a Biblical illustration. Has heard, or read, that nothing was more effective in JOHN BRIGHT's eloquence than such adornment. Everyone remembers the great Tribune's reference during the height of Reform controversy, forty years ago, to Cave of Adullam, an aside that added a word to the English language. We have no Adullamites in active force just now; but their name is enshrined in English history.

The almost-reverend GEORGE saw his opportunity in discussing provision of Bill which directs that special reservists are to be trained 120 at a time.

"No man," he emphatically declared, "has ever tried to do such a thing since the day when DAVID made an army by hiding men by fifties in a cave."

The few Unionists present laughed and cheered. How apt! How effective! Whaur's yer JOHNNIE BRIGHT noo?

EDWARD GREY, who followed, thought there was a mistake somewhere. "Was it DAVID," he timidly asked, "who hid men by fifties in a cave?" "If I recollect right," he continued, "when the men were hid in a cave they were fed on bread and water."

"No," cried another eminent Biblical authority, "on locusts and wild honey."

EDWARD GREY, on firmer ground here, thought that referred to another matter, and, finding the point increasingly embarrassing, quitted it.

"Ah!" said J. G. TALBOT, mopping moist eyes with big bandana, "this all comes of the Cowper-Temple Clause. If my right hon. friends had been in regular school attendance at nine o'clock in the morning, profiting by the lessons then provided, they would not have forgotten OBADIAH's kindly care of the hundred prophets harried by JEZEBEL."

Business done.—N. B. HALDANE moves the second reading of Army Bill. GEORGE WYNDHAM, adventuring upon classical quotation, shows how dangerous is a little learning.

For Battersea Town Hall?

"ENGRAVING for sale, Highland Mary and John Burns."—*Bazaar.*

DICK.

I've often heard old DICK declare,
When all the jovial throng was seated,
No joy could on this earth compare
With standin' treat and bein' treated—
"Purwidin' parties acted fair."

Seein' accordin' to *his* light,
He'd one remorse or two remorses,
When he was sportish, 'an'some, bright,
He'd showed up green in backin' 'orses,
"And kissed but half the gels he might."

His sorrow: that one "Scotty Jim"
He'd tramped and fished with, every weather,
Had crossed the Beck afront of him,
'Stead waitin' till they went together—
And DICK's own eyes "a-gettin' dim."

His faith: that when Time's web was spun,
And he'd no legs to struggle through it,
Rememberin' all he'd left undone,
Summun would mind he *meant* to do it,—
"And reckon that as half begun."

We liked him, some—includin' me.
(*You'll guess from his philosophy
Old* DICK *kept queerish company.*)

OUR BRIDGE COLUMN.

Answers.

ENQUIRER.—Yes, the ace of trumps is usually regarded as a safe trick even when played carelessly. Experienced players rarely make any effort to capture their opponent's ace.

X.Y.Z.—You will never be a good player till you can distinguish the Heart Convention from the Convention of Geneva.

JACK POINT writes that by mistake the joker was dealt with the pack. B. plays the same on A.'s ace of Spades. Who takes the trick?

This should be a matter for compromise.

JENNIE TOMPKINS.—"My bird sings" has actually very little in common with Bridge, but the training is certainly valuable.

FORWARD.—Charging is not allowable at Bridge. We cannot say offhand whether STEVE BLOOMER discards from weakness or strength.

MRS. BILLS complains that her daughter refused to say whether the Ace of Clubs had been played earlier in the game or not. We think your daughter's conduct most reprehensible. It is the spirit rather than the letter of the law which should be observed.

CAREFUL.—Only a bad player will hesitate to lead at the thirteenth trick, even though the odd depends upon it. It is emphatically a time for risks.

DR. SALEEBY states that he holds the reigning monarch of Octahedron crystals of carbon, his consort, and suite, whose altruistic tendencies are known to be undeveloped. The two squared of the same suit has been led. His *vis-à-vis*, an exceedingly irritable Colonel, is always speaking of finessing against your partner. He (SALEEBY) is anxious to maintain the former's equanimity, as considerable sums of the recognised medium of exchange depend upon the game, and indirectly upon his serenity. On the other hand the Colonel may contend that economical considerations should dictate his "taking the trick" with the card representative of the least facial value. Should he use deductive or inductive logic to convince his partner of the soundness of his own play?

The player should be guided by circumstances, but possibly physical arguments would be more forcible.

"Do We Believe?"

FROM the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday:

"Christ's Hospital annual sports were held on Saturday in delightful weather."—*Page 4.*

"In consequence of the inclement weather on Saturday the Christ's Hospital Sports were postponed until to-day."—*Page 8.*

We turned anxiously to Page 8 after this, fearing the worst; but the sub-editor of that page had preserved a mysterious silence over the whole affair.

Equality.

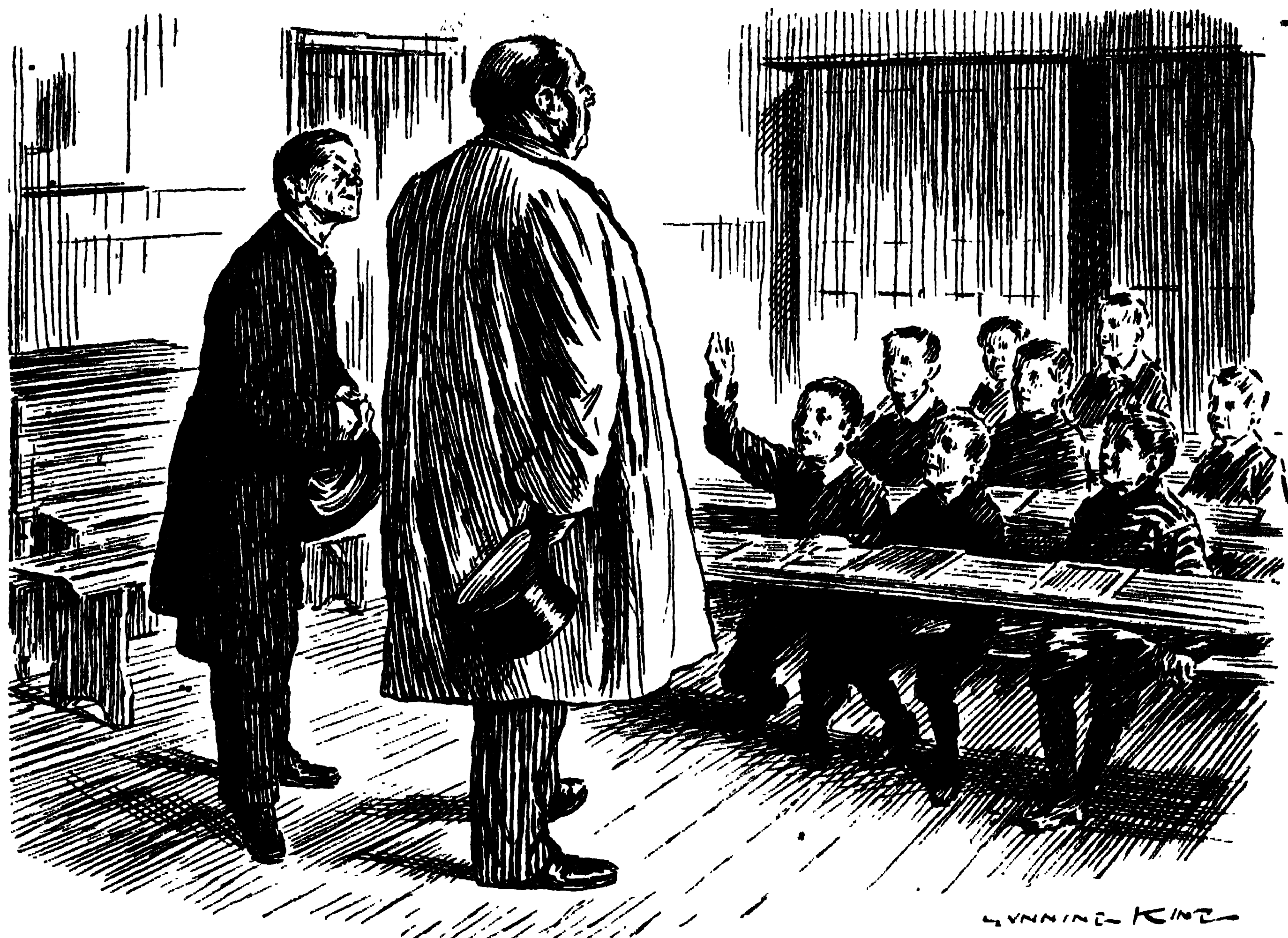
HE is a cautious scribe who writes the Parliamentary column for *The Tribune.* One day last week, in the description of a debate in the House of Commons, he wrote of "Mr. MORTON, who spoke nearly as many times yesterday as Sir FREDERICK BANBURY," and half-a-dozen lines further on referred to "Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, who, for his part, spoke nearly as often as Mr. MORTON." Considering Mr. MORTON's achievement, we think Sir FREDERICK BANBURY did his part exceedingly well. It is not every man who can upset a first principle of mathematics in this way.

"£2 Reward.—Lost, small gold watch, made from sovereigns in second-class carriage on Easter Monday."—*Evening News.*

THAT is the way to get on in life. When this man is famous, and newspaper people come to ask him to what he owes his success, he can truly say that it began when as a poor barefoot boy he found himself in a second-class carriage on Easter Monday, and, undeterred by difficulties, started to make a small gold watch out of sovereigns.

Optimism.

NEVER say die! Even a clock that is broken has two good times every day. Law Courts, please copy.



Important Patron (after describing the great advantages now enjoyed by children). "I WISH I WERE YOU CHILDREN AT SCHOOL. (*Pause; then ingratiatingly*) WHY DO I WISH THIS?"

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, 'COS YOU 'VE FORGOT ALL YOU EVER KNOWED!"

LITERARY STARS FOR AMERICA.

THE men of the moment are KLAW and ERLANGER.

They have the money.

They are the boys to watch.

Keep your eyes open for KLAW and ERLANGER.

They have now got all the music-hall stars they want and are buying up the literary stars.

America is wild about English authors, and KLAW and ERLANGER are the lads to give America what America wants.

THE CONSTELLATION TRUST.

THE WELKIN RING.

Greatest galaxy of Stars on Earth.
All British make.
Engaged at boss figures.
Two Performances Nightly.
Literature while you wait.

HALL CAINE,
Three-legged Expert
And Strident Raconteur.

MARIE CORELLI,
The Real Swan of Avon,
In her famous impersonation of
ANN HATHAWAY.

RITA,
The female FATHER VAUGHAN,
In Scarifying Anecdotes of the
London Four Hundred.

GILBERT PARKER.
Imperial Trombonist
and
Birch-barcarolle singer.

HILAIRE BELLOC,
The Meridional Merryman,
In his side-splitting Recitation
"How I became Member for Salford."

ALFRED AUSTIN,
England's Darling,
Will Recite His Own Poems
To a Vegetable Accompaniment.

LE Q.
Leading sensationalist,
In blood-curdling sketch entitled
"Forty Thrills in Twenty Minutes."

EDEN PHILLPOTTS,
Rustic Impersonator,
In a series of short sketches entitled
"Dramas of Dartymoor."

RUDYARD KIPLING,
Champion Jungler of the World,
With his troupe of Performing Animals.

H. G.
The Fabian Freak,
In his fascinating divertissement,
"Science, Sensation and Socialism."

CHESTERTON.
The Great What-is-it?
Contortionist and Juggler.
In reply to any question
CHESTERTON
will stand on his head
and remain there.

"The Hague Tribunal, instead of opposing submarines, should welcome them, as the first great battle where submarines are employed may possibly prove that the future of the mighty surface vessels is behind them."—*Engineer.*

UNDERNEATH them, more likely.

THE WAGER.

"... And Whereas the said Child is but eight months old and of a tearful disposition

"And Whereas the said Uncle has often been heard to boast that she 'wouldn't cry with *him*'

"And Whereas the said Father is of a mind to risk £5 (Five Pounds) on the same

"This Sheweth that the said Father will make all necessary arrangements whereby the said Uncle may be alone with the said Child for the space of Two Hours unhampered by the presence of interfering Females . . .

"And Moreover the said Father will hold himself responsible for any Breakages Loss of Memory or Damage by Fire that may occur to the said Child provided that reasonable care is exercised by the said Uncle . . ."

2—3. Where I made my mistake was in being too prolific of entertainment in the first hour. If I had sat her on my knee and recited *Paradise Lost* to her (as I had originally intended) until three o'clock, then I should have had some varieties for her in that terrible last hour, when it was so necessary to take her attention away from the facts that she was very hungry, very tired, and had a very bad pain inside. From two till three she would have been an angel with anybody. All my diverting ideas in that period were lost upon her —or so I thought until I came to repeat them later on, when it became evident from her manner that she had met them before somewhere, and was tired of them.

I shall not recount, therefore, my efforts in the first hour to paint the lily —to make (that is) an angel good. It is sufficient to say that we walked round the room and saw everything, sat on all the chairs in all the positions, knocked all the photograph frames over, and swallowed as much of the blind-cord as nature and the upholsterer allowed. At three o'clock I looked, first at the baby and then at my watch, and I began to get anxious.

From 3—3.10 we ate *The Daily Mail* —more particularly the magazine page about how to bring up children. There were two or three papers on the table; and I held her by the legs while she browsed at will among the masterminds.

3.10—3.12. A change of some sort became necessary. We sat down on the sofa and took off her socks.

3.12—3.15. We put one sock on again. She wanted to eat the other.

3.15—3.20. I whistled *La Petite Tonkinoise* to her. She wasn't very keen, and got me by the ear.

3.20—3.25. The Anchor position. I sat on a small chair, and she hung head downwards, and examined the legs of the thing to see if it really was Chippendale. At 3.25 I hauled her back and told her rather a dull story about a young lady resident of Banbury who had bells on her fingers and—Heaven knows what else, because just then she got position again, and stayed there till 3.30.

3.30. Ate all about the Colonial Premiers.

3.35. Very keen on a vase of flowers. Knocked it over to see if it really had got water inside. As this seemed to amuse her, I knocked over two more. She didn't see me knock over the third one, being intent on *The Daily Mail* again, which was a pity as it had more water in than any of the others. Partly out of pique and partly because I know her mother would have liked it, I took the paper away from her.

3.40. A terrible time. She began to whimper, so I rushed round the table with her. Rounding Tattenham Corner we bumped the rails. There was an awful silence, and her face began to screw up.

"Baby, Baby, don't cry, there's a arling!" I implored. "There, there yes, you shall have the paper again. There, Baby. The 'Letters of an Englishman.' Yes, eat away, dear—that's right."

3.45. A crowded five minutes. Took off a sock, ate a blouse pattern, saw my watch fly open (three times), put her foot in my eye, and tried to shake hands with herself in the looking-glass.

3.50. The Anchor position.

3.51. On her back with her feet in the air, trying to realise which little pig really went to market. Not quite sure myself. Only eight minutes more.

3.52. On her front in maiden meditation.

3.53. On my shoulder. Only six minutes more. She is on the very verge of tears.

3.54. On her front again. I am reciting *Paradise Lost* to her, but I am afraid it is too late.

3.55. We got up and sat down on every chair in the room. Tried every position in each chair. Two awful minutes dragged past.

3.57. Perfectly sweet for two whole minutes. She looked at me with an angelic smile, as if she had just seen me. She really is a darling . . . and her father has lost £5, I'm afraid.

3.59. "Help, help, help! No, Baby, don't be absurd . . . Baby! Baby!"

Sixty seconds more, and her eyes were screwed up, and her mouth was opening slowly. There was only one thing to do. A tip from her father, which I remembered just in time. I swung her up and down violently three times . . . .

She is a determined baby and will only do one thing at a time. She looked at me out of the corner of her eye.

"All right," she seemed to say as she caught her breath again and then again. "Just you wait till I've finished these. I've had them before, and I don't quite know what they are, but they don't last long. And then——"

But then the clock struck four . . . and her mother came in . . . .

SLOANE AND TRAFALGAR SQUARES.

If the managers of theatres will only give me such excellent entertainment as the second Act of Miss Elizabeth Robins's *Votes for Women!* at the Court Theatre, which is simply a picture, wonderfully well arranged and splendidly acted, of a meeting in Trafalgar Square, I do not care if there is a play, in the ordinary sense, at all. I make this remark because in this case the play proper —Mrs. Grundy may think some of it slightly improper, but I hope not— was rather a bore; and I imagine that it was thrown in as a concession, which in my important case was unnecessary. I imagine the manager to have said to Miss Robins: "This propaganda business is most interesting, and I think we can make a tremendous effect with your Trafalgar Square scene. But I'm afraid —it's a great nuisance—those absurd critics, you know—I'm afraid we must have what they call a plot. I'm afraid you must cut out your workshop scene and your hospital scene, and replace them with a drawing-room interior and a story. Anything will do: take it off the peg: pick it where you like: the Trafalgar Square Act will make the success of the play, but a story—I'm *so* sorry—we must have." It was a thousand pities, for the story Miss Robins chose is unoriginal and theatrical and weak to a degree.

Of course you cannot prove anything in a play. At the most, you can state a case, or, if a reform is in question, present an unpleasant state of affairs which, you suggest, would be remedied if your reform were carried out. Miss Robins's plot does not even that. A young woman and young man had lived together and parted. Ten years later they meet, and, though apparently they live in the same society, are theatrically shocked. The man, who is now a rising statesman with designs on the Cabinet, is engaged to be married to someone else, and this latter young person conceives the bright idea, when she understands their relations in the past, that even two people who thoroughly dislike one another, and had separated with mutual reproaches ten years before, ought to marry. And the man actually insults the woman by offering this "reparation," and she says, No, but that what he must

do is to devote himself to the cause of female suffrage, and he says, All right, I will; and—I congratulate the cause on such a clear-headed adherent. This tiresome story shows nothing: if women had twenty votes each, the probabilities or improbabilities of it would have been the same. It is artificial and merely theatrical, and is an astonishing thing to come from the author of *The Magnetic North*—a masterpiece of sincere thought and observation. She calls it "a dramatic tract," and it contains—all these unpleasant remarks refer to Acts I. and III.—a good deal of sound talk and illustration of the villainies that are done on women by blackguards—employers of female labour and others—and so far may advance the cause, but the story is a mistake.

Its theatricality infects the players, Miss Wynne Matthison, Mr. Aubrey Smith and others, and makes them show badly by contrast with the chief players in Act II. For this scene is not only wonderfully stage-managed, perhaps the greatest of Mr. Granville Barker's triumphs, but is played to perfection. Mr. Edmund Gwenn as a Labour leader, Miss Agnes Thomas as a working-woman speaker, and Miss Dorothy Minto as a militant young leader in the cause, are all magnificent. I think they have taken their models very directly from life—Mr. Gwenn reminded me of the John Burns of fifteen years ago and it is life they give you. Opinion, with which I am not concerned, put aside, I advise every superior person who merely sniffs at this movement to see the Second Act of this play and understand how it is that such speakers have the influence which puzzles him. The crowd was perfect also. Miss Matthison, too, made a speech, but it was neither so well written nor so well delivered as the others, and a little marred the reality of the scene: Trafalgar Square would not have been patient with it. I shall go to see this Act again, but, to be frank, I shall omit the other two.

Rue.



OUTRAGED INNOCENCE.

First Workman. "'E said 'e saw me 'urry. 'E didn't see me 'urry. 'E must have seen you 'urry."

Second Workman (stung to the quick). "'E never saw me 'urry. I never 'urry."

"The Kaiser in welcoming the new French Ambassador made a cordial speech, promising his aid in the work of reconciling the two great nations. This object, he says, is one great nations. This object, he said, is one countries."—*Manchester Guardian.*

There's reporting for you. Why, we can almost hear the foreign accent as the Kaiser explains what his object really is.

"The retailers of Sunderland and district are taking up the matter of the cutting of playing cards and pictorial post cards, two burning questions with the trade at the moment."

Stationers' Gazette.

We take no interest in pictorial post cards, but we still think that the cutting of playing cards should be left to the person on the left of the dealer.

A BALLADE OF THE BACKS.

I like my cousin; only she's
A Cambridge girl, and when I tried
To show her what I thought would please,
And play the Ciceronian guide,
She metaphorically "shied"
At all my darkly blue attacks,
And to each point I made, replied,
"You've *nothing* like the Cambridge Backs."

I thought the stately lines of trees,
Through which the Cher and Isis glide,
Would win her heart, but even these
It was her humour to deride;
E'en The Ashmolean she defied,
And still (the thought my bosom racks)
In smooth "Fitzbilliambics" cried,
"You've nothing *like* the Cambridge Backs."

We reached "The High;" "Now then, Louise,"
Said I (as Univ. we espied),
"Don't tell me Peterhouse or Caius
Can match this pile;" but, cut and dried,
Her swift retort my hopes belied;
"One thing," she cooed, "your City lacks,
Though you have prospects fair and wide,
You've nothing like the *Cambridge* Backs."

L'Envoi.

Oxonians, doff your naughty pride,
And go and put your heads in sacks;
Though you may boast the Oxford *Side*,
You've nothing like the Cambridge *Backs!*

"All the discharge notices have been suspended until 31st April in order to give the War Office time to further consider the position."

Star.

Hence the expression "adjourned *sine die*," so commonly used when the War Office considers a position.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

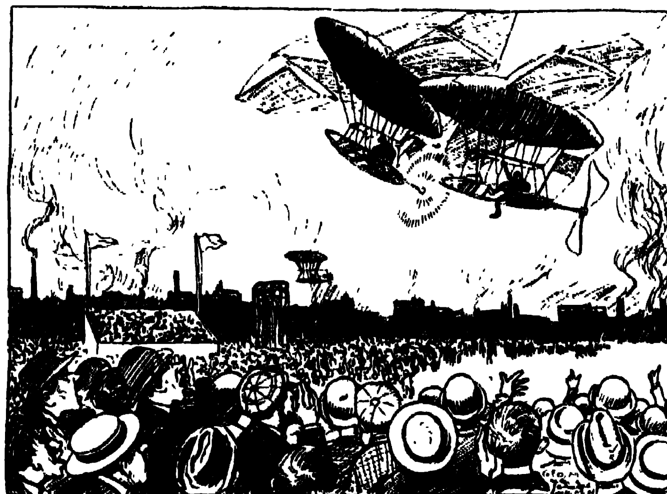
THE main purpose of *Conflict* (CONSTABLE), by CONSTANCE SMEDLEY, is to show that a plain girl-clerk, suddenly established at the head of a large business firm, may prove herself the match of any man in commercial vigour and integrity, and at the same time have her fair share of feminine romance. The author tempers the pardonable arbitrariness of her design by a certain measure of broad-minded philosophy. Unfortunately her knowledge of women is not balanced by an equal experience of men, and it is clear that she understands the workaday world far better than the more lurid aspects of life which are here made to serve as its foil. Her City man *Cuvier*, the lady-killer, who "raced and figured at fashionable gatherings, and was a personage whose doings were chronicled by the London papers," is a figure out of old Adelphi melodrama. Many of her scenes, though sometimes needlessly expanded, show real power and even nobility of thought, but the absence of literary style and the tendency to drop into a mode of diction that is alternately slipshod and tawdry, are grave defects in what might have been a serious achievement. We are told of *Mary*, the heroine, that she wore "a green bodice *sandwiched on to* a brown skirt;" that she "stood close up against the whirring wheel of industry; her young strength pushed the rim." This feat is only equalled by that of her counterpart, *Mrs. Ellestree*, who, in a spasm of emotion, when contemplating elopement, "leaned against the bedroom." The unhappy lady had for her husband a brute of a pressman who smoked a pipe while in the act of helping himself to coffee and bacon at breakfast. This would go far to undermine connubial peace, yet "she upheld the chimera of his silent worship in a way that her friends called 'beautiful.'" Miss SMEDLEY should have known that the Chimera (as slain by Bellerophon) was a complicated and offensive monster, and not a picturesque theory.

I venture, with deference, to hope that before she publishes her next novel, whose appearance I anticipate with sincere pleasure, she will study some true stylist; and, since I dare not commend her to take lessons from one of my own sex, I would suggest that she should put herself under the tuition of that admirable writer, Miss MAY SINCLAIR. I trust, too, that she will make a better choice of quotations for the headings of her chapters, and not give us another series of commonplace tags from BROWNING interspersed with sentimental cuttings from the cat-opera, *Amasis*.

Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL is the last of the Whigs, within his still young life a potent factor in English politics. Only he remains, a precious possession for a new Century that has seen the birth of the Labour Party. He must

> Feel like one who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted,
> Whose guests are fled,
> Whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed.

"I was born a Whig," he writes, in the collection of papers happily named *Seeing and Hearing* (GRANT RICHARDS), "and brought up in a Whiggish society." It is in keeping with his subtle cynical humour that the chapters of his book originally appeared in the columns of a Manchester newspaper whose readers form a community probably as far remote from sympathy with Whiggism as the provinces provide. Their literary charm is however so compelling that they would overcome any local or racial prejudices. Mr. RUSSELL has read everything and remembers pointed passages at the right moment. His gossip about multiple subjects is the bright talk of a scholar and a man of the world, a rare combination. There was a book that instructed my youth called *Half-Hours with the Best Authors*. In this volume we have half-hours with GEORGE RUSSELL, chatting about such diverse subjects as Mourning, Oxford, Sunday in London, Wine and Water, Inns and Hotels, Publishers, Handwriting, Luncheon, Tea, Dinner, Supper, a sequence which, completing the ordered meals of the day, leaves us hungry for more. All are good, but a masterpiece of wise and witty talk about comparative nothingness is achieved in the chapter relating to Cider, which leads up quite naturally to a learned disquisition on the Order of the Garter. Describing a day in the Season, Mr. RUSSELL alludes to a house "where there are ortolans for supper and the best band in London, but it is too sickening to be called 'My boy' by that bow-window bounder, the master of the house." Here is a touch of vivid portraiture that seems to recall a familiar personality. Who can it be? "I wonder," as BEERBOHM TREE used to say before the curtain fell on the last night of *The Red Lamp*.



PROPHETIC.

Voices from crowd (interested in aeronaut in difficulties). "PULL WITH YOUR RIGHT WING! BACK WATER WITH YOUR LEFT, YOU IDIOT! DIP YOUR HEL-M!"

The whole of *A Human Trinity* (METHUEN), by RONALD MACDONALD, is divided, like the dog's-eared Gaul of our schoolboy-days, into three parts. Part I., "The Three," introduces a mother, father and son, the two last of whom are unaware of each other's existence. Part II., "The Two," harks back to the beginning of things, and shows how it came about that *Tony Le Dane* was born the son of *Randolph Bethune*, the traveller, and *Lady Mary Frozier*, the artist (whom he supposed to be his aunt); and Part III., "The Trinity," or Three in One, explains how *Tony*, by insisting on the marriage of his newly found parents, fashioned of their three lives an isosceles triangle, in which the two equal sides, AB and AC, diverging from their vertex A, are joined to form a complete conventional figure by the third side or base BC. All three lines, AB, AC and BC, are "straight." There is some pretty lovemaking after the meeting of AB and AC, and BC, if at first a little inclined to resent the subordinate but useful function of the humble base, was not without excuse, and certainly played the game.

Bewildering Commercial Candour.

Stores gentleman (to suburban customer, in reply to a question as to when the goods would arrive). "One day we deliver there every day, madam, and the next day we deliver there every other day."

CHARIVARIA.

We are pleased to see that the Admiralty is continuing its policy of secrecy in regard to the latest additions to the Navy. It is rumoured that, with a view to further misleading our enemies, our next giant cruiser will be christened *The Midget*.

The Irish Unionist Members of the House of Commons have decided to erect in Ireland a memorial of the work of the late Colonel SAUNDERSON. It will take the form of a statue. The Liberal Members of the House of Commons have decided to erect in Ireland a memorial of the work of the late Mr. C. S. PARNELL. It will take the form of a statute.

The amount of money spent on the THAW proceedings rather disposes of the thought, so comforting to those who are not plutocrats, that millionaires have their trials like the rest of us.

The finest tribute to the cleverness of Mr. DELMAS came from Mr. THAW himself. In a statement issued to the Press while the jury was considering the verdict Mr. THAW announced that after hearing all the evidence he was convinced that he was innocent.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE SCHOOL OF SEA COOKS.
THE CLASS FOR THE TRAINING OF BEGINNERS IN STORM COOKERY.

A boa-constrictor, believed to be nearly a hundred years old, has died in Virginia. It is said to have remembered news of the Battle of Waterloo being cried in the streets.

From time to time it is rumoured that the CZAR's reason has given way. In the current number of *The London Magazine* Mr. FOSTER FRASER indirectly supports this rumour. Describing the CZAR in his private room, Mr. FRASER says, "If a fresh log is wanted to replenish the fire the Emperor throws it on himself." A sane man would of course throw it on the fire.

Recent revelations at Sunderland and Newcastle and elsewhere prove that, in spite of the charge that the Government is indifferent in the matter of preparedness for war, the supply of ammunition in this country is larger than it has ever been before.

The National Union of Teachers has ordered its unemployed members to refuse to accept the positions now vacant owing to the dismissals by the West Ham education authorities; and the Union has the strong moral support of the children affected, even though the little ones realise that the action of the Union may result in their being temporarily deprived of tuition.

It has been stated that 12,000 poles will be used in the course of the re-decoration of the British Museum, and "Patriot" writes to protest against the employment of so many aliens on a Government job.

It has been suggested that, with a view to preventing the necessity for reducing the staff at Woolwich Arsenal in times of peace, motor-cars shall be manufactured there in addition to the other death-dealing instruments.

ZOO'S 896,423 VISITORS
SOME ITEMS OF FOOD FOR THE ANIMALS

are headlines in *The Observer* which strike us as wanting in tact.

The statement that Eastbourne's new orchestra will be known as "The Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S" is not quite correct. Herr P. TAS is to conduct, and it will be called "Der Duke von DEVONSCHIRS Orchester."

The Daily Chronicle is very enthusiastic about the colt "Pom," which made a successful appearance at Newmarket last week. He must certainly have exceptional staying power if our contemporary's exclusive information be true. The *Chronicle* makes the almost incredible statement that he is entered for the Epsom Derby and Doncaster St. Leger of 1980.

The trials of model aeroplanes at the Alexandra Palace last week proved beyond a doubt that aeroplanes will be so dangerous that many people will fly on merely catching sight of one.

In discussing the play, "Votes for Women," the *Daily News* says:—"Every one of the actresses and actresses were splendid." It only shows how successfully the playwright had imbued the stage with an atmosphere of femininity.

Picture postcards of Prince ARTHUR of Connaught, says Laffan, are being circulated in Servia by a secret society which wishes to place him on the throne. However, forewarned is forearmed. Every precaution is being taken to prevent the Prince being kidnapped, and he certainly will not submit without a struggle.

Since their visit to this country the Colonial Premiers have become confirmed in their views as to the necessity for Protection. If food were dearer, there would be fewer Banquets. They recommend a moderate taxation of food-stuffs instead of over-taxation of digestive organs.

Mr. WALLACE, K.C., pointed out at the Newington Sessions last week that there was a marked diminution in criminal cases. As compared with the corresponding period of the previous year there were twenty-five fewer prisoners. One of our leading criminals, interviewed on the subject, declared indignantly that this is merely due to the shocking inefficiency of the police.

A Sporting Offer.

"GENT'S bicycle, 30s., or exchange for better one."—*Bedford Daily Circular.*

"'Will you take tea with me' or 'Will you have tea with me' are phrases not current in society."—*Queen.*

WHAT *do* they say, then? Whiskey?

THE RETURN OF THE DOVE.

[Mr. Tree has recently been sharing with His Majesty King Edward the hostility of a section of the German Press. As the poet puts it:

Upon the spreading Beerbohm Tree
The villain critic stands,
And the mutterings of his caustic pen
Are harsh as German bands.

But there are consolations of international import.]

Welcome, O Herald of a Golden Age,
Wafted this way on white and downy wings!
Forget the heathen critic's idle rage
And how he said the most annoying things.
Here in the Muses' haunt, the actual country
Preferred by Shakspeare for his home address,
Take heart and warm your marrow in the sun, Tree,
Of an approving Press.

Well may you mock those journals' jealous tone,
Unechoed in a higher judgment-seat.
Master of every Art to mortals known,
The astonied Kaiser stooped to kiss your feet;
And, barely waiting his august permission
To demonstrate their homage, hand and hoof,
Nightly the audience at your exhibition
Stood up and razed the roof.

And other boards than those your buskins trod
Witnessed your triumph when, with wassail lined,
You grew in waist-girth visibly like a god
Or a Colonial Premier, over-dined;
Till Marcobrunner and the beer of Munich
Lent such an amplitude to your inside
That you could stretch the folds of *Falstaff's* tunic
With your unaided hide.

Here shewed your genius; thus you found your way
Into the Teuton's else impervious heart,
Which only yields—and then an easy prey—
To that insidious blend of Ale and Art;
Through this combine, in which our Brewer-Poet,
Shakspeare of Stratford, shone among the best,
German and Briton—'tis to you they owe it—
Embrace each other's breast.

Therefore in vain the Anglophobist crew
Orders a *Dreadnought* every second week,
For now the Eagle, largely thanks to you,
Sits chatting with the Lion, jowl by beak;
And grateful Ministers, profoundly brooding
O'er plans for running England on the cheap,
Joy to observe your olive-branch exuding
Oil on the troubled deep.

O. S.

Acts of Parliament are interpreted in Wales according to the spirit rather than the mere letter of the law. As for instance:

"The first prosecution under the new Dogs Act was heard at Carmarthen on Saturday, when a butcher was fined 31s. 8d. for not properly burying the carcases of three cows and a bull."—*South Wales Daily Post.*

We understand that there is one really great moment in the new Lyceum melodrama, "Her Love against the World," when Mr. Norman Partridge, who plays the hero, passionately declares that he will die game.

*** *Mr. Punch* desires to state that the Stonecutter Street which was named in his last issue as being the address of the Headquarters of the "Criminal Literary Agency" is not the Stonecutter Street which contains the offices of *The Star* and *The Morning Leader*, but another street of the same name.

ANIMALCULES AT THE ALHAMBRA.

(By Mr. Punch's Impressionable Dramatic Critic.)

When, as the accredited representative of *Mr. Punch*, I took my seat at the Alhambra the other evening to witness the first appearance of a company of Animalcules "presented" by Mr. Charles Urban on the stage of his admirable Bioscope, I confess to feeling considerable doubt whether they would "catch on." I thought it *a priori* unlikely that they could possess more than a rudimentary notion of Humour, or that with all their efforts they would succeed in entertaining any audience of taste and refinement.

Still I determined to be just if stern, to remember that all Art must have its beginning, to make all due allowances. Well, I need not have been uneasy. As a matter of fact these little artists played with a vivacity and go, an *ensemble*, *aplomb*, and *entrain* which I have never seen equalled—except of course in the performances of "our lively neighbours" across the Channel. I make this exception, merely because it is customary in dramatic criticisms after any allusion to *ensemble*, not because it represents my personal opinion, which it doesn't.

None of these Animalcules seemed to show the least desire to take the centre of the stage or monopolise the limelight; they scorned all artificial traditions and conventions, and were content to appear simply as themselves, thereby affording a noble example to some of our most popular theatrical celebrities.

The entertainment in which they appeared was called "Nature's Closest Secrets"—a happy title. I do not know which of the Animalcules suggested it. The programme was curiously reticent as to the Christian and surnames of the performers. It may be that they insist on preserving their anonymity—but if so, it is time they were informed that no one loses *caste* nowadays by going on the stage.

As they expressed themselves entirely in dumb show, I did not follow the precise meaning as closely as I could have wished; but I was conscious of a similar inability to grasp the significance of some of the pantomime in the two magnificent ballets which preceded and followed the Animalcules—so evidently the fault lay in my own intelligence.

The scene opened with a lively bustling representation of "Rotifers Rejoicing." I quite expected the hero to come on during the festivities, but, being unable to identify him, concluded that he must be there in disguise.

Then came an interlude, illustrating "Life in a Drop of Water," which was interesting for its local colour, but did not seem to me to do much to advance the plot. I was still waiting for the hero to appear and be accused of something he couldn't have done even if it had occurred to him.

However, when the "Sensational Slipper Animalculæ" followed in a lively Knockabout Act, I began to realise that I had made a stupid mistake. It was not a Melodrama at all—but simply a Variety Show.

On the whole I was relieved—the mental strain was less severe. Perhaps the "Slippers" erred somewhat on the side of farcical extravagance; but this was due to high spirits, and I have no doubt will be toned down in subsequent performances.

After this the "Al-Fresco Combination Comedy Company of Harvest Mites" appeared in a little Drawing-Room Sketch, which they rendered with a quiet unforced humour and drollery that were perfectly inimitable. The smallest mite in particular revealed himself as a low comedian of rare gifts. His by-play and facial expression were simply immense. I wish I could be equally eulogistic about the next turn, which seemed to be a Cake-walking Exhibition by the "Acarina Troupe of Corybantic Cattle-ticks." But, to be frank, two or three of the performers seemed to be so paralysed by



A DANIEL GONE FROM JUDGMENT.

The Yellow Judge. "NO MORE CRIMINAL CASES TO BE RE-TRIED BY ME! WHAT'S TO BECOME OF JUSTICE—AND MY CIRCULATION?"

["An enterprising Press had rushed in where jurists feared to tread, and re-trial by newspaper threatened to take the place of re-trial before a judicial tribunal."—*Attorney-General, introducing Bill for the constitution of a Court of Criminal Appeal.*]



SPEEDING THE LINGERING GUEST.

Mother. "Don't ride away with Mrs. Boreham's umbrella, Bobbie."
Bobbie. "Why not, Mother? I won't hurt it."
Mother. "You might, dear. And anyhow she'll be wanting it directly."

stage-fright that they were quite unable to do themselves justice. Still, a little nervousness is very natural and pardonable on a first night. Indeed, it often accompanies a finely artistic temperament.

A Shadow Dance by a Trio of Highly-trained Tortoise-ticks was more successful, and roused the entire house to frantic enthusiasm.

But the *bonne bouche* of the whole entertainment was a Ballet Divertissement by a Corps of Tyroglyphic (I trust I have got the name right—I found it in an Encyclopædia) Cheese-mites. I understand (again from the Encyclopædia, which is quite a *Who's Who* for these circles) that they are all in the "immature eight-legged-nymph" stage of development. However this may be, they formed a perfect bevy of budding Acarine beauty, and won the hearts of all beholders.

Their evolutions were slow, languorous, dreamy. Exactly what they were designed to convey I do not quite know. At one time I thought the general idea might be to express "the poetic exaltation of a group of romantic young Cheese-mites immediately after their native valley had been irradiated by the roseate glow produced by a glass of fruity old port."

But afterwards I concluded that the intention could hardly have been of this Bacchanalian order. Because, in the Grand New Ballet, "The Queen of Spades," by their human competitors, which concluded the evening, I noticed that Total Abstinence was strongly inculcated in the final conflict between Good and Evil—the Spirit of Good (which of course triumphed) being represented in apotheosis as "La Source" under the name of a well-known aërated table water.

So it is most unlikely that the Management would permit any Cheese-mite *Coryphée* to do anything that might tend to neutralise the moral effect.

But whatever might be the inner meaning of their minuet, let me hasten to say that there was nothing in it that could call for censure from the most austere moralist. Or at least *I* saw nothing.

A pleasing feature in the show as a whole was the thorough enjoyment which all these Tiny Mites and Lilliputian Ticks so obviously took in their work. This seems to me a proof that their training cannot have been imparted by any harsh methods. And since their performance comes on at 9.35 P.M., and is over long before ten o'clock, there is no ground for representing that their health is likely to suffer by their being kept up too late.

The only danger is that their little heads may be swelled by such sudden and startling success. Not that I see any reason to apprehend this at present. None of these interesting little Ixodes (Encyclopædia again; but why not announce them properly in the programmes?) appeared to me to realise in the least that it had made a hit at all. They remained perfectly modest and unaffected through all the thunders of applause that greeted them.

Bless their innocent little hearts—now I come to think of it, I rather fancy they do not possess such organs; but no matter, if they had hearts, they *would* be innocent, I feel sure of *that*—may they always preserve their crystalline simplicity and candour even under the trying ordeal of a Stage career!

F. A.

Motto for Picture Postcard Beauty: Simper eadem.

ALL LIES.

Really, to do justice to a play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, one ought to have lived several years in America. Not having so lived, one is apt to suppose that Mr. Fitch, to say the least of it, has himself lived several years in the theatre, without going outside; whereas things which appear to one stagey and theatrical in his work are, possibly, masterly observations of real life. They do such curious things in America. For example when the husband in *The Truth*—which is not being told at the Comedy Theatre—having quarrelled with his wife for telling lies, relates to her father how he "sat in his room and clenched his teeth," he may be describing an ordinary American occupation. In a French play, if one does not know much of French society one gives the author the benefit of the doubt, and assumes that matters which have an improbable look to one are natural in France; and one should do the same with plays which come from America. This one, to be sure, has been divested—and by a skilful hand of obvious Americanisms; the dialogue with hardly a lapse—I only caught one "around"—is the speech of London, and the action is made roughly conforming; still, I for one felt myself in New York nearly all the time. I admit I have never been there really, but I am sure Mr. Clyde Fitch has given me the right feeling. However, it is a bright little play, its effects cleverly contrived, and its characters, if rather much of the theatre, distinct.

All that does not matter but please don't cut it out, Mr. Editor. What does matter is that Miss Marie Tempest has a thoroughly good part. In a sense it does not signify very much what Miss Tempest plays. She has the *don du théâtre* to a degree so rare on our stage that any part she plays seems credible and distinguished. She is always "there," always in the picture; the stage when she is on it seems the room it affects to be. It is the great fault of our players to lack this gift altogether, to be obviously people taking part in a game. Miss Tempest—with very few others—has it beyond dispute, and adds to it a great technical accomplishment—a quality distinct from it, though necessary for its right effect. I have sometimes thought she presumed on it, playing carelessly and romping, but there is nothing of this in *The Truth*. She tells her lies admirably—the light ones with an air compounded of pleasure in deception and irritation at being asked awkward questions; and the serious ones with the feeling most cleverly indicated that "I can't help it, but this is really the last." Her best moment, however, for which I confess I was hardly prepared, was when her husband found her out and reviled her, and she broke down and protested her real innocence and love for him with a choked voice. It was a fine moment of acting, and would make a far worse play one not to be missed. By the way, I should like to know if Mr. Clyde Fitch has taken *Becky Warder* in her lighter mood from life. The woman who tells fibs for the pleasure of invention, neither maliciously nor to serve an end of self-importance or evasion—does she exist? I have known one or two men like that, and they were such agreeable fellows that I should like to meet their female equivalent: I never have. The other actors had not a great chance. Mr. Dawson Milward, as the worthless lover, was delightfully easy as ever, and Mr. Aynesworth as the husband played *his* moment of emotion creditably. Mr. Dion



Stooping to Conquer.
Mr. Dawson Milward and Miss Marie Tempest.

Boucicault was an elderly ne'er-do-well of a familiar type, and Miss Rosina Filippi's talent was thrown away on the part of an amorous landlady, which, however, she played with devotion and good humour.

I do not know if Sir Charles Wyndham thought I could make a good joke about *The Truth* and *The Liars*, if he revived the latter play at the Criterion while the former was running at the Comedy. If so I am truly sorry—having made several conscientious efforts without success—to disappoint him, for I can imagine no other reason for its revival. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has written so many plays with idea and thought underlying them—even some of the most frivolous, like *The Whitewashing of Julia*—that it was really a pity to choose a play of his which has nothing in it but a little clever manipulation of entrances and exits. It has not even a good part for Sir Charles. How could I think of a joke when I was almost weeping at the sight of his splendid technique, his skill and sureness of touch, so thrown away? Moreover, the cast is not nearly so good as it was when the play was first produced. Miss Mary Moore still plays the heroine prettily and gracefully, of course, and Mr. Kemble is droll in the too few minutes he is seen, but Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Vane Tempest are ill replaced, and as for the actor who played the preposterous husband .... I fear to pain *Mr. Punch's* kindly heart; and besides I would not drive Sir Charles Wyndham, of whose fine art we see so much too little, away from London by unnecessary rudeness to his colleague.

By the way, I doubt these lying plays have a bad effect on one's morals. The Comedy is a difficult theatre to leave when it is full, especially on a rainy night. The rain pelted when I was there, and the audience seemed inclined to bivouac in the hall. A powerful and determined lady, just in front of me, heard her carriage called, and proceeded to march bang through the enclosing flesh and blood as though she were fording a river. I followed meekly in her wake, and when any one got between us, "Excuse me," said I, "I must follow my wife." They pitied me and smiled and made way. I think I lied rather well.

Rue.

Reducing the Volunteers.

"Battalion Orders ... Men living in Govan and District may fall-in at Govan Ferry at 1.45 p.m. Uniform—Review."
Glasgow News.

Heard at the Savoy.

Girl (in the gallery, reading programme): "'*Patience*, an æsthetic opera.' (*Disappointedly*) Oh, John, 'tain't comic. It's æsthetic!"

Commercial Candour.

In a Cambridge shop-window:

New-laid Eggs,
Warranted all Fresh.

Good (or, rather, bad) amateur performers, when they die, go to Ballymena; because that is where *The Ballymena Observer* comes out. The *Observer* has a style of its own.

"Dr. C.'s manipulation of the organ spoke to the audience with its own voice of the excellency of the performer."

"Miss G.'s rendition of this item was most sublime."

"Mr. S. acquitted himself with much lustre."

MY PARASITE.

AWHILE ago, when sore opprest
With parlous noises on the chest,
I heard some lunatic suggest
That for a simple cure
A porous Plaster, clapped upon the breast,
Was cheap and sure.

This garment I made haste to don;
And truly, ere a week had gone,
It wrought a magic spell upon
The megrims and the cough;
The only trouble is, that now it 's on
It won't come off.

I 've tried the corners first—in vain;
I 've tried against and with "the grain"
Day after day, and suffered pain
Enough for any six;
I say I 've worked it till I 've roared again,
But there it sticks.

It may be that one ought to feel
The pathos of its mute appeal;
I grant that in its dog-like zeal
The creature far transcends
The love of brothers—ay, and sticks a deal
Closer than friends;

Still, even then, enough 's a feast;
Besides, the poor devoted beast
Is getting shabby, frayed, and creased;
And, though it doesn't show,
Its presence isn't nice, to say the least!
Far from it! No.

But there it is; and means to stay
Apparently till judgment-day;
And doubtless when I 'm old and grey
The thing will yet be there;
Soap doesn't seem to make it go away,
No more does prayer.

* * * * *

P.S.—I 've just been pained to read
That, when the hour has come to speed
The parting guest, you merely need
A strong, determined clutch;
Then give a *few sharp jerks*, and—*oh!—In-deed!*—
Thanks very much!

DUM-DUM.



Bus Driver (to Van Driver, who is blocking the way). "'ERE, THAT 'S A NICE BIT O' FREEHOLD YOU 'VE GOT THERE!"

"THE STRAPHANGER'S EXPRESS."

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE conductors of *The Straphanger's Express* mean to run it on new and up-to-date lines. It will be a radical departure from the ordinary track. That another morning paper is wanted cannot be denied. To offer the straphanger a newspaper of conventional proportions is a mockery; without two hands and elbow-room it cannot be unfolded. The straphanger who attempts single-handed to manipulate a broadsheet finds it physically impossible to turn overleaf, and after three minutes' jostling by fellow-pendulums he is left with a mere fistful of shreds, fit for nothing but a paper-chase.

Thus the straphanger is deprived of one of the necessaries of life.

To fill the gap *The Straphanger's Express* is being started. It will be a newsbook, not a newspaper. Consisting of 48 pages, each 5 inches by 4, it can comfortably be held in one hand. The problem of turning over the pages presented some difficulty, and many experiments were necessary before a solution was found. By the adoption of stout paper and an ingenious form of binding, a newsbook has been produced the pages of which any straphanger can turn over with ease and certainty by a simple movement of his nose.

The new paper will adopt a go-ahead policy; it will be carried on by progressive people. To alleviate the tedium of travel, an element of humour will pervade its columns; raillery and irony will not be lacking. But the humour will be mild: it may make the straphanger smile, but it shall not make him hold his sides, since to induce the latter operation is to expose him to injury if not to death. At the recent inquest on an unfortunate straphanger it was proved in evidence that the deceased was reading a periodical called *Punch*, and was contorted by a joke just as the motorman applied the brakes. Never shall it be said that *The Straphanger's Express* lost a reader in this way.

The first issue will contain a number of special articles likely to have a direct interest for those who move in straphanger circles. The L.C.C. members who were rejected at the last election will tell how they lost their seats, and whether they intend to stand again. There will also be first-class articles on:—

- Parliamentary Returns, and their bearing on Fare Trade.
- Platform Politics. By an Old Buffer.
- Should the Straphanger's Corn be Protected? (With a footnote on Retaliation.)
- From a Swiss Cottage to the Mansion House. By a Waiter.
- The Growing Indifference of the Masses to Class Distinctions.
- The Origin of the Phrase: "Up Guards." By a Bakerloo Veteran.

There is reason to believe that the new paper will enjoy from the very start exceptional advantages in the way of circulation.

HENRY'S IDEA

OF THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

"YOU'VE seen the great and glorious news?" asked HENRY eagerly.

"I've been away," I said. "Tell me."

"Why, it's the finest thing that has ever happened. The Advisory Committee of the M.C.C. has discovered a new way of working out the championship. It's JESSOP's idea. You count five for a win and *minus* two for a loss, and then, as before, you divide the points by the number of finished matches."

"Oh, I did hear about that. It's meant to encourage enterprise, and fast scoring, and so on, isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know that it will do that exactly," said HENRY. "But it might encourage TODHUNTER a bit."

"TOD HUNTER? You mean DAVID, don't you?"

"No, TODHUNTER the Algebra man. It ought to give his books a bit of a leg-up. Yes, I must really send that copy to JESSOP."

HENRY chuckled to himself as he filled his pipe.

"I don't profess to be much of a mathematician myself," he went on, "but I remember that there was a chapter called 'Ratio, Proportion, and Variation' that came in the Algebra for the Little-Go. I suppose JESSOP missed that, somehow. Perhaps he took French instead. But if he had ever done it, or if he had consulted any schoolboy first, he would never have brought up his great scheme.

"Yes, of course, the two methods of scoring are exactly the same, really. I know that must sound almost incredible to a man who took French for his Little-Go, but so it is. You see it yourself, don't you? What I mean is that if Kent (say) is above Yorkshire on the old system, Kent is bound to be above Yorkshire on the new one. And if, next year, JESSOP has another brilliant idea of counting a million for a win, and *minus* thirty-seven for a loss the counties would still be in the same position. Ratio, Proportion, and Variation: it all comes into that. What a wonderful man TODHUNTER must have been!

"All the same, though, I am glad Jessop took French. Because, but for that, the Advisory Committee of the M.C.C. would never have had the chance of adopting his scheme; and I do think that the idea of all these great and earnest cricketers solemnly discussing whether the time was ripe for a startling change, and then finding afterwards that they hadn't made a change at all, is one of the most glorious things that has ever happened in this world. It's what *The Sportsman* calls *Mens sana in corpore sano*.

"The papers are rather funny about it, too. Some of them are discovering that the order of last year's competition remains the same under the new system of scoring, but they still think it's only a coincidence. One of the *Mail* men points out proudly that the best way of all would be to divide the wins by the finished matches, and he makes out his little table to show it. Of course the order is still the same, because that is what they have been doing all these years, only they don't realise it.

"I am beginning to wonder now how JESSOP works out his batting average. Batting averages mean decimals, and decimals to a man who took French must be the very dickens. One mustn't be surprised now if all the rest of our great games players (who make our Empire what it is) follow suit. STEPHEN BLOOMER proposing, and the Advisory Committee of the Football Association unanimously adopting, his new plan of counting two for every goal instead of one, in order to encourage shooting; INMAN coming excitedly up with the suggestion that cannons should count six and pockets six or nine, and being welcomed with open arms by the Billiard Advisory Committee; DOHERTY with his new idea of dividing the present lawn-tennis scores by five — forward the Advisory Lawn-Tennis Association —— Oh, it's a great, great day for England!"

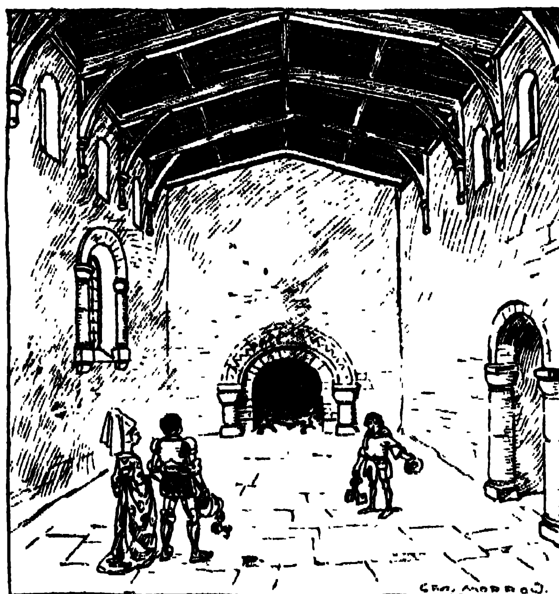
"But how would *you* arrange the county championship," I said, "supposing that they asked you?"

"Well, of course there's only one ideal way of scoring, and that is the way by which one's own county comes top. Lots of people discover it just at the end of the season, and write to *The Sportsman* about it. I once knew a man who lived in the beautiful Peak country, and he had invented a most elaborate system. I can't remember it all, but roughly the idea was five for a loss and *minus* two for a win, and something extra when WARREN played for England. His county always came out first that way."

"No, but seriously?"

"Seriously, the thing could be done quite easily. The chief complaint against the present system is that the drawn game makes no difference to a county's percentage. If a draw brought your percentage down, then certain teams wouldn't be so ready to play for one. Very well then; all you have to do is to divide a county's points by the number of matches *played*, instead of by the number *finished*. In this way every time a county draws a match its denominator gets larger, and its numerator remains the same. Perhaps numerator and denominator are rather difficult words for an M.C.C. Advisory Committee, so I'll take an example. Yorkshire has played 14 (say), won 10, lost 2, drawn 2. Points 8—proportionate points $\frac{8}{14}$. Now it plays Sussex and draws. Points 8—proportionate points $\frac{8}{15}$. In other words it no longer pays them to draw. See? It's quite simple.

"What, are you going? Well, just find me some string. I must send off my TODHUNTER to JESSOP."



HOUSE-HUNTING A.D. 1100.
THE KITCHEN.



FLAT-HUNTING, A.D. 1907.
THE KITCHEN.

A PLEA FOR PANEGYRIC.

By the Editor of "P. T. F." ("Praise to the Face.")

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is in its way an excellent adage, but why, in the words of dear old SOLON, should we wait for the end? Why not antedate our eulogies and bestow them, when well-merited, on the living as well? There has long been a ridiculous prejudice against "praise to the face," due no doubt to that Pagan superstition embodied in the story of the Ring of POLYCRATES; but the progress of civilisation has gone far to eliminate it from the mental equipment of the up-to-date journalist. Cynics and misanthropes strive to disparage the beneficent influence of panegyric by comparing it with —butter. Yet a dispassionate inquiry will abundantly convince all but the most prejudiced observers that the comparison is honorific rather than the reverse. Butter is the supreme product of milk, which is the recognised emblem of human kindness. The cow, except in rare moments of irritation, is the very incarnation of gentleness, serenity and magnanimity. HOMER, that grand old prophet of the land of Nod, employed the epithet "ox-eyed" to express an essential attribute of feminine beauty. The Irish, the grandest race under the canopy, have been largely reared on buttermilk.

It is not for me to dwell on the extraordinarily nutritious qualities of cream, but I may be permitted to note that in its tropical sense, as the grammarians say, it stands for all that is noblest in the social and most exalted in the intellectual sphere. The Egyptians, the most wonderful people in the world's history, exalted the cat Pasht to the level of a Divinity, and where would our cats, brown or white, be without milk, cream, and inferentially butter? Life without lubricants would be impossible, or at best a succession of intolerable jars. Think of the Esquimaux bereft of blubber, of bicycles *minus* their little oil baths, of railway travelling without the solace of that rich golden unguent which is inserted by trusty officials in the axle-boxes of our great express trains! Lastly, it is not for nothing that the initials of the new and most exalted order of O.M. are identical with those of Oleo Margarine.

Of course occasions must arrive—painful, inevitable occasions—in which indulgence in the delights of unbridled adulation must be restrained by a sense of proportion and of one's duty to society. We would not go so far as to assert that all murderers are benefactors, or that Sultans can do no wrong. But it is always possible to dwell on extenuating circumstances—provocation, a defective education or the demoralising influence of absolutism—and to temper the vinegar of censure with the honey of charity. Let us never forget the parricide's impressive plea for mercy, on the ground that he was an orphan. Besides, the criminal classes have many engaging qualities, and judicious panegyric (in a signed article) may at least induce them to refrain from exercising their predatory instincts at our own expense, whereas violent abuse may single us out for attack. It is reported of a famous editor of the old school that he was wont to instruct his contributors in the following terms: "Be kind, be merciful, be considerate, but when you meet a silly fool string him up." This awful, this Rhadamanthine precept no longer holds good. The school of BLUDYER is no more. We live in the day of LAUDER and laudation. In the words of one of the greatest of contemporary singers:

"Our foemen no longer we bludgeon,
Our pettest aversions we bless;
For the crustiest, crassest curmudgeon
Will yield to a gentle caress.
Of old for correction men clamoured,
But now, in these happier days,
Of unchecked adulation enamoured
We wallow in praise."



"OUR NEW CURATE SEEMS TO BE AN ALTRUIST."
"OH, DO YOU THINK SO? I QUITE THOUGHT FROM HIS INTONING THAT HE WAS A TENOR."

Mors Janua Vitæ.

[The following Irish notice, designed for local consumption, appears in some woods near Killarney.]

NOTICE

In accordance with the Provisions of 26 and 27 Vict. ch. 115

POISON

has been laid down for the

PRESERVATION OF GAME.



"Could you spare us a piece of bread, kind Sir?"
"Certainly, my good man—brown or white?"

THOUGHTS AND A DIARY.

(1.) The Thoughts.

Confound my Diary. I must write it up, but it 's twelve o'clock, and I 've got to get up early to-morrow. Yes, a whiskey and soda—just a little one. There! I knew that syphon would spurt all over the table. Yes, a cigarette. Let me see. Yes, the dinner was excellent, and the talk splendid. Must write it all down. Immensely interesting to children and grandchildren. Six of us. M. began: "Nobody reads Milton now." S. countered him: "I 've read all of him, and read him every morning." M. screamed with derision. B. said Cleveland was considered much the better poet by contemporaries. Nobody else had heard of Cleveland, except F., who mixed him up with Grover Cleveland, the President of the United States. C. said he didn't want to marry his deceased wife's sister, especially as he hadn't got a wife, and B. said the whole controversy showed an extraordinary want of taste, which made C. very angry. "How about the Colonies?" he asked. Up came question of domicile, hotly debated by F. and M., who thought we were doing too much for the Colonies. S. chimed in again volubly. B. asked him not to imagine he stood on a peak in Darien, and C. begged him to remember that if he did stand there he ought to obey the quotation and be silent, even if he had eagle eyes. S. retorted that it wasn't Cortez who was silent, but his men, and then three of them gave the quotation at length. Statesmanship was the next subject (the liqueurs came in about the same time), and M. said the Government was going from bad to worse, whereupon B. defied him to do his worst, and M. said he would do it. By this time F. and C. had begun to discuss religious poetry. B. said there was no such thing as religious poetry: there was only poetry. If it was bad as poetry it couldn't become good or even tolerable because it was written in a religious spirit. Somebody thought religious poetry was like English music, and everybody else laughed scornfully. I ought to expand all this and write it down in full. Greville would have done it. Time to go to bed, but must fill up Diary. Diary is an eternal bore—there 's no doubt about it. Well, well! I 'll write.

(2.) The Diary.

Dull weather. Dined with M., S., B., F. and C. Good dinner and much talk.

A PARALLEL.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I know I 'm only a girl, so perhaps I can't argue very well, so will you tell me what is wrong with this that I said to Father yesterday?

You must know that Father is a very keen statesman. He stood for the division last election, and just failed to get in by three thousand votes, owing to the other side lying so. Every morning he reads out bits from the papers at breakfast, and says, "There! What did I prognosticate?" and, "Oh, for half-an-hour of Chamberlain!" and things like that. We generally get the evening paper of the day before at breakfast, and for the last week he has read out this from *The Evening News*:—

"The Colonies wish to draw closer to us through Preference. This is our last chance. Shall we disappoint them?"

The first day or so I didn't mind, and I said, "Oh, don't let's," or something like that. But after the sixth time I got rather bored; so I asked Charlie what Preference meant, and he explained.

Well, this morning, when father read it, I smiled very sweetly, and then I said, "Father, I wish to draw closer to you through the medium of an extra £20 a year dress-money. This is your last chance. Will you disappoint me?"

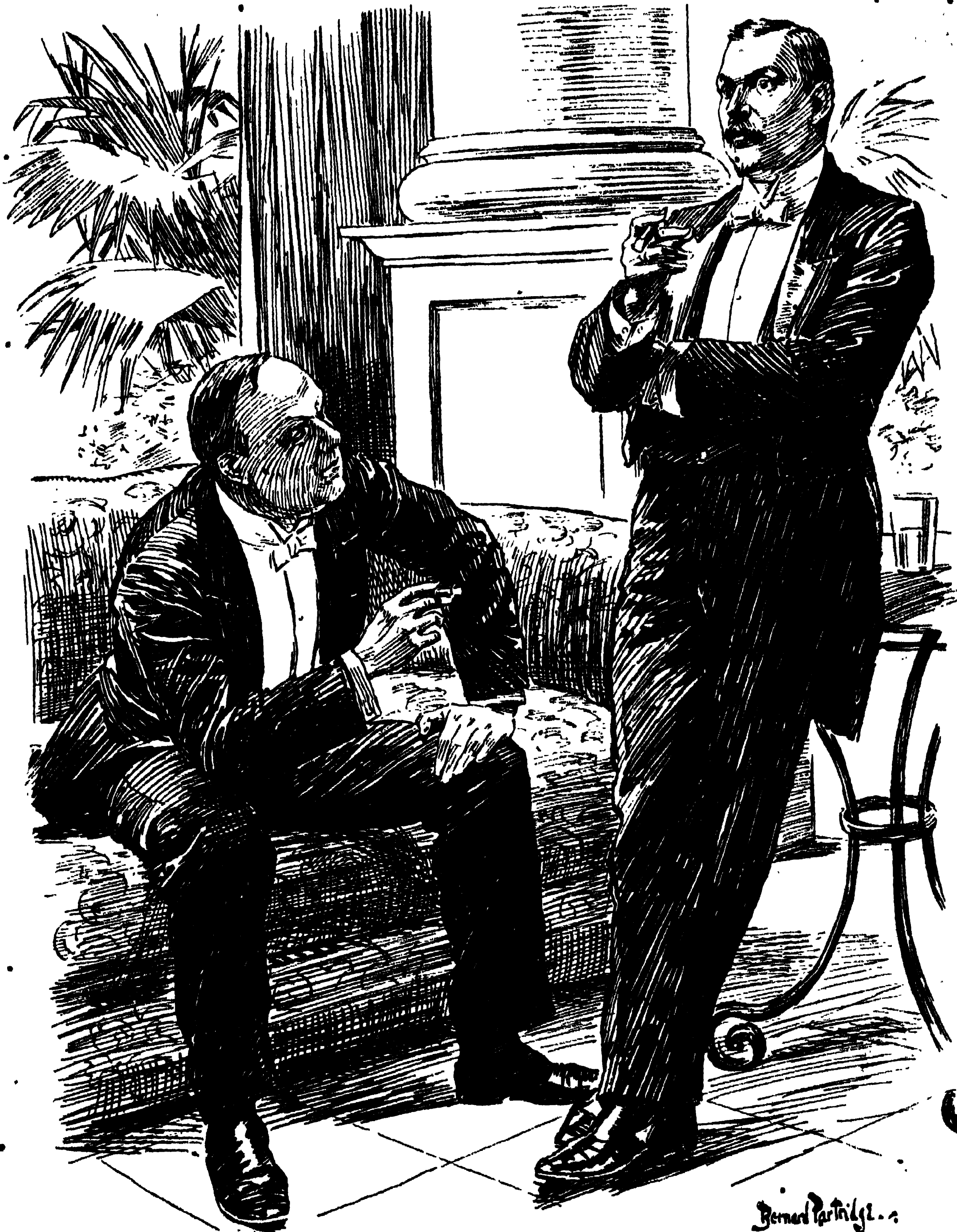
Mr. Punch, it was awful the things he said, but I managed to gather that he would. Yet isn't the idea just the same? Do explain to me, because I am sure you understand everything.

Your friend, Ethel.

From a . . . in the *Glasgow News*, headed "To-day's Golf":

"Lovejoy played best in the short game, and won easily. Scores:—Lovejoy (receives 100), 400; Dawson, 167."

Lovejoy's handicap is tremendous, and if only his long game would improve he ought to win a Monthly Medal.



THE ONLY WAY—BUT ONE.

Mr. Haldane. "And what are your views, General, as to the raising of a civilian army?"

General Botha. "Well, *we* found it simple enough. We relied on the spirit of the nation."

Mr. Haldane. "Ah!" [*Left thinking.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 15.—Lord Robert Cecil entering House just now provided interesting example of how the mind sometimes unconsciously moulds the action of the body. If possible, he is a more devoted Churchman than brother Hugh. Its creeds, functions, formulæ and furniture are dear to his heart. Halting at the Bar on his way to seat above the gangway, he dropped into attitude that presented to admiring House perfect model of a church lectern. With elbows pressed to sides, he held with both hands a copy of the Orders widely opened. Above this reading-desk were seen his shoulders shrugged high, his head bent over the paper he studied. His legs closely pressed together served as pedestal resting on feet with toes out-turned. No one would have been surprised if, uplifting his head and closing the opened paper, he had intoned, "Here endeth the first lesson."

Possibly force of habit might have carried him so far but for the rousing cheer that greeted Mr. Lupton. That diffident Member had on the paper question addressed to Chairman of Kitchen Committee inquiring "if he buys vaccinated veal for the House of Commons, and if not, will he endeavour to purchase some if the price is moderate?" General feeling regarded the demand as unreasonable. If Lupton likes vaccinated veal, it is a luxury he should treat himself to in the privacy of his home. On such a question there are five or six hundred others to be considered. If precedent established, there is no reason why another voluptuary might not insist upon chitterlings forming a course in the shilling dinner to whose elaboration and perfection Jacoby has given up laborious days, for which he has suffered feverish nights.

Jacoby met the situation with dignity worthy renown of a long line of Chairmen of the Kitchen Committee. At the outset he created some surprise by producing a glass instrument of colossal size. On first glance it looked like a mammoth soda-water tumbler. New Members began to think it was the insignia of the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, who wore it as the doorkeepers display their gilt badges. Circular in shape, it was something short of a foot in diameter and gleamed brightly in the afternoon sun. It turned out to be merely an eyeglass, produced for the more convenient reading of the written-out answer with which the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee rebuked the indiscretion of the Member for Sleaford. Having consulted his copy of a recent issue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Jacoby was fortunate in finding veal within the time-limit of subjects dealt with. He gleaned the interesting facts that vaccinated veal is "very dark in colour." In course of cooking, this peculiarity is accentuated to the extent that "the meat turns quite black."

"I must," said the Chairman in a final sentence spoken with unfaltering voice, "decline to comply with the hon. Member's request."

The House was quick to recognise the loftiness of tone running through this brief answer. The Chairman of the Kitchen Committee has no narrow prejudices. He did not object to vaccinated veal *per se* as an item in the daily dinner. But the colour arrangement alluded to seemed to preclude its admission, leading him to the conclusion which shattered Mr. Lupton's hopes of a succulent meal.

Business done.—C.-B. moves Resolution providing for closure of debate on Procedure Rules at 10 o'clock tomorrow night. Prince Arthur, a masterful man in this matter when he ruled the roast, equally surprised and pained. Resolution carried by 289 votes against 87.

Tuesday night.—Out of depths of drear dulness suddenly rose a breeze that presently reached proportions of a storm. It was all about C.-B., at the moment placidly eating his oysters at the Eighty Club Banquet to the Colonial Premiers, sipping his *petite marmite*, toying with his *filet de sole Marguery*, thinking tenderly of the *asperges d'Argenteuil* to follow, and wondering how any man with such opportunities should hanker after vaccinated veal.

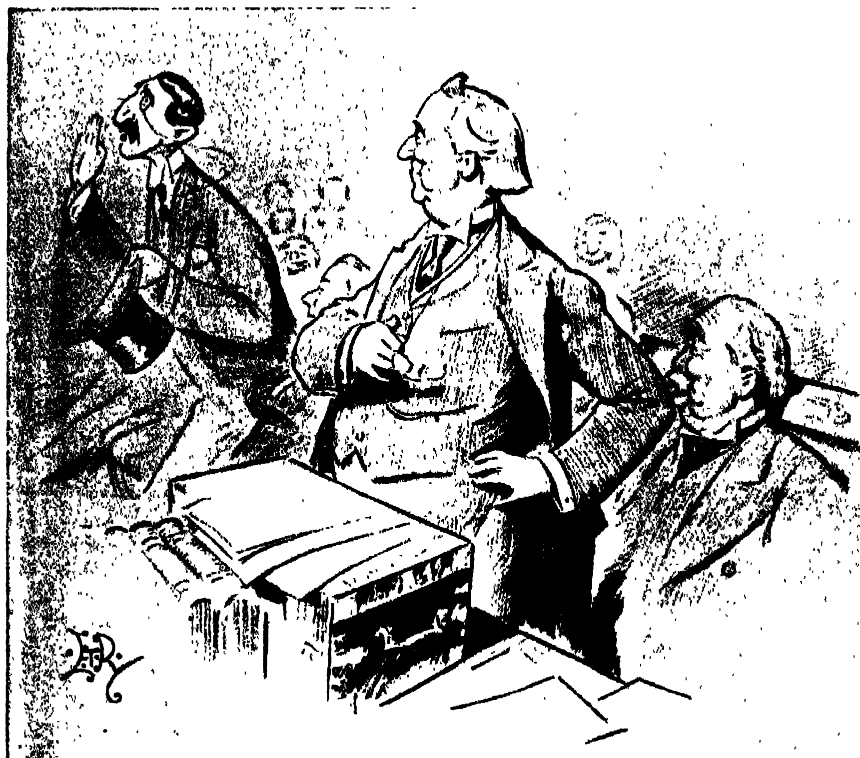
Question arose as to what precisely the Premier had said on Edward Carson's amendment to Procedure Rules designed to give Members opportunity of making as many speeches as they like on Report stage of a Bill. At present are limited to delivery of one. C.-B., having undertaken to accept the spirit of Carson's amendment, presented material body—"a corpse," Carson called it—in form of amendment which limited to Minister in charge



The Lord R-b-rt C-c-l Lectern.
(A Suggestion to Ecclesiastical Equipment-makers.)



An Interesting and Remarkable Specimen.
Mr. J-c-by, his Magnifying Glass, and Professor L-pt-n.



SELLING A RAPHAEL ("THE EXODUS").

When Mr. Asq-th announced that millionaires leaving over 3 millions will pay 10 per cent. on the first million and 15 per cent. on the remainder, Mr. R-ph-l rose and left the House in disgust, amid roars of laughter.

of Bill and Member submitting an amendment the privilege of speaking twice.

"A breach of faith!" roared CARSON, in best Old Bailey manner, shaking threatening forefinger at empty dock.

MCKENNA made spirited retort, which brought up PRINCE ARTHUR, who contributed most dramatic episode to the scene. Testified on evidence of his own hearing that C.-B. had given the pledge described.

"It would," he said, "be in accordance with the best traditions of the House if even now the Government were to say they had made statements and given pledges which the simplest and most universally accepted principles of——"

Here he paused, whilst the House waited for completion of a terrible indictment.

"Well," he added, shrugging his shoulders and gazing round at listening throng, "I really do not want to embitter debate, and will leave the sentence unfinished."

("Another cut of that excellent *poularde du Mans*."

'Twas the voice of the PREMIER, recognisable across space, whispering his wants at the Eighty Club Banquet, all unconscious of the turmoil in the Commons.)

HENRY FOWLER almost affected to tears by this attack on his absent colleague. ALFRED LYTTELTON, on whom judicial manner fitly sits, generously absolved the PRIME MINISTER from deliberate intention to deceive. He had probably not meant to convey impression current at that side of the House. But the question was not what was in his mind, but what he had publicly said.

"A perfect scandal!" cried ROBERT CECIL, throwing up long lean arms with gesture reminiscent of the late WILSON BARRETT when inquiring with iteration how long did anyone think this sort of thing was going on.

Fortunately division at hand to soothe the savage breast. Ministerialists mustered majority exceeding 200. At 10 o'clock guillotine dragged on the scene. Strong feeling on Opposition benches that if justice were done the head of the PREMIER would roll into the basket. "Instead of which" it was their amendments that were one by one decapitated. Two hours' marching and counter-marching. At sound of midnight booming from Big Ben task completed. Formerly we had two Grand Committees. Now—converse of the case of the ten little niggers at a certain stage of their depletion—now there'll be four.

Business done.—New Procedure Rule carried.

Thursday.—When in course of his speech explanatory of the Budget ASQUITH came to deal with Death Duties, the faces that thronged every part of House from floor to side galleries presented curiously interesting study. Members thought they had heard the worst or the best in the CHANCELLOR's statement about the Income Tax. When he dropped ominous hint of foraging among the Death Duties in order to balance the deficit created by readjustment of Income Tax, a cloud dropped over the sea of faces. It was for the most part uplifted when ASQUITH mentioned that on estates not exceeding value of £150,000 the current rate of duties will remain in force. Below the gangways on both sides this was felt as a personal relief. What happened to friends and neighbours likely to "cut up" for more than £150,000, was a matter of sympathy but not of home concern. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS



Don't be alarmed; this merely represents certain distinguished Unionists engaged in their favourite pastime of accusing the Prime Minister of breach of faith and various other trifles. This they do with a ferocity and a wealth of invective worthy of ——; but, like Mr. Balfour, we do not want to embitter debate, so we leave the sentence unfinished.

(Mr. B-lf-r, Sir E. C-rs-n, Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n, and Lord R-b-rt C-c-l.)

on one side joined Mr. Weir on the other in hearty cheer.

As the inexorable Chancellor went on, slowly but surely piling added impost on accumulated millions, one saw here and there a brow suddenly clouded with discontent. The figure of three millions reached and the tax still going up, an affecting incident befell. Raphael could no more bear the rack. Rising from his place he with pained footsteps made for the door. Non-millionaire Members, their withers unwrung, broke into shout of laughter which for some moments interrupted the Chancellor's discourse. But Asquith, though a Chancellor of the Exchequer, is also a man. Instinctively feels sympathy for a down-trodden class even though they be millionaires.

"The added taxation," he said, when silence was partially restored, "applies only to the property of the dead. It does not affect the incomes of the living."

But Raphael was beyond sound or sign of consolation, carrying his sorrow with him into the outer Lobby.

Business done.—Budget expounded.

OUR NEW AERODROME.

One does not usually associate humour with machinery, but the efforts of the twenty-odd model aeroplanes to achieve flight at the Alexandra Palace on April 15 were distinctly mirth-provoking, and we are of opinion that all possible encouragement should be given to inventors, if on that ground alone. A few comic flying machines would go far (in a metaphorical sense) to redeem the dulness of an ordinary garden party. Of those which were previously exhibited at the Cordingley Motor Show we observed several that were quite enlivening by their mere appearance—notably the red, white and blue ottoman with six legs which apparently sucked up air, and the bird of corrugated aluminium with borrowed albatross' wings, which would fascinate any modern Ancient Mariner. There were many others whose entertaining capabilities were only revealed by the later actual trials in the open air.

Mr. Punch, therefore, proposes to hold very shortly a further Aeroplane Competition in the vacant building plot between Aldwych and the Strand. The First, Second, and Third Prizes will be *Mr. Punch's* Priceless Esteem, (1) for Twelve calendar months, (2) for Six ditto, and (3) for Three, respectively. Entries are invited for the following sections:—

A. Air-skidders: of not less than 1 wild-goose power, guaranteed to cause diversion among the bystanders by short unexpected sprints in zigzag directions.



EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY (MORAL).

Celia. "We do so hope you'll be able to dine with us on Thursday week, dear Lady Gertrude."

Lady Gertrude. "I'm so sorry,—I'm afraid I can't possibly, as I have to chaperon my maid that evening to one of our village dances in the church schools."

B. Aeroboomerangs: to create hilarity by recoiling on the exhibitor's head.

C. Turtleplanes: diffusing joy by flapping vigorously with their wings and flopping to the ground in an inverted position.

D. Daisy-cutters: to raise a laugh by travelling along the surface among the L.C.C. brickbats in search of spring wild-flowers—cutter-rigged fore and aft.

E. Set-pieces: to please the junior members of the company by a firework display—will not be expected to budge from the starting-point.

There will be, in addition, a miscellaneous class for models constructed of sardine tins and bits of newspaper and string, for giant tip-cats, for colossal grasshoppers, for man-lifting fleas, and for all other risible aids to aviation. Designers and inventors will accordingly please walk up—they are not called upon as yet to fly, but only to add to the gaiety of London.

Zig-Zag.

LETTERS WITHOUT ANSWERS.

From Lt.-Col. Maldemar to Sir Wilson Phillimore, M.D.

I.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, March 15, 1907.

My dear Phillimore,—I am here, in fairly comfortable quarters. The journey was tiring, but I think we have now recovered from the effects. I say "we," but Mrs. Maldemar is a traveller whom nothing can fatigue. The only thing that worries me is your ukase against stimulants. I don't think you really understand how necessary a little stimulant—only a little—has been to me, and to stop them suddenly and completely in this way may, according to a medical treatise which I have been reading, be a dangerous thing. Will you not reconsider this part of your treatment, and name some light and harmless wine that I may take? There is a *very dry* light champagne in this hotel which the Maître d'Hôtel tells me is a favourite with dyspeptics. Please let me know at your earliest convenience, if possible by wire.

Yours very gratefully,
Hector Maldemar.

II.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, March 21.

My dear Phillimore,—I am sorry that you feel so strongly about my total abstinence. I think you ought to know that I met at lunch to-day a very delightful and well-informed man, a retired Indian Civil servant, who seems to have had very much the same kind of turn that I have, and you know, of course, what India is when a man has a good liver, to say nothing of any one predisposed to dyspepsia. Well, I was astonished to see him drinking claret freely, and he said that, prejudicial as he finds all other wines and spirits, claret has never done him any harm, and is allowed by his medical adviser. It seems to me that he and I resemble each other very closely—so closely, in fact, that there would probably be no harm in my adopting his *régime*. But of course I do not care to do so without your sanction.

I am, yours sincerely,
Hector Maldemar.

III.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, March 25.

My dear Phillimore,—I am sorry about the claret. Since I wrote I have met another man, at the English Club here, whose capacity to digest is practically nil, and yet he was putting away whiskey and seltzer with perfect composure and confidence. He had three during one rubber, and when I left in order, by your rules, to be in bed by half-past ten (an infernal bore), he was beginning another. From the few words I was able to get with him between the games, I should say that his case was as like mine as two peas. This being so, don't you think I might try, say, one whiskey and seltzer every day? Life is very dull as things are, especially as Mrs. Maldemar will not (as I certainly should were she confined to water as I am) give up her half-bottle of champagne at lunch and dinner.

Yours despondently,
Hector Maldemar.

P.S.—I am very flat, and my vital processes seem to me dangerously slow.

IV.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, March 26.

Dear Phillimore,—One meets with kindred sufferers in strange places. Yesterday, in the train, on the way to Mentone, I found myself seated next to a very decent fellow, a chauffeur from Glasgow, on his way to a new employer. Gradually we got into conversation, and I found him, like myself, although otherwise a strong man, a martyr to defective alimentation, which, I need hardly say, he called by another name. Notwithstanding, he was continually nipping at a flask, containing, as I ascertained, neat brandy—which is, he says, *the only thing that he can take with safety*. Now it seems to me that if he (a man very similar to myself in physique) can take neat brandy with impunity if not profit, I should run no risk in taking some diluted with mineral water: say the admirable St. Galmier or Eau d'Evian, which one can get here so easily. Pray let me know—if possible by wire.

Yours sincerely,
Hector Maldemar.

V.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, April 2.

Dear Phillimore,—I was pained to read your wire. Things are getting very bad with me. I write now to tell you that a cousin of my wife's has just arrived here on a visit, and I am astonished and deeply interested to find that she suffers with her liver almost identically as I do with mine. (What a little world it is!) But the curious thing is that so far from being denied any stimulant by her doctor she has *actually been advised by him* to take a dry Sauterne called Carbonnieux with every meal. As I said, she is a cousin of my wife's, which brings her case very near my own. Surely I might venture to try a similar treatment? Awaiting your reply,

I am, yours sincerely,
Hector Maldemar.

VI.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, April 5.

Dear Phillimore,—I do not wish to do anything unfriendly, as I am sure you will agree, but the advisability of having a medical man on the premises is urged upon me by Mrs. Maldemar, and, unwilling as I am to leave you, I have at



A FLOORER.

Mr. Maddox Browne, whose pictures the Academy Hanging Committee have hitherto mercilessly skied, has this year evolved a plan that will ensure his "Albion's Realm" being on the line.

length consented. (You know what it is when one's wife insists.) The physician in question is a most capable man, highly spoken of here, and since he lives here and understands the climate, and as I am no better, I am disposed to give him a trial. I thought you ought to know this, but feel sure it will make no difference to our old and cordial relations. Yours always sincerely,

HECTOR MALDEMAR.

A THEATRICAL FORECAST.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

St. Petersburg, April 2, 1908.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER opened his season last night at the Imperial Theatre before a crowded and brilliant audience. Owing to a strike of electricians, there was a serious risk that, for want of adequate illumination, the performance would have to be postponed, but by heroic exertions and the purchase of a vast quantity of fairy lamps, Mr. ALEXANDER contrived to cope with the emergency, and the curtain rose only about three-quarters of an hour late. The play chosen for the opening performance was *His House in Order*, and the presence of the Duma, who entirely filled the stalls and dress circle, lent a peculiar appropriateness to the choice. The Premier, M. STOLYPIN, and several Grand Dukes occupied boxes, and a contingent of anarchists, closely watched by the police, were conspicuous in the gallery. In these circumstances it will readily be imagined that the scene in the auditorium was extremely animated; indeed, the performance for the most part was conducted in dumb show. Frantic enthusiasm was displayed by the Georgian deputies, to whom Mr. ALEXANDER's Christian name appealed with peculiar force, while the Court Party claim him, in virtue of his surname, as one of the pillars and props of Tsardom. Mr. ALEXANDER was called thirteen times after the Second Act and, in response to unanimous cries for a speech, delivered an impassioned harangue to the Duma on the working of the Highways Committee in the London County Council. After the Third Act Mr. ALEXANDER was introduced to M. STOLYPIN and invested by him with the Order of the Golden Plover's Egg, and at the close of the play the stage was bombarded with caviare, vodka, Muscovy ducks, and other characteristic tributes. Subsequently Mr. ALEXANDER entertained the entire Duma to supper at his hotel. A masked ball followed, dancing being kept up till nearly 9 A.M., when Mr. ALEXANDER and his company started for Moscow.

The attitude of the critics, as reflected by this morning's papers, is somewhat mixed. *The Imperial Tailor and Cutter* speaks with enthusiasm of the sartorial perfection of Mr. ALEXANDER's impersonation, which it describes as not only clear but well cut. *The Pelmelikoff Gazetsky* dwells complacently on the indebtedness of the British stage to Russian actors, noting the enormous popularity of such performers as TCHIRGUIN, LITTLE TICHSKY (a favourite pupil of LESCHETITSKY), IVAN LE HAY, and the Grand Duke CYRIL MAUDE. *The Slovo* and *The Retch* express a doubt whether the *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and Russia is likely to be promoted by the visit of an actor whose name stamps him as a sympathiser with the Romanoff dynasty.



Lady. "AND HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND NOW, MRS. STODGE?"

Mrs. S. "'E STILL BE A BIT QUEER IN 'IS 'EAD, MISS. SINCE 'E TOOK ON SO WITH THEM FOLK AT THE EBENEZER, 'E DO GET THEM *HALLELUCINATIONS* SO BAD!"

"DR. ASTLEY, who was twice Mayor of Dover, was passionately fond of music, and gave an organ which cost £3000 to the town."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THERE is nothing new about this. We are all familiar with the lines:

Mr. BROWN of his great bounty
Built this bridge at the expense of the county.

OXFORD RE-VISITED.

I WANDERED down "The Broad" and up "The High,"
As I was wont, in far-off days, to do,—
When lo, debouching from the "Grid." came two
Resplendent youths who, sauntering idly by,
Cast on my form a supercilious eye
Whose glance said very plainly, "Who are you
That dare obtrude yourself upon our view?
This place is ours, for we have bought it. Fly!"
I realised that I was on the shelf
In that brief moment; saddened and forlorn,
I paused irresolute upon my way;
Then, thinking that a dog soon has his day,
Strode on, till suddenly I found myself
Standing (like RUTH) "amid the alien 'Corn.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Our Lady of the Beeches (Heinemann), by Baroness von Hutten, is a slight, pretty tale; rather commonplace as far as its chief figures are concerned. It opens with anonymous correspondence between an American lady, married abroad, and the author of a psychological work which she admires. Her prattle of "my beeches" and "my shadows," and so forth, recalls the manner of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. Can there be something in the clash of heredity with exotic environment that compels all Anglo-Saxon authoresses with German titles to drop into this horticultural vein? The Baroness von Hutten will perhaps pardon this personality, since she herself, in this little book, gives us the benefit of her special knowledge as to the experience of American women who marry European noblemen. I thank her for this; and also for the following appreciation of her sex's methods: "She smiled at him in the charming way some women have of smiling at a man they like—as though she knew him much better than he knew himself."

I understand from report, having omitted to read them, that the Baroness's *Pam* books have had a vogue. I can well believe they deserved it, for her style has a certain facile charm. And I hope that in future she will neither rest on her laurels nor use them as brushwood for the boiling of picnic-kettles. Her present trifle lacks distinction, though there is a touch of high quality in one of the minor characters. It is a French-American peasant, a graceful scamp, with one good day in each year, when he lays a white stone on the grave of his dead child, jealously guarding his devotion from the knowledge of others, and grudging the child's mother her right to a share in their common memory.

Mr. Nicholson has hardly done full justice to the author in his portrait that serves as frontispiece. Nor she to herself in allowing her portrait to be there in any shape.

In *The Sweets of Office* (John Long) Mrs. Tweedale has much to say about Socialism. But the reader is left in doubt as to whether she is of the creed or opposed to it. Her heroine, *Grace Morland*, was a Socialist and became the wife of one. "While she sat darning and mending or hushing a fractious child to sleep, her thoughts took wing to a day of freedom when the home life, which pressed so heavily upon her, would be exchanged for the glorious emancipation of liberty and virile action." Though there be some doubt as to the author's sympathy with these aspirations, there is none about her dislike of abnormally large families. The sketch of *Grace Morland's* father is so vivid as to suggest reminiscence of actuality. A man of good family and some means, he was soured by the increase of his brood, which was indeed phenomenal. "The family of twelve," Mrs. Tweedale writes, "ranged from one month to eighteen, which was *Grace Morland's* age." Blessed is he that hath his quiver full. But twelve children in eighteen months is a trial which suggests the charity of forbearance for a father's fractiousness.

Contemplation of this domestic embarrassment is early diverted by discovery that the main purpose of the book is to paint in lurid colours the individuality of one of the best known among His Majesty's Ministers. The travesty is attempted with a measure of license rarely met with in English fiction. In order that there shall be no mistake as to identity the memory and tragic end of an illustrious father are dragged in. Whilst dealing with political affairs generally, Mrs. Tweedale displays an undigested half knowledge; but her study of the original of *Sir Grantley Selwyn* is exceedingly close, familiar gestures and little turns of speech being reproduced. *Sir Grantley* is avowedly an unprincipled politician who has left the Conservative party with which he was associated by birth and training and gone over to the Liberals because he thought C.-B.—the initials are not withheld—would feed him with those sweets of office for which he hungered. Ruined in health, suffering from attacks of incipient insanity, he rises in the House of Commons to announce intention of proclaiming his desertion of the Ministry in order to join the Labour Party, who, he believes, hold the trump card, when he is smitten down by paralysis and passes out of public life. Of the good taste of this sort of thing there cannot be two opinions.

In Walter Raymond's *Book of Crafts*
  And Character are met
In whoamly guise, avore your eyes,
  The volk o' Zomerzet.

Now theäs here volk, this Mr. R.
  Zo makes 'em chat away
There idden one of all he's done
  Don't read zo true as day.

He must ha' lodged wi' they, for zure,
  An' studied on 'em, too;
An', seems to me, they took to he
  An' learned him all they knew.

Hodder an' Ztoughton be the virm
  Ha' got his book to zell,
An' I do zay that he an' they
  Should do oncommon well.

No one writes badly of Holland, and many write well. There is something in the air that prevents dulness. The latest Dutch book to come our way is a very agreeable one, *Three Vagabonds in Friesland*, by H. F. Tomalin (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), may not be so engagingly funny as *Three in Norway*, that excellent work, but is good reading throughout, while the photographic illustrations are first-rate. No one who is going to Friesland ought to ignore it—as an *apéritif*; no one who has been ought to ignore it—as a *digestif*. Can I say more?

There were once two sisters, a Beauty and an Ugly Duckling. The Beauty and an Austrian Prince fell in love with one another, but married other people, he a possible Princess, she an impossible English Peer, who smelt of the stables and whiskey. In due time the Prince followed her to England, looked in her eyes and saw that he was still loved, and—didn't run away with her, because at the critical moment his Princess presented him with a son and heir. Meanwhile, the Ugly Duckling, after the manner of her kind, developed into a Beauty and an Artist, and, as the greatest actress of her day, most properly married its handsomest Actor-Manager—as it might be Mr. George Alexander. This is, of course, not the first time that one has met these characters and heard their story, but still *The Imperfect Gift* (Murray) is quite a readable piece of fiction. Only, next time, Miss Phyllis Bottome, you would be wiser to select a less conventional theme for the display of your powers. And then, perhaps, some day, you too may become an Artist, though, of course, I do not wish to imply that you are at present an Ugly Duckling.

The New History.

From a pupil-teacher's essay: "There were many difficulties in Walpole's way. Neither George nor Walpole knew English, so their communications were carried on in a commercial language called Dog Latin."



IN THE PRESENT STATE OF THE ART WORLD.

THE DIRECT PICTURE SUPPLY SYSTEM MEETS A FELT WANT; IT DISPENSES WITH THE WORRY ATTENDANT ON SENDING TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS, SAVES MIDDLEMAN'S PROFITS, AND BRINGS THE ARTIST INTO IMMEDIATE CONTACT WITH THE PATRON.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(NEW STYLE.)

MR. BEERBOHM TREE, in an interview with a representative of *The Tribune*, is reported to have said, "Of course, playing a different part every night, I am not absolutely letter perfect. *But an experienced actor can always supply what the memory fails to retain, even in the case of blank verse.*" The sentence of the report which we have italicised sounds almost too good to be true, but *Mr. Punch* dares not doubt the veracity of *The Tribune's* Interviewer, and he can only hope, in the interest of the gaiety of nations, that his accuracy is here unimpeachable. For his report seems to herald a novel and original development in the Shakspearean productions at His Majesty's in the future. Mr. TREE has already given more than one performance of *Hamlet* without scenery. The next step will clearly be to dispense with the text. *Mr. Punch* confesses that he looks forward with eager delight to the first occasion on which this method is put into operation, when the great actor-manager, temporarily at a loss for his words, is engaged in "supplying what his memory has failed to retain" in the blank verse of the famous soliloquy. The result presumably will be more or less as follows:—

To be or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to—(What?
No. I do *not* want prompting. *What* d'you say?
You thought I *did?* Well, you were wrong)—to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
And by opposing end them . . . . (Tut! tut! tut!
I *can't* remember what comes after that.
Something about a yawning churchyard, isn't it?
And customary suits of solemn black?
No. That comes later on.) . . . To die: to sleep;
No more; (I've got it! Strange the silly tricks
One's memory plays one. Happily an actor
Of *real* experience, one who knows his business,
Can improvise Shakspearean verse for hours
And not excite the least remark. But this
Is a digression.) To die; to sleep; no more;
As I was saying. To sleep, perchance to dream.
Ay, there's the rub. For in that sleep of death
What dreams may come when we have shuffled off
This mortal coil—(That's wrong. "Coil" ends the line,
Or used to do, I know, when I was young.
How *does* it go?) When we have shuffled off. . . .
Shuffled off—tum ti tum, this mortal coil—
(*That* gets it right, and off we go again!),
&c., &c., &c.

The performance should be received with respectful stupor by the London Press, and call forth a well-deserved telegram of congratulation from the German EMPEROR.

ONE Liberal, anyhow, swears by the House of Lords. "Our duty is plain," Earl CARRINGTON is reported to have said, "and by the Lord HARRY we mean to do it."

THE CONSOLATIONS OF AGE.

(Not to be confused with Old-Age Pensions.)

Yes, my Septimius, you are growing old.
Vainly you draw those lateral wisps of hair
Across your cranium, desolately bare,
In hope to hide the summit's polished mould;
Try as you may—and do,
Implacably the thing shows through.

Your step is heavier; in the mazy dance
No more you whirl the once fantastic toe;
Sudden exertion tends to make you blow,
And fewer things in life are left to chance,
Because your nerve resents
The shock of unforeseen events.

Your games are those that you would then have mocked
When Youth demanded tests of pluck and speed;
You favour golf and croquet, where you need
Run little risk of being badly crocked;
(Also a little chess
Causes your body no distress).

Spring, which is apt to urge the pulse's pace,
Merely evokes regret for springs gone by;
No longer now your vague and virile eye
Laughs back at Beauty's challenge to the chase;
Women indeed, as such,
Have ceased to move you overmuch.

These are the penalties that Age involves.
Yet are there compensations—of a kind—
In years that bring the philosophic mind,
That teach perspective, give the sense that solves
What is of worth, and what,
Upon the other hand, is not.

Those passions cooled that made your judgment swerve,
You'll read the merits clear of man and man,
And know a patriot from a partisan,
Milners and Plunketts from the race they serve—
The graceless sort that mix
Their gratitude with mud and bricks.

And you will die, I hope, before the day
When none is left to take his country's part
Because she's broken every loyal heart
And killed her own by adipose decay.
May timely death, my friend,
Spare you the sight of such an end!

Meanwhile her liver looks like dying hard.
Her children's Premiers, chastened in their pride,
Admit the Mother's claim to be their guide,
And hold her gastric gifts in high regard,
Saying, "We've seen her eat,
And own that she is bad to beat."

Eating and sleeping, stuffed and comatose!
And so, for solace, when decrepit Age
Bids you renounce your manhood's patriot rage,
You'll know she's done the like and found repose;
And you may share the balm
Of her supine, impervious calm.

O. S.

To a famous French etcher, reproductions of whose work have been appearing week by week in the *Illustrated London News*:

"Helleu! Helleu!! Helleu!!!
It's a different girl again!"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A Good Beginning.

200, *Park Lane.*

Dearest Daphne,—I demand your congrats. I've had the Premiers to dinner. Fact, my dear. I, who've only just made my *début* as a hostess, secured them, when dozens of old stagers couldn't. Babs and that little Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe both tried and failed, and they hate me now, no doubt, with twenty-woman power. Everything went with a roar. Jacques surpassed himself, and exactly the right note was struck in the *menu* with Baron de Bœuf Impérial—Suprême de Volaille à la Conférence and Gelée Preferential Tariff. Olga Fitton did her best for me with what she called a *political* dinner-gown (not so frivy as my frocks usually are), and I wore my big diamond tiara and rivière.

The Premiers are *all* darlings, but *if* I've a favourite I suppose it's that sweet Botha, who was fighting us so desperately a few years ago. I'd some lovely chats with all of them, and developed my ideas for drawing closer the Mother Country and the Sister Nations. I flatter myself they were a good deal impressed, and rather astonished.

I couldn't help feeling, my dearest and best, that I could fill a larger picture than life offers nowadays. I ought to have lived in the days when a woman like me would have had a *Salon*, where all the famous men met regularly, and State secrets would have been confided to me, and revolutions and all sorts of delicious things planned, and where all the Wits would have come and told me of the plays and lampoons they were writing. The Wits of *to-day* won't hand out any of their wit, even in return for the best dinner or supper you can give them. They save it all for the publisher.

I had a cheery little affair last night, to meet the Fijian Giantess. The only little hitch was that everyone wanted to sit near her at supper, and see how much she ate, so there was a bit of a scrimmage. I give two afternoon parties next week. For one I've engaged the Human Footballs, who've lately been giving their show at the Empire, and for the other I've got Rooti-Tooti-Lal, the Indian Seer, who's attained Nirvana, and can tell people all the incarnations they've passed through, and will yet pass through, before Karma leaves off building them any more new houses. I think that sort of thing simply delicious, don't you? When I've time, I mean to go in for it seriously. Rooti-Tooti-Lal says he's *sure* I'm possessed of powers that, if trained, could "penetrate the hidden things of darkness." Isn't that lovely?

I'm giving a boy-and-girl dance on Friday for Joan and Hildegarde. By the way, the Powers that be are simply most horribly unreasonable as to what they expect of me in this respect. Of course I love my sisters—it's awfully bad form to dislike your people—and I shall do my best for them. But nothing comes more in the way of a young married woman's success than having girls to dispose of.

You'll see from what I've told you that I'm making a good beginning. All the same, my Daphne, I feel that, to get right there, I must have a *Cause*. Yes, old girl, it's *absolutely*. All the most successful women, if you notice, have *platforms* of one kind or another, apart from their social duties.

Stella Clackmannan has taken up Laundry Girls, their work, their hours, what sort of tea they drink, and what sort of books they read. She keeps *three* secretaries to attend to her Laundry-Girl correspondence, and every summer she has a starching and ironing show at Clackmannan House, and the gardens and drawing-rooms are full of young laundresses having tea, each with a brand-new volume of the Duchess's poems; poor things! (I mean the laundry-girls.) She also contributes articles on "The Laundry-Girl, what is her future?" to the *Longwinded*



HUNTED DOWN.

Sleuth-hound of the Treasury. "FURTHER CONCEALMENT IS USELESS! *I KNOW ALL!*"



German Lady (living in Bayswater). "You cannot be German to play out of tune like that!"
Bandsman. "You cannot be English if you notice it!"

Review, though I hear by a side-wind that the grammar and punctuation want a lot of straightening out before they appear.

The Duchess of Dunstable was the patron saint of General Servants, when there *were* such things, and founded the Society for giving Workboxes to those that kept their places for a month or a year or something. But General Servants have become extinct, I'm told, and the Workbox Society has dissolved.

Then, Lady Clarges is President of the Guild for the Protection of Pavement Dancers, and works quite hard in their cause. Those matinées she gave at the Magnificent, when she appeared as *Hamlet* and as *Romeo*, interpolating some clever specimens of pavement-dancing herself, were in aid of the Guild.

Everyone knows what a lot of Causes Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, has taken up. The Living Statuary Show she was getting up lately (till it was put a stop to by someone in authority) was for the Deserving Poor, and she's so disappointed about it that she's had to do a rest-cure.

Well, my dear, I determined to go one better than Stella Clackmannan with her Laundry Girls, old Dunstable and her Workboxes, and Beryl Clarges and her Pavement Dancers. At first I turned my thoughts to the Suffragette Cause, but only for a moment. It's poky, and middle-class, and sumphish to a degree. Besides, they haven't an earthly. Also, it's my private opinion that the woman who wants a vote has given up all hopes of getting anything *better* out of life. It's a sort of 20th-century taking the veil. I've finally decided to take up the Cause of The People, of the Many against the Few. *Socialism*, you'll say with horror. Why, my child, of course it is. There are thrills in it, I'm sure. And the fact that we Beaudeserts have always been the highest of high Tories will make it all the more of a sensation. I think it a grand idea. It came to me through my meeting the famous Hungarian Socialist, Outa Telbows, at a guest night of the All Sorts and Conditions Club. He has the *right* to call himself *Count* Outa Telbows, but Socialists don't use titles. (Norty says they don't use soap either, but that's only his chaff.)

He spoke to me of the Cause with impassioned eloquence. He has romantic hair and burning eyes. I feel there must be a great deal in Socialism. And so, friend of my careless, thoughtless youth, if you hear of your Blanche addressing the Down-trodden Many, and helping to lead them to the Promised Land, don't go into fits, but believe that she is still Ever thine, Blanche.

P.S.—Josiah disapproves *of course*. He's positively *feudal* in his notions. It's the *way* with people who haven't the least right to be

---

Political memories are proverbially short-lived, and most people now are inclined to forget all that the late Government did for them when it was in power. Happily the leader writer of the *Scotsman* is not one of these. "Before the war," he points out, "the income tax stood at eightpence. The late Government reduced it to a shilling."

At last people are realising what the Colonial Premiers must be suffering. Writing of the presentation to them of the freedom of the City the *Manchester Evening News* goes on:—

"This interesting function will be followed by luncheon, and the difficulty is as to what course subsequent events should take."

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

THE SHADE OF BLUE.

Mrs. Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.
(With enclosure.)

MY DEAR VERA,—Do be an angel and go off at once to ELL's or NAVAL's and see if you can match the enclosed shade in velvet. I want the dress for Friday week, and there isn't a minute to lose. It is for Mrs. ASHLEY CARBONEL's At Home, and you know my reasons for wishing to look well there. I want two yards—and blow the expense, as VINNY says. Don't say you are busy or anything, or I shall have to ask OLIVE SHACKLE; and Heaven knows I don't want to be beholden to her any more. Your frantic M.

Mrs. Leonard Sprake to Mrs. Vincent Olly.

DEAREST MILDRED,—I have been everywhere and it can't be done. I went first to ELL's, then to NAVAL's, then to SILKAND's and WORCESTER NICOLL's, and then back to Bond Street to BEDFORT AND HANDBURY's. But all in vain. I saw nothing that would match. Tell me what to do next. Why *must* you have velvet? I am glad you asked *me* and not the SHACKLE girl. After your last experience of her "limpetude," as LEN calls it, you should be very shy. How long was it she stayed? Two months? Some people are beyond anything.
Yours, VERA.

Mrs. Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.

MY DEAR VERA,—I must have velvet. There is no way out of it; nothing else will do. Try LICENCE's, or one of those Kensington places, IRVING AND QUEEN's or BITER's. Only you must go at once. I would not trouble you only I cannot trust anyone else's eye. Yours never makes a mistake. When we meet remind me to tell you about Mrs. GLENDENNING and the Scripture Reader. It is too delicious; but much too long to write.
Yours in despair, M.

Mrs. Leonard Sprake to Mrs. Vincent Olly.

DEAREST MILDRED,—I have been to all and not one has it. The nearest thing was at LICENCE's, but they had only a pattern. The material itself is out of stock and cannot be replaced. I even tried the wilds of Oxford Street, but all in vain too. You really must give up the idea of matching, or try silk. The great joke here is that at Lady BASSETT's last week Canon COSS found a glass eye in the spinach. It turns out to have been the new cook's.
Yours, VERA.

Mrs. Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.
(Telegram.)

Try DAW's.

Mrs. Leonard Sprake to Mrs. Vincent Olly.
(Telegram.)

DAW's no good. Do have silk.

Mrs. Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.
(Telegram.)

Silk useless. Try ORANGE's.

Mrs. Leonard Sprake to Mrs. Vincent Olly (with enclosure).

MY DEAR MILDRED,—I tried ORANGE's without avail. I should have gone there sooner, but knew it would be useless. I now return the pattern with many regrets. I would have still made one or two other efforts, but I must go down to Chislehurst to-morrow to see mother, and after that it will be too late. I still think you would have been wiser to try some other material less difficult to match than velvet.
Yours with regret, VERA.

Mrs. Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.

DEAR VERA,—I think you are very selfish and inconsiderate. Your visit to your mother cannot be so fearfully important, and I seem to remember other occasions when she had to stand over for lots of more attractive engagements. Still, you must, of course, do what you want to do. I am sending the pattern to OLIVE SHACKLE, who, in spite of her faults, is, at any rate, zealous and true.
Yours disappointedly and utterly tired out, M.

Miss Olive Shackle to Mrs. Vincent Olly.

MY SWEET MILDRED,—I am sending you the velvet by special messenger; which is a luxury to which I am sure you will not mind my treating myself. I got it at once at ELL's, from my own special counter man there. He had put it on one side for another old customer, but made an exception for me. How I should love to see you in your beautiful dress throwing everyone else at Mrs. ASHLEY CARBONEL's into the shade! I was to have been with the RUTTERS at Church Stretton for the week-end, but poor dear Mrs. RUTTER has just written to say that her sister is dangerously ill at Woodhall Spa with something that may very likely develop into peritonitis, and she has had to put off all her guests.
Yours ever, OLIVE SHACKLE.

Miss Olive Shackle to Mrs. Vincent Olly.
(Telegram.)

Will come with pleasure.

AN advertisement in *The Daily Chronicle* runs as follows:

"Un homme Anglaise 36 ans cherché un compagnon Française apprendre conversation en Français et Anglaise.

It was time.

THE PIP-PIP WATTEAU CAR FOR 1907.

[As the following article appears to be a proof, returned by the writer, after correction, to the editor of a motor journal, we must decline to accept any responsibility for its accuracy, technical or other.]

THE cars produced by the firm of PIP-PIP WATTEAU & Co. of Paris have now established for themselves, on this side of the Channel, a reputation for reliability which goes far to prove the attention to detail which has so often been claimed to be a characteristic of Continental engineers, and a careful examination of this year's models indicates a continuation of this admirable feature.

(Can't you get any fresher way of beginning this sort of article?—ED. *Mote.* No, this style is *de rigueur.* AUTHOR.)

It may be of interest to some of our readers if we enumerate the different types put on the market by the Pip-Pip Watteau Co. There are the 10-12 h.-p. two-cylinder, 18-20 h.-p. four-cylinder, 40 h.-p. six-cylinder, 80 h.-p. twelve-cylinder, and the 320 h.-p. forty-eight-cylinder, the amount of power required to drive so many cylinders being somewhat extravagant, but not out of the way in relation to the prestige of owning such a distinctive and unique car. Lord NORTHCLIFFE has ordered five of the last-named type, to meet the contingency of four of them being under repair at the one time. The four cylinders are separately cast for the 18-20 h.-p. model, and are of 95 mm. bore (the House of Commons type) and 130 kilometre stroke, which gives sustained engine-power for touring purposes. The valves are mechanically operated, differing in this respect from those fitted to the household bath-tub. The operating mechanism is well enclosed, to satisfy the requirements of the Factory Acts, and the crank shaft is very large, being known in the trade as the "Algernon Ashton." There is an inspection door fitted, through which the big ends can be inspected, and readily distinguished, even by the novice, from the little ends, otherwise known as the Wee Frees. The engine is carried direct by the side-members of the frame, as it has been found by experience that chauffeurs are unwilling to accept the responsibility of supporting any of the weight, while the idea that passengers in the tonneau should lend a hand is not worth considering, in the case of a pleasure-vehicle. It was this type of car which was found to consume less petrol per ton-mile than any other in the Tourist Trophy Race. The fact that the car did not finish at all cannot be said to detract from the merit of this performance. The carburettor is of the single or Whitby jet automatic type, and people

of limited income may have it adjusted on the penny-in-the-slot system. This is hardly to be recommended for touring in the Highlands, where it is almost impossible to obtain change in coppers. The vaporising chamber is water-jacketed, and communicates directly with the inlet cam-shaft. Three kinds of ignition are provided. These are the High-Tension Magneto, the Tandstikor, and the Zendavesta, which can be regarded as an auxiliary, and carried in the waistcoat pocket.

The cooling system consists of the honeymoon radiator, which is the most rapid known to science. A centrifugal pump is gear-driven from the carburettor. Among the accessories of this up-to-date car is the Rothenbosch Odometer.

The lubrication of the Pip-Pip-Watteau engine is effected by a starting-price plunger pump driven by a G.B.S. eccentric, which feeds the oil to all the journal bearings, including those of *The Daily Mail*, *The Starting Gate*, *Tips*, *Buttered Buns* and *The Keyhole Autolycus*. The clutch is of the hygienic multi-cellular (Portland or Pentonville patent, without escapement) pattern, with Jaeger facings, and runs in malt-and-cod-liver oil. Shaft or chain drive may be fitted. For hill work, chains have many adherents, including dust, mud, and dead leaves. Throughout the chassis the bearings are of the Lombard or three-ball type, which gives added security. The differential is parallel, the springs are semi-elliptic, and the brakes are brachycatalectic, so that the metacentre is always either above or below the centre of gravity, or slightly to one side of it, when the car is taking a sharp corner on two wheels only. This is a vehicle which we can recommend even more thoroughly than the one we described last week, and almost as enthusiastically as the one we hope to describe next Saturday. Without prejudice to other advertisers, the Pip-pip Watteau is the car of the week, if not the car of the century.

(I say, isn't that a bit dangerous? Ed. *Mote*. Not a bit. They don't read about each other's cars, and I haven't said which century. Author.)



Lady (to Butler). "Please give this note to Mrs. Smith, and say I'm sorry the envelope is so dirty; but my little boy dropped it in the mud."

My Little Boy. "Sneak!"

FORECAST OF AMATEUR WORK AT THE R.A.

The Royal Academy Exhibition would be nothing without its interesting list of exhibitors who are not, in the strict sense of the word, artists. Among those who, though their daily vocations lie in other paths, have followed the noble example set by the police force and become exhibitors may be mentioned the well-known railway porter, Mr. Barrow, L. & S.W.R. (*not* R.W.S., as a contemporary erroneously has it). His signal success in this Exhibition is no novelty, as he has done the semaphore, so to speak, having been on the line for years.

In the "gem" room, as might be expected, we find the notable cracksman, Mr. Jemmy Wielder, whose pre-Raffleite delicacy of touch is here exhibited in two taking little works. The first, a *nocturne*, deals with a favourite old theme—"Orpheus with his loot," and it is worthy of note that the hero loses nothing at the hands of Mr. Wielder. His modest "Interior, Pentonville," is treated with a conviction which proves the artist to be very much at home in his environment; and the "mystery" of the sky-blue skilly-bowl shows an aloofness in accordance with the taste we always expect from his palate. The Black-and-White room contains examples of his anatomical work in a drawing of "A Skeleton Key," and a careful study of "The Arm of the Law," which shows strong grasp and intimate knowledge of the subject.

Among other "unprofessional" exhibitors is a famous Music Hall artiste, whose medium has hitherto been grease. His power of drawing lies largely in his feet—as witness his "Long-boot dance." This work takes the felicitous form of a little trip-Tich.

Mr. Punch gravely regrets that in his last issue he failed to give Sir Alfred Jacoby his proper designation. He is, of course, a Knight Commander of the Order of the *Cordon Bleu*.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES evidently did not exaggerate the state of our London atmosphere in his address to the Coal Smoke Abatement Society. A sooty phalanger was born in the Zoological Gardens last week.

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A Rochdale gentleman has bequeathed property of the value of £6,000 "to be expended in the encouragement of artistic journalists." It is thought that this will lead to severe competition among the gentlemen who are responsible for the portraits with the Turnerian mist effects which are now such an important feature of our daily papers.

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Mr. JOSEPH LYONS, the caterer, is writing a novel. It is rumoured that it will be strong meat.

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By-the-by, *The Daily Mail* published the opening lines of some verses written by Mr. LYONS, entitled, "A Tragedy of the War." To call the verses "A Tragedy" was creditable no less to Mr. LYONS' modesty than to his literary acumen.

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Scarcely had the sensation caused by the sale of the LEWIS-HILL jewels died out when the astounding statement was made by several newspapers that Mr. WALTER WINANS owns a stud which is valued at £100,000.

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The Corporation of the City of London has issued an official notice giving advice on the feeding of infants. The City Corporation has always been an undoubted authority on alimentation.

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We hear that the two dogs who act as lions in *The Judgment of Pharaoh* at the Scala Theatre are about to insist on being elected members of a certain Music Hall Artistes' Association on the ground that they are *Lions Comiques*.

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The Oulton Guardians, having made a profit of £43 from keeping pigs, are now anxious lest they should be confused with the West Ham Guardians.

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Geographers are much interested in a new theory of the evolution of the Pacific Ocean propounded by *The Daily News*. According to our enterprising contemporary this body of water started as land, then became a lake, and at any moment may be land again and serving as a cockpit. "The Pacific," to quote our contemporary's words, "which for long was a kind of *terra incognita*, a no man's land, has become to-day merely a lake separating embattled nations, and may be destined to-morrow to form the cockpit of the world."

We are glad to see our seaside resorts waking up, and in one or two instances lavish expenditure would seem to be the order of the day. Eastbourne, for instance, is offering no less a sum than ten golden sovereigns for the most attractively designed poster advertising the town. The competition is open to artists of every country, no matter how eminent, and the excitement in art circles may be imagined.

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A new quarterly magazine called *The Pedigree Register* will shortly make its appearance. "Special efforts," it is stated, "will be made to supply missing links in pedigrees." We should have thought that the missing link was just the skeleton which most persons preferred to keep in the cupboard.

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There would seem to be no doubt that the old-fashioned stock is coming into fashion for neckwear again. The other day we saw a notice in a shop window: "A sale of our slightly soiled stock will take place next week."

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A book entitled *Mars and its Canals*, just published by Messrs. MACMILLAN, proves almost beyond a doubt that not only is Mars inhabited, but that it contains engineers far superior to ours. This leads a writer to hazard a guess that the Martians may have succeeded in producing optical appliances of such perfection that they may be watching us day by day. In these circumstances we appeal to all the inhabitants of our planet, from a sense of patriotism, to be more careful than ever as to their behaviour.

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The wife of Mr. ELLIS W. DAVIES, M.P., has presented him with triplets. He is doing as well as can be expected.

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Mr. DAVIES, by the way, has stated that he does not intend to apply for the King's Bounty, although he has earned it. Mr. ASQUITH, however, is said to be urging him to reconsider his decision, as he is anxious to secure the tax on the additional earned income for his next Budget.

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The Bishop of LIVERPOOL is suffering from a sprained wrist owing to his having been tripped up by a carpet during spring cleaning, and laymen are most anxious to know what his Lordship said on the occasion.

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Mr. Justice JELF complained in the course of a trial at the New Bailey that the dock was a long way removed from the witness-box. Mr. Justice JELF has no idea how comforting this fact may be to a witness who is giving evidence against a violent prisoner.

A PLEA FOR HUMILITY.

(*To the Editor of "Punch."*)

DEAR SIR,—I have read in *The Daily News* of April 25 the following momentous and poignantly opportune warning to the glorious Party to which I have the honour to belong. "The great danger at the moment," observes the writer *à propos* of the debate on the position of Sir HORACE PLUNKETT, "is that Liberals should imagine themselves to be qualified to tell Ireland—in the friendliest spirit—what policy is for her good." These golden words ought to be inscribed in every Liberal and Radical Club throughout the length and breadth of the land, but admirable as they are they do not in my opinion go nearly far enough, and admit of almost indefinite extension. This deference to others, this unmitigated altruism, which is of the essence of pure and disinterested Liberalism, ought not to be restricted to the relations of our great Party to Ireland. Surely an equal measure of generous obsequiousness should mark our attitude to the Labour Party. That there is room for improvement in this respect is only too painfully clear from the harsh and dictatorial tone adopted by the President of the Local Government Board, who in a recent speech in his constituency actually so far forgot himself as to say that there was no prospect of social reform unless the working classes learned more self-restraint in regard to drinking and betting.

The habit of telling unnecessary home truths strikes at the root of that social harmony which it should be the prime object of the Government to promote. I accordingly venture to suggest, by way of a rider to *The Daily News*' admirable warning, that whenever a Liberal Minister answers a question put by an Irish or Labour Member, or whenever a Liberal Member discusses a question relating, however remotely, to Ireland or Labour, he should adopt a kneeling posture, with the option of going on all-fours, and preface his observations with the oriental formula: "If the most honourable and irresistible Member will deign to listen to the despicable remarks of so abject and wholly contemptible a worm as the unfortunate individual who now addresses him, &c.," I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully, EARNEST LIBERAL.

Foreign News.

"The University of Cambridge has now beaten Oxford by 42 lengths, on the course between Putney and Mortlake, a distance of 44 miles. Time: 20 minutes, 26 seconds. The weather was somewhat stormy and the water rough, circumstances that completely dissipated all hope of beating the record."—*Chilian Times.*

STILL, in the circumstances, Cambridge stayed the course pretty well.



"Why is Jones growing a beard?"
"Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."

MOLLIE.

In the corner of her eye—
And it's brown as brown can be—
There's a flash you might call sly,
But it's really too demure
In its lure,
And too frank and too free.

She's as plump
And jolly a lump
Of dancing fun
As ever scurried about
With a laugh and a shout
Under the sun.

Tumbles? What does a tumble matter?
Down she goes with a crash and clatter;
She has scraped her hand; she has barked her shin;
She has lost a lot of her precious skin;
But she's up in a moment and off again,
With something more than a hint of rain
In the dark eyes brimming to ease her pain.

There's a touch of the South
In her laughing mouth,
And the rich, deep flush of her rounded cheek,
And her hair with its tresses fine and sleek
That she flings about, with her tossing head
Set off and bound with the ribbon's red.

Books, books, books, and the longer the better,
She swallows them steadily letter by letter,
Line by line and chapter by chapter:
Never was reader more solid or apter
To win your praise for her scholarly merit,
Or to learn a piece and to say it well
With a voice that sounds like a silver bell;
But her sums are woe, for she doesn't inherit
A taste for the multiplication table,
And hasn't acquired it, and doesn't seem able
To face a collision
With long division:
Figures are things you'll fail to fix
In the busy brain of this girl of six.

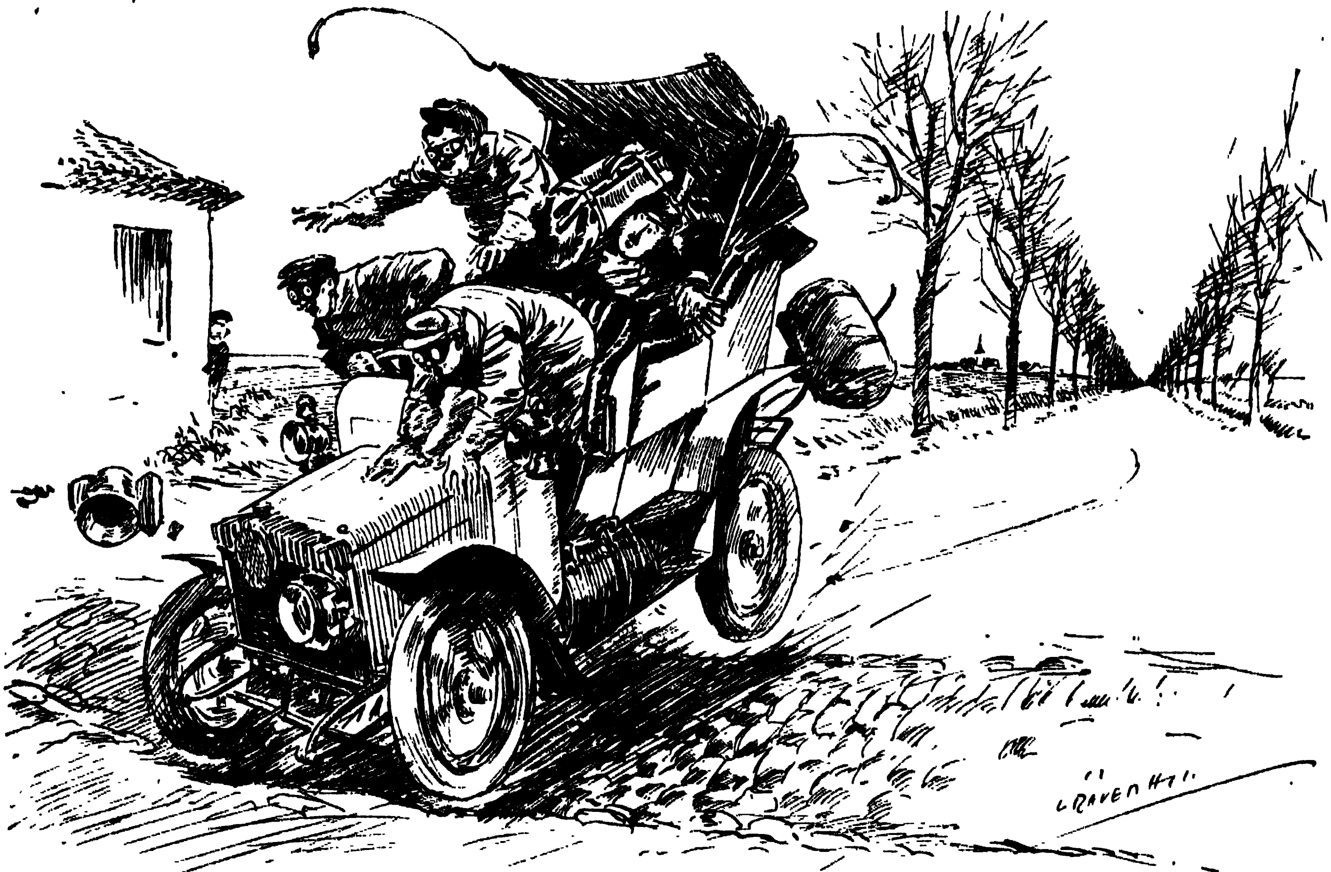
And when you stow her away in bed
She often stands on her impish head,
Or slides to the floor till you send her back
With a great pretence at a sounding smack.
Out with the light!
Good-night, good-night!
One last hug—and she holds you tight—
Good-night, Mollie, good-night, good-night!

R. C. L.

"Details of a remarkable race between Postle, the Australian crack sprinter, and a whippet, arrive by the Australian mail. The race was over 100 yards, Postle being in receipt of 313 yards start. Postle looked to be winning three yards from home, but the dog came with a magnificent finish and passed the line a foot ahead in 6½ secs."

Cork Constitution.

This just shows the folly of betting. The odds on Postle at the start must have been enormous, yet only those who were wise enough to back him for a place made anything out of it.



THE JOYS OF TOURING. No. I.—THE CANIVEAU.

They do things so much better in France. Straight roads, level as a table and smooth as a racing track. No speed limit, no police traps—only an unobtrusive ditch outside every village to test the strength of your car!

THE NEW CULTURE.

(Lines written by a grateful reader of "The Rapid.")

Moments there are when, like a Titan weary,
 The modern man would fain of Lethe sup,
Yet why should he downhearted grow or dreary,
 Why hesitate to drain Life's strenuous cup,
When we have the intrepid Peter Keary*
 In clarion accents bidding us buck up;
When Marie, prophetess of Strat.-on-Avon,
Rebukes the cynic and uplifts the craven?

Peter himself, with modesty unique,
 Proclaims the virtue of self-education.
New theologians stimulate the weak,
 And furnish useful wrinkles for salvation.
New humourists laboriously seek
 To compass our complete excruciation;
And there are eulogies of brainy bounders,
And long-haired and intense piano-pounders.

And there are messages from mighty pens,
 Preaching humility with zeal appalling;
As though a peacock to a flock of wrens
 Should sternly reprobate the vice of squalling;
Or lions, roaring fiercely in their dens,
 Rebuked the turtle-dove for caterwauling.
And there are titbits from a classic sage,
And jokes on death that fill a solid page.

And then the clothes professor comes and shows
 How by his dress man's moral worth is tested;
Points out the pitfalls in regard to hose
 Wherewith the path to glory is infested,
And firmly but severely censures those
 Who spurn frock-coats silk-faced and double-breasted,
Or fail to recognise that progress lags
When Ministers neglect to press their bags.

Then we have "Lessons for the Newly-wed"
 And hints on posture penned by Eustace Miles,
Who proves that cultured men should work in bed
 (Eustace and you and me, not Hodge or Giles);
And tiny tots are generously fed
 With "Mother Hubbard's" special food for smiles;
And last, to turn the hustler to a sprinter,
"Thoughts on All Subjects," fresh from John Strange [Winter.

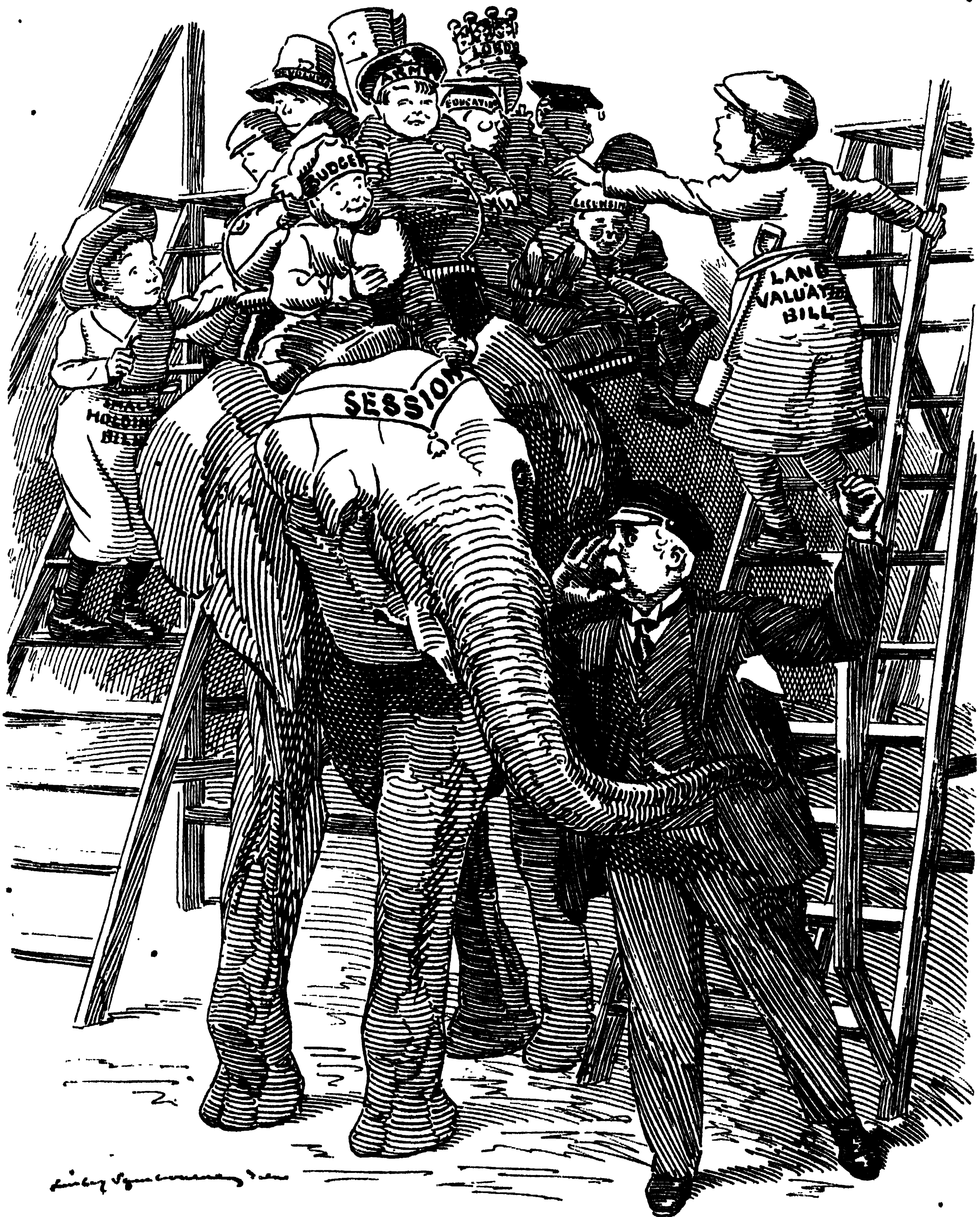
Yet pessimists like Mr. Herbert Paul,
 M.P., who ought to know what he is saying,
Tears on the lost Humanities let fall
 And sadly swear that Letters are decaying—
Purblind prognosticators, one and all,
 Gross ignorance and prejudice betraying,
For how can letters fail or life be vapid
So long as Peter Keary runs *The Rapid*?

* Author of *Get On or Get Out*.

In the cast of *Jeanne d'Arc* we noticed:

"The Voice of the Judge's Clerk . . . Mr. Reicher."

We are a little intrigued to know what kind of wig he wears for the part.



THE MORE THE MERRIER.

C.-B. (*the light-hearted Keeper*). "STEP UP! LOTS OF ROOM!" (*Aside, to intelligent pachyderm*) "DON'T YOU WORRY. MOST OF 'EM WILL DROP OFF AS WE GO ALONG!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 22.—Pretty to watch PRINCE ARTHUR just now listening to SON AUSTEN sagely discoursing on the science of national finance in general and the Budget in particular. Benches lamentably empty considering importance of the subject. SON AUSTEN disposed to take himself and his mission seriously. Marked alteration in his manner. In early days, almost literally speechless on finding himself installed in post filled in succession by PEEL, DIZZY, GLADSTONE, not to mention HICKS-BEACH and HARCOURT, he won the favour of a generous audience by throwing himself on its mercy. To-day waved his arm, wagged his fore-finger, thumped the desk, and spoke with marked disrespect of ASQUITH'S Parliamentary capacity and financial training. "Total and unpardonable ignorance" was, in brief, the charge he brought against an unworthy successor at the Treasury.

Ministerialists laughed good-humouredly. Turning sly glances at Leader of Opposition they laughed again when his mentor, patron, and colleague proceeded to launch forth in uncompromising declaration of confidence in system of Preferential Tariffs as the only way of delivering a hapless Empire from financial ruin. Hereupon PRINCE ARTHUR'S far-away look took on added remoteness. At outset assumed attitude of benevolent veteran attending the benefit performance of an Infant Prodigy. Watched SON AUSTEN with encouraging smile, varied by occasional raising of the eyebrows with expression of surprise as to how he really could be so profound in his knowledge, so pointed in argument. But when the Tariff Reform trumpet tootled and the Preference drum was beaten he began to glance uneasily at the clock.

Situation certainly a little embarrassing. SON AUSTEN'S views on the question were well known to be inexorably filial. They had been expressed on several platforms with kindliest personal references to the nominal Leader of the Unionist Party. Quite a different thing to have the new Gospel preached from the Front Opposition Bench by one who, rising in capacity of ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer to criticise the Budget. was for the moment the official representative of the late Ministry, presumably of the present Party. But during the last three years this discipline, suffered in one form or another, has not been unfamiliar. A man of indomitable courage, PRINCE ARTHUR preserved to the end of speech the expression of genial amazement that marked the rustics in the "Deserted Village" when they counted up the accomplishments of the schoolmaster.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Only the fixed smile, growing sicklier, finally died away.

Business done.—In Committee on the Budget Resolution.

Tuesday night.—When SPEAKER took Chair this afternoon he found himself confronted by difficult and delicate point of procedure. According to Standing Orders, no Member may move a resolution or attempt to advance a Bill dealing with a subject with respect to which notice has already been given. This is the rock upon which is built the system known as blocking notices. When a Member has reason to believe that a gentleman on the other side intends to raise an obnoxious or embarrassing question, he hurries up with a notice of motion dealing with it, and thereby effectually blocks the way.

It happened that Lord ROBERT CECIL had fixed upon to-day for introducing a Bill described as providing for the "Early Notification of Births." This morning there appeared in all the papers notification of the birth of triplets presented to the Member for the Southern Division of Carnarvonshire. Was that a notice within the meaning of the Standing Order? and did it therefore block Lord ROBERT'S motion?

Happily the SPEAKER was able to decide in the negative, and, amid general cheering, Lord ROBERT brought in a useful Bill.

Another coincidence turned upon the event which has filled with joy and triplets the Member for South Carnarvonshire's three-syllabled Welsh homestead, Bodlondeb. Unsuspicious of the crowning mercy in store, he put down for to-day a Question addressed to the Home Secretary. It was numbered 8 on the paper. Benches crowded up in anticipation of appearance on the scene of the thrice-happy father. When SPEAKER called "Mr. ELLIS DAVIES," a rousing cheer went up from both sides.



A STUDY IN REAL ENJOYMENT.

How Prince Arthur revelled in Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n's exposition of the New Finance and "*real* Free Trade" methods.

All eyes were turned upon the Bench below the Gangway on Ministerial side where hon. Member usually sits. But Ellis Davies is not habitually of the reckless disposition suggested by the domestic incident alluded to. Had left his question in hands of a Member of less distinguished record, which rather spoiled sport. But the House not to be denied its fun.

Welsh Members naturally in state of enthusiasm.

"Three more of us!" cried William Jones, who, for a Benedick, takes almost unseemly interest in the affair. "If we go on at this rate, we shall have Disestablishment in Wales before the end of twelve months."

Business done.—Army Bill read a second time, by 343 votes against 31.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Since Session opened almost forgot we are still blessed with House of Lords. It has met with accustomed regularity and dispersed with something more than usual despatch. At approach to Easter it went off for its holidays nearly a week earlier than the Commons, and, on the principle that controlled Charles Lamb's attendance at the India Office, it made up for it by coming back to work a full week later.

This evening discussing the appointment of Justices of the Peace. The Marquis of Bath lifts his tall head and hangs a speech on the peg of memorial presented last December to Lord Chancellor, protesting against the preponderance of Conservatives on town and county Bench. The signatories saw in this phenomenon evidence of the immovable impartiality with which



Under the Lash of C.-B.'s Humour.

Mr. L-ne-F-x gets rather more than he bargained for out of a question to the Prime Minister.



One Stage Nearer.

With congratulations to the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C.

Lord Halsbury, through prolonged term of office, discovered in good Unionists monopoly of qualifications for the Bench.

Nothing of the sort, said the Marquis of Bath. When Lord Halsbury for the last time led the stately procession from the Woolsack, the Purse Bearer going first, Black Rod following after, there may have been on the magisterial bench some disparity in numbers as between Unionists and Liberals, say seven to three. But that is the mere sequence of cause and effect. If it happens that men of the choicest judicial capacity, of highest culture, of invulnerable probity, are found in superabundance under a particular party flag, it necessarily follows that a Lord High Chancellor chiefly anxious to maintain a high standard of justice fills the Bench from that section of citizens.

What the most noble Marquis fervently hoped was that the present occupant of the Woolsack would not be led astray by deplorable partisan feeling among his own friends to attempt to redress the balance between the old Lord Chancellor and the new. Mid murmur of applause from noble lords on Opposition Benches, he protested against the principle of making magisterial office the reward of political service.

Lord Chancellor's speech in reply supplied striking testimony to the influence of circumstances and association. In the stately figure in full-bottomed wig and silken gown who stepped aside from the Woolsack and addressed the House in measured speech of flawless moderation, few not acquainted with the transformation effected fourteen months ago would recognise our dear "Bob" Reid who, when in the Commons, trampled ruthlessly upon any, not excepting his esteemed colleagues on the Front Bench, who sinned against the truth. Constrained to admit overwhelming disparity of numbers between Unionist and Liberal J.P.'s, he protested his belief that it was not established by deliberate design. That the most suitable candidates for magisterial office should over a long period have been found among the supporters of one political party, to the practical exclusion of members of the other, was, he blandly explained, "a freak of nature."

Et tu, Bob Reid!

Business done.—The Commons discuss Navy Estimates.

THE PREMIERS AT PORTSMOUTH.

(Mr. Punch's Special Service.)

A brief sketch of the great naval sham fight organised for the delectation of the Colonial Premiers, and to be held at Portsmouth on the 3rd inst., has already appeared in the Press, but information which has reached us from a trustworthy source enables us to supplement the bald and unconvincing details already published.

The grand feature, we are in a position to state, of the manœuvres will be an attack on Whale Island. It will readily be admitted that this will be one of the most thorough things on record when it is stated that the island will be defended by Mr. F. T. Bullen (the Prince of Whales, as Dr. Robertson Nicoll once facetiously termed him) in command of a nucleus squadron of trained cachalots. The attacking foe, which is to have a flotilla of gunboats, will include a contingent of Naval volunteers from the Isle of Man, armed with harpoons and led by Mr. Hall Caine. They will blow up booms and rout Mr.



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

Gentleman Jockey (after a "cropper"). "TRAINER SAID GROUND WAS TOO SOFT FOR HIS HORSE. EVIDENTLY HADN'T TRIED IT WITH HIS HEAD!"

BULLEN'S mammoth mammals with great slaughter.

A rough idea of the succession of spectacles to be provided for the Colonial guests may be gleaned from the following time-table:—

11.30 A.M. Arrival of the visitors from Victoria in special train at the South Railway Jetty. Nucleus refreshments will be served on the Jetty, and the visitors will be at once conducted over H.M.S. *Dreadnought.*

Noon. The visitors will be entertained to a nucleus luncheon on the upper deck of the *Dreadnought* and witness the evolutions of Mr. HALL CAINE and his Manx volunteers on the boom.

12.15 P.M. Visitors will proceed in carriages to the gunnery establishment on Whale Island and will be introduced to Mr. F. T. BULLEN. After seeing ships of various types in the dry dock they will partake of liquid refreshment.

1.0. Luncheon will be served in the drill-hall at Whale Island. The luncheon will be speechless, but Mr. HALL CAINE will recite extracts from his forthcoming novel, and sing a duet with the Hon. THOMAS BENT, the famous vocal Premier of Victoria.

2.30. Visitors will proceed to the grand stand on the north side of the island. Mr. HALL CAINE, assisted by Mr. HEINEMANN, will blow up his boom.

3.15. Nucleus tea will be served to the visitors in the grand stand.

3.45. The visitors will leave Whale Island in dockyard tugs on a short nucleus cruise, and will witness a game of water polo, in which Mr. BULLEN and Mr. EDMUND ROBERTSON will captain the opposing sides. Sir JOHN FISHER will then blow up the Fleet. The Fleet will then be reconciled to Sir JOHN FISHER by the intervention of General BOTHA.

5.30. Dinner will be served in the train, which will arrive at Victoria at 7.30 P.M., and be met by ambulances, bath-chairs, stretchers and a nucleus detachment of the R.A.M.C.

A WATCHED KETTLE NEVER BOILS.

Alone, I can get through an At Home with a certain amount of credit. No doubt I make mistakes; no doubt people look at me and say, "Who *is* that person sitting all by himself in the corner, and keeping on eating muffins?"—but at any rate I can make the function a tolerable one. When, however, I flutter in under the wing of my sister-in-law, with my hair nicely brushed and my tie pulled straight (she having held a review on the doorstep), then it is another matter altogether. Then that I feel how necessary it is to say the right thing. Beatrice has pretty ears, but they are long-distance ones. We drifted apart immediately, but I was sure she was listening.

I found myself introduced to a tall, athletic-looking girl.

"There's a great crowd, isn't there?" I said. "Can I find you some tea, or anything?"

"Oh, please," she said with a smile.

I noted the smile, and thanked Heaven that I had read *The Queen* that morning. In the ordinary way I say to strangers, "Will you take a dish of tea with me?" but just in time *The Queen* had warned me that this was wrong. Left to myself, I hit upon the word "find." "Can I find you some tea?" It gives the idea of pursuit. And the "or anything" rounds it off well as much as to say, "If I *should* happen to come back with a sardine on toast, don't blame *me*."

I found some tea after a long struggle, but by that time I had lost the athlete. It was a pity, because I was going to have talked to her about Surrey's victory over Kent at Ladies' Hockey. I don't know anything about hockey, but it is obvious that Surrey must play Kent some time, and it would be an even chance that Surrey would win. The good conversationalist takes risks cheerfully.

Well, the "centre-forward" having disappeared, I was going to drink the tea myself, when I caught Beatrice's eye on me.

"Will you have some tea?" I said to my neighbour.

"I think a little coffee, thank you."

"Certainly."

I pressed the tea into the hand of a retired colonel, and hurried off. Now that shows you. Alone, I should have quoted *The Lancet* on coffee microbes, and insisted on her having my cup of tea. This would have led us easily and naturally to a conversation on drinks and modern journalism. We should have become friends. I should have had an invitation from her mother to lunch; and I should have smoked two of her father's best cigars.

As it was, I said, "Certainly," fetched the coffee, coughed, and observed that there was rather a crowd. She said "Yes," and turned away to somebody else. Two good cigars thrown away because of Beatrice!

I was slowly recovering from my loss when Beatrice herself came up to say that she wanted to introduce me to a very nice girl called Jane something. In the ordinary way very nice girls aren't called Jane anything, so here evidently was something exceptional. I buttoned my coat boldly, and followed her, unbuttoning it nervously on the way.

"Here he is," she said, and left us.

This is what they call introducing.



"Well, Jackie, did you sleep with the wedding-cake under your pillow and dream of your future wife?"
"No, I I ate it, 'cos I want my wife to be a surprise!"

"How do you do?" I started.

"I've heard such a lot about you, began Jane brightly.

I never know what to say to that. There must be a right answer, if *The Queen* would only tell us. As it was, I said, "Thank you."

That felt wrong, so I added, "So have I."

"About you," I explained hurriedly. To myself I said, "You know you're not really carrying this off well. It's idle to pretend that you are."

"*What* have you heard, I wonder?" beamed Jane.

Only that her name was Jane something.

"Ah!" I said.

"Oh, you *must* tell me!"

"I mean, I've heard friends of mine talk about you."

"Oh," she said disappointedly, "I thought you meant——"

"But, of course, everybody has heard of Jane—h'm—of Miss—er um—I think my sister-in-law—yes, thank you, we have a train to catch—oh, must you really go?—er, good-bye."

I staggered away in pursuit of Beatrice. She dragged me up to an American girl, as I judged her.

"Here he is," she said, and passed on.

"So glad to make your acquaintance," said the American.

There *is* no answer to that, I know. I ignored it altogether, and said:

"Have you seen the Budget?"

"No. What's that?"

"Oh, you *must* see that."

"I will. We'll go to-morrow. Where is it?"

I don't think Americans see as much of Shepherd's Bush as they ought to. I gave the usual guide-book directions for getting there, and was just beginning to be interested, when I saw Beatrice's inquiring look. "Are you behaving nicely?" it said. I passed on hastily.

I was very lonely for a while after that. Three times I got a plate of cucumber sandwiches safely into a corner, and three times a sisterly eye dragged us out again. After the third failure I saw that it was hopeless, so I wandered about and tried to decide which was the ugliest hat in the room. A man is the only possible judge in a competition of that sort. A woman lets herself be prejudiced by such facts as that it is so fashionable, or that she saw one just like it in Bond Street, my dear, at five guineas.

I had narrowed the competitors down to five, two of which were, on form, certain for a place, when I turned round and saw, in the corner behind me—

(I don't know if you will believe me)—

A man with a plate of cucumber sandwiches!

I rubbed my eyes in amazement. A man .... at an At Home .... sitting down and eating cucum- — Why, where was his sister-in-law?

There was only one thing to be done. The favourite in my competition (*green, pink hoops*) was disengaged for the moment. I went up to the man, took him by the arm, and dragged him away from his corner. He still held the plate in his hand, but I did not mind that. "Must introduce you," I whispered in his ear. "Famous prize-winner." We pushed our way up to the lady.

"Here he is," I said.

And I looked round triumphantly for Beatrice.



Lady (hearing Scotchman grunt with disgust on passing advertisement board). "AH, I SEE YOU AGREE WITH ME THAT THOSE VANDALS SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO SPOIL THIS LOVELY SCENERY BY PUTTING UP SUCH HIDEOUS THINGS."

Sandy. "NAY, IT WASNA THAT. BUT SHE'S NO A GUID WHUSKEY!"

TO MY SLAVEY.

I HAVE endured, for nearly twelve months now,
Your daily ministrations, and the sight
Of your untidy frock, your tousled brow,
The dust that smothers all things with its blight,
My linen and my books and papers marred
By finger-prints unmatched in Scotland Yard.

In manners and in truthfulness you fail,
Your cooking is unutterably bad;
But all your other misdemeanours pale
Before your awful carelessness. I had
Some glass and china, quite a decent lot,
Your casual duster passed—and it was not.

Nor have you spared yourself; the frequent bruise,
The scalded hand bound up with rag and string,
Sprained arm, or ankle (you appear to use
The stairs for practice in tobogganing)—
All these are features of your daily round;
I fail to recollect you wholly sound.

Yet haply still I might have dared to try
A further course of your assiduous care,
But that the Act, that comes in next July,
Will make me liable for your repair;
Not all my worldly wealth could meet the claim
For only one week's damage to your frame.

Yet I have heard that Offices exist
Wherein some wretch like me, who must endure
The perils of a "general," if he list,
Can by small sums as premiums insure
Against all claims that may perchance accrue;
And I have tried to do the same for you.

But when the Agents of the several Firms
Called here and saw you, one and all declined
To take the risk upon the usual terms
Or at still higher payments; and I find
That Lloyd's, in your case, will not be content
With any premium under cent. per cent.

So we must part! for if you were to stay
I could no longer, when I heard the wreck
Of the few things still left, devoutly pray
That you just once for all might break your neck;
For then I should be ruined through the Act,
So kindly understand that you are sacked.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE anonymous writer of *Pen, Patron, and Public* (GREENING) has a far-reaching memory. He knew Fleet Street in its Bohemian days, and was a member of the Savage Club before it became obtrusively respectable and given to hospitality to Cabinet Ministers. He recalls an otherwise forgotten incident in the career of JOHN BRIGHT, who, in one of his speeches during the Reform controversy raging in the day of LOWE and HORSMAN, alluded to a famous Hunt as if it were spelt Pitchly. The country gentlemen of forty years ago never thought much of JOHN BRIGHT, with his heresies in respect of Free Trade, Parliamentary Reform, and the gentler government of Ireland. This blunder in pronunciation confirmed their low opinion. It probably did more to discredit him in their estimation than any of his more deliberate actions. The author has a tendency to sourness in his review of journals and journalists, past and present. He is almost savage in his contemptuous reprobation of the new development in the form of the halfpenny morning paper. But he writes with knowledge, in a style curiously mixed. Occasionally his sentences sparkle with epigram. Now and again he lapses into a narrative form dangerously approaching incoherence.

Miss EDITH RICKERT's new book, *The Golden Hawk* (EDWARD ARNOLD), is a romance. Oh! a romance full of sunshine and love and the joy of living. The scene a corner of Provence. *Trillon* the hero—of a beautiful brown; golden-bearded; hawk-nose high in air, and with eyes that readily catch fire and blaze. *Madeloun* the dove that this hawk would pursue: *Madeloun*, with lips red as pomegranates and her dusky cloud of hair. *Trillon* from the sausage-shop in Avignon, and *Madeloun* the Castelar innkeeper's daughter, flying to the sun together! *Pécaire!* what would you? ... To return, however, to Bouverie Street. I wish to congratulate Miss RICKERT with all my heart on a real achievement. There is not much romance left in the twentieth century, but Miss RICKERT has discovered a corner where it may still flourish. And yet I don't know. It is not, after all, the scene that gives the book its atmosphere, nor the style nor yet the plot. It is simply *Trillon*—*Trillon* the glorious one! Pop him into the eleventh book of Euclid, and he would make a romance of it. Hats off to him!

The Prince's Valet (SMITH, ELDER) is a vivid study of a fascinating personality made from the point of view of his body-servant. Mr. BARNETT has evidently read all that was said or written about CHARLES EDWARD STUART after his descent on Scotland and his repulse by the troops of the monarch known to STUART loyalists as "The Hanoverian." GUSTAVE, the valet, follows the Prince through his pilgrimage from Court to Court on the Continent in hopeless search of money and troops to win back a throne his family twice in succession forfeited. GUSTAVE hints at a time when his beloved master sank to the level of a confirmed drunkard. At the date of this story he is still the light-hearted, chivalrous Prince CHARLIE, loved by women, admired by men, as ready with his sword as with his fascinating speech. The book is not a page of history, but it admirably serves the purpose of illuminating one whose interest for mankind is deathless.



"THE ANCHOR CANNON" IS NOW REDUCED TO A FARCE. *Billiard Organ.*

The Seine may breathe again. *Paris* the latest joint achievement of Miss DOROTHY MENPES, Mr. MORTIMER MENPES and Messrs. BLACK—will not set it on fire. But though the book is not epoch-making, Miss MENPES discourses pleasantly enough, if not very profoundly, on various aspects of the gay city—its fascination and its frocks, its women and its workers, its artists and its amusements, its *cafés* and its children—and manages, above all, to give throughout the atmospheric effect of the child-like *joie de vivre* which distinguishes Parisians from the inhabitants of all other cities. The two dozen full-page illustrations in colour, which together with numerous black and white sketches are Mr. MENPES' contribution to the volume, are skilfully reproduced.

He was a Tottenham Court Road tradesman; she, the daughter of a titled physician. They met in a Socialist Club, the members of which objected to most bonds, including those of matrimony. And the World was shocked. In process of time the Consequence followed her parents' example, with variations of her own. And a shocked World said, "I told you so," and no one seemed to be a penny the worse. There you have, in bald outline, the story of *The Child of Promise* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), by NETTA SYRETT. The author's object appears to be the old one of attempting to prove that when the Principals are as charming and high-minded as they undoubtedly are in this book, and when no injury is done to third parties, public opinion in this matter is a blind and stupid convention, which may be rightly defied. This is a theory so ancient as to be almost respectable, and Miss NETTA SYRETT probably believes in it just as much—and just as little—as the rest of us. She is also sure to know that the facts of life are often much more cruel than its fiction.

DURING his three days' visit to Glasgow, the Prince of WALES laid three memorial stones, opened new buildings at the University, and received, along with the Princess, the freedom of the City, an LL.D. degree, and three caskets, to say nothing of trowels, gold keys, and the seven bouquets specified in the official programme. We understand, however, that there is no truth in the rumour that at breakfast, on the morning of his departure, the PRINCE remarked, from sheer force of habit, as he tapped the shell of an egg, "I declare this egg to be well and truly laid. Please pass the pepper casket."

"Ald. W. D—— having been duly declared elected, expressed thanks for the high honour that had been conferred upon him. He said he would endeavour to the best of his ability to follow in the footsteps of his successor."—*Shields Daily News.*

THIS is the spirit we like to see—the spirit which knows no such word as "Impossible."

THE COUNSELS OF BUCKSHOT.

(*With acknowledgments to "S." in "The Westminster Gazette."*)

HAVING occasion to investigate the affairs of my friend BUCKSHOT, recently deceased, I was astounded at the voluminous notes upon men and matters which he had made. Nothing seems to have escaped his comment—he jotted down impressions of marmalade, motor-buses, A. B. C. girls, spiritualism, most impartially. I confess I do not grasp fully the meaning of some of the remarks, but I place a few of them ungrudgingly before an unsuspecting public in the confidence that, not knowing my address, it will be unable to make me a substantial token of its gratification.

Turning first to a little volume of 870 pages ticketed "Spring," I select a sentence or two instancing BUCKSHOT'S wide observation:

"Nature is renewed" (he says) "in Spring . . . . The time of snow is past; Birds sing, trees put forth fresh leaves. . . . How strange it is that the immanence of Spring should be so inherent!"

I pass over Summer and Autumn, on which his meditations are no less inspiring, and come to this flawless gem under the heading "Margarine:"

"To contemplate a pound of Margarine in the right spirit is to the wise man very helpful in seasons of mental distress. He appreciates the gulf between the false and the true, the real and the unreal, the sporadic and the epidemic. . . . And if the contemplation of a pound of Margarine can so uplift the soul, how much better were it to consider two pounds."

After Margarine there is a dissertation on Mumps:

"A child with the mumps is a pathetic object, but a man with the mumps is a butterfly, so to put it, broken upon the wheel. Yet his companions are merry when they note his warped smile, his lop-sided cachinnation. From this alone the indigenous infamy of human nature may be inferred . . . Tell me what a man laughs at and I will tell you his character . . . To have a friend with the mumps is one of those Providential occurrences for our restraint and guidance; if you laugh at him I say you are a homogeneous monster, unfit to have a friend. Alas, for ingrained ineptitude!"

Twenty-five paragraphs relate to Umbrellas. I reproduce one:—

"The office-boy carries no umbrella; indeed, he would be the butt of his compeers did he possess one. But elevate him to the status of a clerk, and the umbrella, rolled on fine days, opened in wet weather, becomes part of his equipment. Strange proof, this, of the ineradicable incomprehensibility of man, who, as soon as he hath, wanteth more. How sad this is!"

BUCKSHOT then digresses to Weather, and I find this:—

"Moonshine is the dessert of the day, the *compote de fruits* of the menu provided by the gods . . . If it were not for this, 'twould be a sorry world. Let us each, then, in his own way strive to lighten a brother's labours with a modicum of moonshine."

I could go on quoting for hours, or years, but must stop. I cannot refrain, however, from giving a snippet from my poor friend's notes upon London:—

"London is the maw of the universe, into which is thrown everything of the best, literary, religious, scientific, as children fling buns at the Zoo—or rather at the elephant in the Zoo. . . . And if her maw is so horrific, what is her paw? Under her paw she stamps out the life of all who do not throw their buns from a respectful distance . . . Maw and Paw—here we have the gist of the whole matter."

Good, genial BUCKSHOT! How we shall miss him!



THE INGENIOUS PAINTER, FINDING HIS PICTURE SKIED, HITS ON A PLAN FOR DRAWING ATTENTION TO ITS MERITS.

ANOTHER POET OF THE CHANNEL.

"Sir," began the Orator, "the Liberal Government has been the salvation of England (*loud Liberal cheers*). And Rome was saved by *her geese*" (*loud Tory laughter*).

The memory of this pleasant surprise, produced at the Cambridge Union in the early eighties, comes back to me as I turn over the pages of a modest little brochure entitled *Our Island England. Twenty Sonnets giving reasons why we should not make the Channel Tunnel*, by Frederick W. P. Swinborne. Great national crises have before now called forth a poet to give utterance to the people's inarticulate passion. And of such is Mr. Swinborne. He does not sing, like the linnet, for singing's sake, because he must; he sings with a purpose. He is not content to say, "Let me make the nation's sonnets, and I care not who constructs their Channel Tunnels." He undertakes the one with the express object of preventing anybody from undertaking the other.

The motto of his book, *Equo ne credite, Teucri*, is illustrated by the opening sonnet—"Mistrust the Tunnel!"—where he compares our projected tube with the Wooden Horse which brought about the undoing of Troy. The comparison is perhaps open to the reflection that the Trojans had no share in the construction of the fatal monster; otherwise the similarity of conditions is astonishing, and notably in the matter of the hostile fleet lurking in each case just round the corner and ready to supplement the assaults of craft. This fine thought is developed in the second sonnet—"Antwerp! and the Channel Tunnel," which begins with an arresting note of danger:

> This tunnel make not—Antwerp is too near.

The theme of our traditional frontier is next introduced in an inspired passage where the blinding force of emotion obliterates all distinction between sea and coast. Thus:

> In Nelson's day we held the opposing coast
> Was England's frontier—now it seems that we
> May guard a frontier that is not the sea.

"What would Wellington and Nelson say?" That is the question which gives its title to another sonnet. It is, of course, for our sakes, not theirs, that this speculation is advanced. They have their own record which will remain unaffected by any tunnel. As the poet very rightly puts it:

> On their behalf 'tis needless to protest.

Among other things not closely contemplated by these late masters of strategy was the possibility of invasion by airship. Modern experts have stated that the development of aerial transit will render us an easy prey to the raider, tunnel or no tunnel. Not so Mr. Swinborne, who lightly challenges the foe to "take London by the sky," if he can:

> Let him try!
> It would be futile o'er the straits to fly,
> Unless a way beneath can serve him well
> To bring up heavier guns.

Later, under the imperative title "Tunnel not our England!" he strikes fearlessly at the poisonous root of all the mischief—namely, the dread of sea-sickness. Splendidly oblivious of the almost certain fact that the tunnel is designed to go under, rather than over, the Channel, he adjures the nation to

> keep the seas still open to the skies,
> Ev'n if the waves us ofttimes incommode.

Then, again, there are the Kaiser's subjects in our midst German waiters, German players on the trombone, and so forth—all ready, at a hint from their War-lord, to seize and occupy our end of the tunnel. It is not their fault: they mean well; but it will be theirs to obey without reasoning why. Let me give the position in the poet's own convincing language:

> There are of Germans at the present day
> In London tens of thousands, and no doubt
> In England thousands we know naught about,
> And more may come—good fellows in a way,
> But they are soldiers, and, for all they say,
> Their Kaiser's orders they must carry out.
> * * * * *
> Within our realms a force they constitute,
> That might the tunnel seize *should it be made*.

The italics represent our own solitary consolation in the thought of the frightful scenes of rapine which would ensue:

> The country's sack could feast his loan recruit.

The heading of Sonnet XVI.—"Tunnel First—Conscription After!"—raises another vital question. Both the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition will be relieved to learn that the full weight of the poet is on their side. The most effective answer yet made to the arguments in favour of universal service is here to be found in a passage which ignores their existence:

> Why do they want conscription? No one yet
> Has really told us why.

But I have my suspicion that the poet is not at his logical best on this point; for a little later, in a dashing diatribe against intervention in continental quarrels

> What gain to us have Cressy, Poictiers, been,
> Or Agincourt?—

he admits the humiliating truth that we have before now been the victims of numerical superiority; in fact,

> We cannot count on conquering one to ten!

The close family likeness between conscription and the income-tax is one that must have been recognised by many profound thinkers when the opponents of the former have contended that a free people could never be dragooned into toleration of it. This resemblance has not escaped our poet. On a coloured slip, inserted in his little volume, he prints a few afterthoughts which prove that his abhorrence of conscription is united to a still fiercer detestation of the tyranny of the Exchequer. One sonnet, in which he advocates a bonfire for certain clauses of the Budget, opens with the unforgettable line:

> It is a fraud, this hateful income-tax.

The inquisitorial methods of the Inland Revenue Department, ever suspicious of the declarations of honest men, draw from him an indignant protest:

> How dare the assessors with curt judgment say,
> It is not true! Can they determine truth?
> Practise they it, and all it means forsooth?
> I trow not!

Well may the "good just man" revolt from their "pestering forms uncouth":

> Theirs is no heaven-born right
> To assess him with abrupt authority!
> He gave them place, they have unrighteous might
> Since then usurped, but we may live to see
> Them all thrust out as hateful in his sight.

Myself, I do not share this sanguine outlook; indeed I regard this inset-slip as an error of judgment, and but for its exquisite diction I should be tempted to tear it up. On the other hand, I very cheerfully recognise that with the advent of the main sonnet-sequence a great access of power has come to the camp of the anti-tunnelers. Its topic may, for the moment, be off the *tapis;* but it is certain to recrudesce; and against that day I shall carry these poems (in paper covers) next my chest, and so get fortitude to defy the promoters of my country's ruin. O. S.

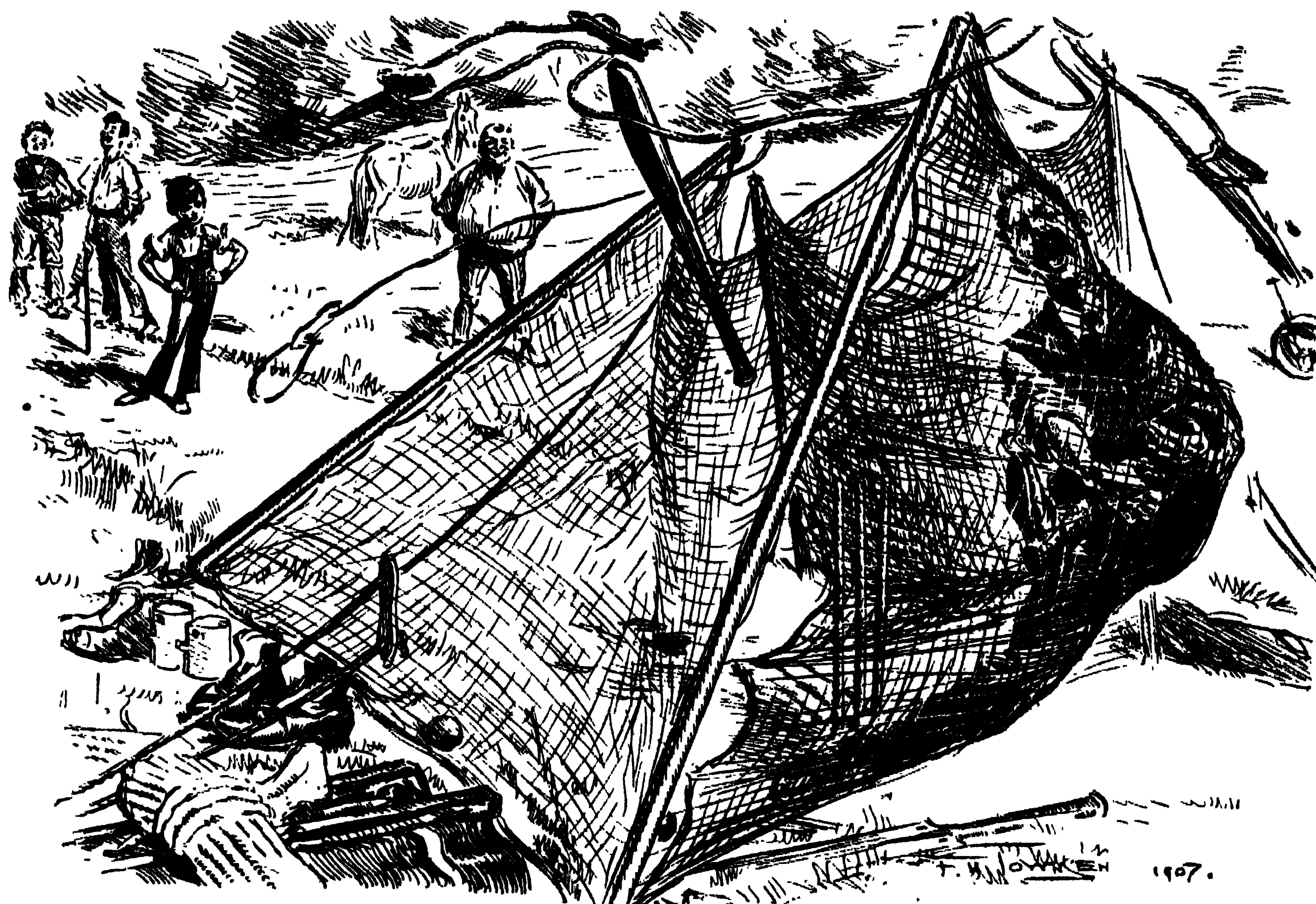
A Motto for Lord Portsmouth.

> "If I had a tenant, and he wouldn't go,
> Do you think I'd Wallop him? Oh, no, no."



THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

Augustine the Wizard (*cheerfully*). "HOW DOES THIS STRIKE YOU?"
Mr. John Redmond. "H'M! NOT SO BAD—AS FAR AS IT GOES!"



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB. PRACTICE BEGINS.

WE DON'T THINK HE HAD A GRUDGE AGAINST THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER—ANYWAY SPINNER DID ASK HIM IF HE WOULDN'T PUT ON SOME PADS.

MR. PUNCH'S HARMLESS SELF-EDUCATOR.

THE difference between Tennis and Lawn-Tennis has been exhaustively dealt with by *The Daily Mail* in an entertaining article which combines the maximum of amusement and instruction; though the writer, probably from a praiseworthy fear of offending German susceptibilities, has somewhat strangely omitted to point out that the French names for the two games are *Jeu de Paume* and *Jeu de Paume-de-terre*, so called because in France lawn-tennis is generally played on earth-courts. In the all-important matter of helping the masses to educate themselves, *Mr. Punch* feels that he cannot do better than follow, however far behind, in the wake of the Prince of Pedagogues. Here, then, is a bright little article on Cricket which, without being exhaustive, gives a fair idea of the mysteries of this popular game.

CRICKET AND COUNTY CRICKET.

Although their titles are so much alike, there is a great dissimilarity between the games of Cricket and County Cricket.

County Cricket is generally played on Nottingham Marl, on which the gates or "wickets" are pitched. There is a third gate at the entrance to the walled-in ground, and the object of the players is to make this particular gate as large as possible. In Cricket, which is played on grass, there is no entrance gate. In both games a club or "bat" (made of wood) and a hard leather ball are used.

There is, however, a great difference in the bowling at the two games. The bowler at County Cricket, instead of sending the ball straight to his opponent, has to direct it as nearly as possible out of his reach, either to the "off" or the "leg" side, from which it rebounds at all sorts of angles. If the batsman has a reputation and an average to keep up, he lets it severely alone. This is one of the principal strokes of the game, and without it County Cricket would not be what it is; nor would the matches last the regulation three days.

It is also a common stroke in County Cricket to hit the ball not with the bat but with the pads, which are made of white leather. It is this stroke with the pads which is one of the great points of the game, and many county players owe much of their success to the clever manner in which they utilize their legs to guard their stumps.

A County Cricket ground is surrounded by a brick or stone wall, and the players are often known as "stone-wallers." Many balls which would go out of the ground at Cricket are blocked by the stone-wallers in County Cricket. There is also an inner boundary, made of rope, over or under which the spectator is allowed to peer at the players, risking the chance of a black eye if one of the stone-wallers should happen to open his shoulders. This, however, does not often happen out of Kent, which is known as the long-hop county from the way in which its batsmen treat their opponents' best length balls.

"Britain consumes 140,000,000 lbs. of currants yearly. Judged from a scientific standpoint, this enormous weight of currants is equal in nutritive value to 187,500,000 tons of lean beef."—*Liverpool Echo.*

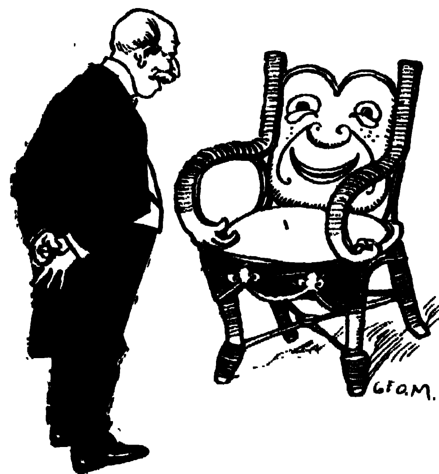
WE are always glad to welcome new ideas, but this so upsets all our preconceived notions as to the values (nutritive and otherwise) of the common currant that we are reluctantly compelled to disbelieve it.

THE FUNNY FURNITURE CO.

OUR SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT PAGE.

[*This Advertisement has been carefully prepared by members of Mr. Punch's staff, who have not suffered in the process, having been not only paid by Mr. Punch but presented with a number of charming and useful souvenirs by the obliged Company; ink, when friendly, being always thicker than water.*]

IT is well known that nothing is so inimical to longevity and good health as melancholy and tears. "Laugh and grow fat," says the proverb, as also "Care killed the cat." A proverb, as is well known, is the wisdom of many and the wit of one; and proverbs cannot lie. It follows then that if we would live long and be well we must laugh. But how laugh? What better way than to be surrounded by the humorous? An Englishman's house is his castle, and if at every turn that castle makes him



laugh, what a happy life is his! The mission of the Funny Furniture Co. is to fill every home, no matter how humble, with laughter. Not ordinary laughter, but "laughter holding both his sides."

If all houses were furnished on our system, no one would ever go out at all. The theatres and music-halls would close. The comic papers would cease to appear.

The magistrates would retire.

Austrian bent-wood chairs a speciality. But how bent?

Ah!

That is our secret.

The wood is bent with laughter. One of our staff cracks jokes in the Austrian woods, while these trees are yet saplings, and they double up.

All our tables set the company in a roar. No need for hosts to be witty and hostesses facetious, the table does it all. Just take a seat at once and see for yourself.

No bedroom is complete without one of our waggish wardrobes.

Try our side-splitting sideboards. One is enough for any house. You will be very rash if you buy two. Try and open them!

That's where the joke comes in.



Ask one of your friends casually if he would mind getting something out of the sideboard, and watch the result.

Try it on the new parlourmaid.

If you want another sideboard let it be one of our Buffoon Buffets.

They are equally funny. Try and carve on one of them.

Try our Droll Drawers that won't open and won't shut.

Try our Washstands that won't wash.

Facetious fireplaces.

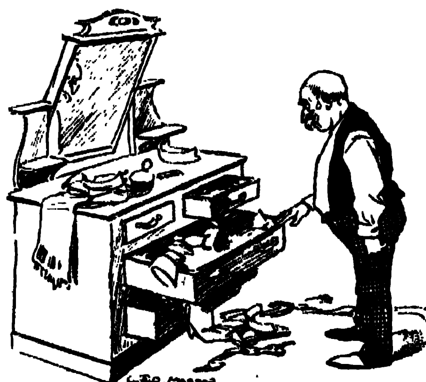
These are a great success, especially if one uses our special comic coal. Have one in the coldest room in the house, and put a visitor there when it's drawing. Then listen at the door. Roars of laughter guaranteed. Money returned if you don't ache.

Trick beds for visitors.

Apple-pie sheetings.

Revolving carpets.

Cushions with pins in them.



Chair seatings with cobbler's wax inlay.

Witty wall-papers.

Testimonials.

The Head Usher in Mr. Justice DARLING's Court writes: "I now laugh more of an evening than I do of a day."

The Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*



writes: "The wardrobe is funnier than 'In and Out.'"

Messrs. BARKER and VEDRENNE write: "Please send a set of your fire-irons with our compliments to Mr. SHAW."

Mr. JOSEPH LYONS writes: "I go to bed roaring every night."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

[By the courtesy of the Editor of *The Dictator*, who has supplied us with advance proofs, we are enabled to print the following selection from the letters which will appear in the next issue of our esteemed contemporary.]

[*To the Editor of "The Dictator."*]

SIR,—I am the happy possessor of a parrot which I have taught to shoulder a rifle and say "Free Trade for ever." This parrot, which was brought home by my grandfather Sir BEECHAM COCKLE, K.C.B., from the Andaman Islands in the year 1864, was then 140 years old, and last month we celebrated its 183rd birthday. About six months ago it nearly died of influenza, and lost almost all its tail feathers, but, thanks to careful nursing, it slowly recovered and is now in robust health. One result of its illness was very curious. For several weeks it suffered from partial aphasia, and instead of saying "Free Trade for ever," used to cry, "Give poor Polly a Preference." Strange to relate, its tail, which was previously a fine turquoise blue, is now a deep salmon pink, while the curvature of its beak is much more pronounced. I may add that although it has been a confirmed smoker for many years, it cannot be induced to touch anything stronger than cherry brandy. For many seasons it used to accompany me when I went out hunting, perched between the ears of my favourite mare *Pocahontas*, but as the new M.F.H. is a violent Tariff Reformer I have thought it wiser to leave it at home on these occasions. I am, Sir,

OTIS P. JAGGS.

The Skelligs, Maida Vale.

[*To the Editor of "The Dictator."*]

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. BOWLONG's story of a Bombay duck which

lived to the age of eighty-nine has touched me so deeply that I beg to enclose a postal-order for 15*s.* towards erecting a suitable mausoleum over the remains of this grand old feathered veteran.

I am, Sir, &c., PETER SWALLOW.

[*To the Editor of "The Dictator."*]

SIR,—On a recent visit to Egypt I was present at the excavation of a hermetically sealed sarcophagus. Contrary to expectation, there was no mummy in the sarcophagus, but if there had been, and the mummy had been alive, it would have been 3,000 years old. Comment is needless, but I think this is one of the most remarkable cases of inferential longevity on record.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
ERNEST PAMBER.

[*To the Editor of "The Dictator."*]

SIR,—I have for the last thirty years been in the habit of taking my politics, my ethics and my views *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* from the columns of *The Dictator*. About a year ago, however, my faith was slightly shaken by your editorial endorsement of a story relating how a Colonial archdeacon had trained a kangaroo to use the typewriter and act as his amanuensis. In last week's issue you append a similar endorsement to the narrative of Mr. H. OAKES, of Cramborough, who states that he has in his service an old gardener whose great-grandfather witnessed the landing of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. It is painful to sever old ties, but this is the last straw, and henceforth I must transfer my allegiance to a journal which imposes a less arduous strain on the credulity of its subscribers.

The Chestnuts, Chourbent. I am, Sir, &c., ALFRED JOSSER.

[We deeply regret Mr. JOSSER'S decision, but Mr. OAKES, as we have often found on previous occasions, is a man of notorious and peculiar veracity, and we have no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of his story.—ED. *Dictator.*]

[*To the Editor of "The Dictator."*]

SIR,—I confess that Mr. H. OAKES'S story strikes me, if you will pardon an expressive neologism, as a bit thick. It seems to me that the gardener, being presumably a man of imperfect education, may have confused WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR with WILLIAM THE THIRD. Or perhaps his great-grandfather did really see the event *put on the stage*. Or thirdly, he may have witnessed it in a previous incarnation.

I am, Sir, &c.,
A MODERATE SCEPTIC.

[We are delighted to publish "A MODERATE SCEPTIC'S" ingenious but unconvincing letter. For ourselves, we cling unhesitatingly to the truth of Mr. H. OAKES'S story, which beautifully combines "simple faith" with "Norman blood." Remember, the man was not a fisherman or a greengrocer, but a gardener—one of a class whose integrity has never been impugned.—ED. *Dictator.*]

[*To the Editor of "The Dictator."*]

SIR,—I trust that, in view of the interest you take in longevity, you will lend your powerful advocacy to the support of special old-age pensions for persons of 150 years of age and upwards. I enclose an interesting actuarial statement made out by my friend, Professor DOTTI (who holds the Chair of Comparative Alienology in the University of Bologna), which I trust you will find space to print in your valued paper. I am, Sir, &c.,

(Count) SERGIUS CHUMPOFFSKY.

[Count CHUMPOFFSKY'S admirable suggestion will, we feel sure, commend itself to all humane readers. We deeply regret that we cannot find space for Professor DOTTI'S statistics, which have all the fascination of a fairy tale, but by way of proving our genuine interest in this movement we are prepared to guarantee a year's free subscription to *The Dictator* to any person who can furnish satisfactory proof of having attained his 150th birthday.—ED. *Dictator.*]



He. "SO YOUR HUSBAND HAS GIVEN UP SMOKING? THAT WANTS A PRETTY STRONG WILL."
She. "WELL, I'VE GOT ONE."

FROM the Regulations of the Birmingham Public Library:—

"A person shall not smoke tobacco *or any like substance* in any part of the library."

This is rather a nasty one for some cigarette smokers.

IT is only KIPLING who knows all the naval technicalities, but any landsman can grasp the full significance of this:—

"Fleet arrived Lagos at noon, anchoring in two lines astern of each other."—*Naval and Military Record.*

THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN.*

WHAT cry was that? Methought I heard a cry,
Faint and far off and pitiful and weak.
No, no, it was the sigh
Of the west wind that stirred the opening leaves;
Or did some swallow, late-returned and meek,
Twitter her humble gladness from the new-found eaves?

Again! It *is* a cry! And yet again!
And first it swells, and then it seems to fade—
A cry of infinite weariness
And deep distress;
A cry of little children spent with pain,
A cry to make the boldest heart afraid,
A cry of mothers fighting off with prayer
The black-winged angel of despair,
Or mourning by the grave
Of children whom nor love nor tears availed to save.

Louder than rolling drum,
More piercing than the clamorous bugle's notes,
From Russia's stricken wastes the cry has come
Of many thousand tender little throats,
Soon to be dumb
Unless— — But we are very very far,
And we have much to do
Under our brighter and more fortunate star
The whole day through—
Joyance and high delight and festival
For great and small
At home, and our own children claim their share:
We have no gift to spare
For Russia's children, and this cry of fear
Was but a dream-sound buzzing in our ear.

Is this our answer? No, it cannot be!
We cannot choose but hear. This is no dream
That makes imagined things to seem:
This is God's truth that pleads for charity.
For God, who set the nations far apart,
Estranged by thought and speech,
He bound us each to each,
Heart that can suffer unto suffering heart.
In His high Name we cannot let the cry
Of little children go unheeded by.

For He was once Himself a little child,
Humble and mild,
And loved all children; and I think His face
In that eternal place
Where still He waits and watches us will smile
For love of pity if we stretch our hand
And let our gifts go forth o'er many a mile
Of stormy sea and many leagues of land.
Hark, how the little children make their plea,
Their pitiful plea for help. What shall our answer be?

R. C. L.

* THE following is an extract from a letter which *Mr. Punch* has received from Dr. KENNARD, formerly House Physician at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, and now resident at Samara, Russia:—

"There are over 300,000 children in Samara alone who need milk and cannot get it: cows give no milk, for they in their turn feed off the decayed straw from the roof-tops: then for want of milk these children and babies of the earliest age are forced to eat black bread, raw young cucumber, and anything that comes along—'shto Bok poslaet' (whatever God happens to send), as the peasants pathetically state in their appeals. I have myself seen young babies with their mothers eating 'bread' which has amongst its other constituents *acorns* and *powdered oak bark*, and the mothers have wept bitterly when this was taken from them as a specimen, for, as they said, it was their 'food for one day.' The result of this terrible diet is, of course, death and disease; and it is on behalf of these unfortunate children that I appeal to *Mr. Punch* to touch the great fountain of sympathy always to be found in the British public."

Mr. Punch ventures, on behalf of these poor starving Russian children, to ask the assistance of those friends of his who have, before now, made a splendid response to his appeal in the cause of suffering childhood. Contributions may be sent (either directly or through Messrs. BRADBURY & AGNEW, *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.) to Mr. E. W. BROOKS, Dixon House, 72, Fenchurch Street, E.C., by whom they will be safely forwarded to the Relief Organisation at Moscow, to be distributed in Samara through private channels by competent doctors, nurses, and lady volunteers. Government officials or agents will not be allowed to have any hand in the distribution of this fund.

TIME-EATING.

The Daily Mail, discussing the question as to whether an orchestra in restaurants is an aid to digestion, is of opinion that many people under such conditions are unable to eat without keeping time to the music. We have long suffered from that popular nuisance the time-beater, who punctuates the melody with insistent feet in a theatre or concert-hall. We are now introduced to a more harmless variety—the time-eater, who seems to be a sort of cross between a gastronome and a metronome. Such devotees of dental rhythm would be less sinning than sinned against, if a second HENRY WOOD were marshalling the more bellicose and chaotic passages of TCHAIKOVSKY'S "1812" with cross accents and imitation cannon accompaniment. We consider that, if time-eating is likely to prevail to any great extent, a qualified medical man should be engaged in every melodious restaurant to prescribe and conduct the musical menu. He should see to it that the programme ends with a full cadence, and that occasional bar's rests have been duly interspersed with free treatment of the bass for the benefit of the thirstier members of his *clientèle*. He will preserve a judicious balance between common and triple measures, and refrain from choking his hearers by a too sudden dislocation of their masticatory beat. MASCAGNI and LEONCAVALLO, therefore, must be applied with caution, if at all. In future, the expression "Time! gentlemen, please" shall not be taken to indicate that it is 12.30 A.M., but that certain members of the audience with defective ear are, so to speak, out of jaw, and eating like a peal of bells.

Our Strenuous Policemen.

FROM an advertisement in *The Daily Mail:*

"I was unable to sit up in bed, thus being kept from duty—I was in the Metropolitan Police."

The Simple Life.

"U. F. Minister, experienced in large congregation, would occupy pulpit in lieu of Manse during July."

OR is it the result of a bet?

"MASSAGE.—Wanted a Masseur to apply massage."—*East London Dispatch.*

THIS makes it quite clear that he won't have to feed the rabbits.

The Daily Mail of May 2nd contained a notice of the Opera, 95 lines in length. *No fewer than 13 lines were devoted to a criticism of the performance.* Who says now that we are not a musical nation?



Parson (who has been visiting the school, to son of local groom). "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU SPELL BADLY, JOHNNIE. NOW TELL ME. S-A-D-D-L-E. WHAT IS THAT?" *(No answer.)* "YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT! WHAT IS IT YOUR FATHER PUTS ON A HORSE EVERY DAY?"
Johnnie. "A BOB EACH WAY, SIR."

TABOOMANIA.

Mr. Punch is so powerfully impressed by the action of the Lord Chamberlain in suppressing all performances of the *Mikado* (and thereby throwing into confusion a large number of provincial theatrical engagements) that he is moved to follow suit. He therefore forbids his readers, all and several, and the British Public at large, to continue the laceration of national and foreign susceptibilities by the employment in speech, writing, singing, gramophoning or marconigram, of any expressions appearing in the subjoined list:—

"To take French leave."
"Made in Germany."
"Castles in Spain."
"He is full of Dutch courage."
"Scratch a Russian, and you'll find a Tartar."
"He's a regular Turk."
"Spoiling the Egyptians."
"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?"
"Lo, the poor Indian!"
"For ways that are dark, the Heathen Chinee is peculiar."
"Go to Jericho!"
"They didn't know everything down in Judee."
"Caledonia, stern and wild."
"How very Hibernian!"
"TAFFY was a Welshman, TAFFY was a thief!"
"To behave like a boor."

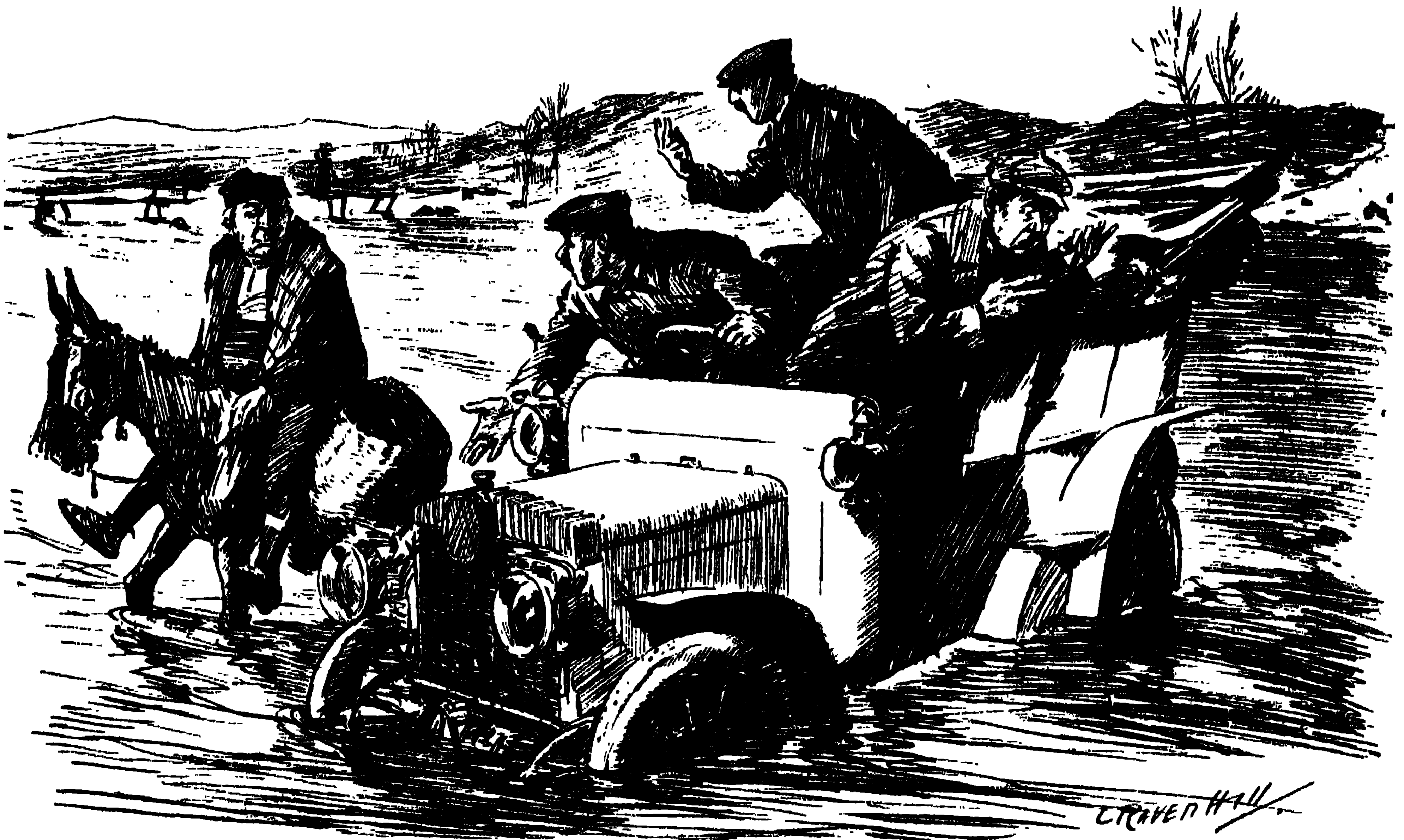
JOHN BULL has so many *ententes* on hand just now, that *Mr. Punch* is living in momentary terror lest any of them should be imperilled by some chance and indiscreet allusion dropped at a Little Peddlington Penny-reading. What if the Republic of Hayti, say, should get wind of the same! He feels, in fact, that the thoughtless whistling of a Peckham school-boy may precipitate an international conflict, in the present electrical state of the political atmosphere, and is, therefore, constrained to appoint himself Censor-in-chief.

THE TRIALS OF AN ARTIST.

I HAD a flannel shirt of purple hue,
A choice example of the hosier's art;
There came a friendly man who had to do
With washing, and removed it in a cart.
Oft on a Monday had I seen this done,
The sign of yet another week begun.

I had a picture, mostly purple too,
A nymph reclining on a marble slab,
And this another friendly man withdrew
And bore it from me in a four-wheeled cab.
"Now for a time," quoth I, "my labours cease
Ere I begin another masterpiece."

Alas, the nymph returned—her journey vain,
A week she kept me in acute suspense;
And with the washing came the shirt again,
Yet with this all-important difference—
It had (unlike to any work of mine)
Hung for a few brief hours upon the line.



THE JOYS OF TOURING. No. 2.—THE SPANISH FORD.

This is the sort of thing that makes you wish you had tried the other route, especially when you don't know the language, and the conversation-book for the use of motorists doesn't contain anything bearing on the situation!

ARCTURUS.

["Arcturus, which is a gigantic orb equal to some twelve or thirteen hundred suns like our own, is flying through space at the rate of some 257 miles per second in a straight line for ever. . . . If Ptolemy were now alive it would require all his skill to perceive that Arcturus held a different position from that in which he used to study it." *Mr W. E. Garrett Fisher in "The Tribune."*]

Arcturus is whirled across space
In a race
With himself at a pace
Which takes him through heaven,
Professors have reckoned,
At two fifty-seven
Full miles to the second!

Just imagine him fizzing
And whizzing;
His size,
As he flies,
Is a mass of twelve hundred and more times the sun.
In an eager endeavour
He dashes for ever
Straight on with no possible object but fun.

For in vain is the pace of this monarch of stars,
Who has burst through the bars
That impeded his force:
In the years that have gone
He has hardly put on
Half an inch to the visible length of his course.

Now to fly and get on is no end of a game,
But to fly without moving, to stay in the same
Spot
Is not
What a planet with any respect
For himself and the fame
Of his name
Would select.

For if Ptolemy saw him to-day
He would say,
"You're a run-away star,
But you haven't got far,
And, forgive the remark, you were just where you are
When I saw you some thousands of seasons ago.
For a star of your parts you're confoundedly slow."

What the deuce
Is the use
Of this fever and fuss,
If Arcturus is still so absurdly like us;
If, in spite of his chances,
He never advances;
If he breaks all the records for scurry and fizz,
But with all his impatience remains where he is?

And yet he is whirled across space
In a race
With himself at a pace
Which takes him through heaven,
Professors have reckoned,
At two fifty-seven
Full miles to the second!

Tis.

A Novel Pose.

"Living Statuary.
Attitude of the London County Council."
Daily Chronicle.



A WARY BIRD.

Peace. "WON'T YOU LET ME TRIM YOUR CLAWS?"
German Eagle. "THANKS! I PREFER THEM LONG!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 29.—Much talk buzzing about relations between Lords and Commons. Evidently time close at hand when life-and-death struggle will begin. Meanwhile little incident happening this afternoon vividly illustrates condition of affairs.

Questions going forward in ordinary course. Some stir in Lobby. Serjeant-at-Arms, on guard by the Bar, turned round intently listening. Suddenly whipped out of chair, hanger by his side, and made for door opening on Central Lobby. Shrewd suspicion was justified. Stealthily passing adown the corridor from the House of Lords came Black Rod, carrying in right hand the symbol of his office. Was evidently marching on House of Commons.

As at a critical epoch in his life GRANDOLPH "forgot GOSCHEN," so Black Rod forgot Serjeant-at-Arms. Alone he stood by the wide-open heavy oak door. At the moment only Black Rod in view, swiftly approaching like a thunder-cloud over a speckless sky. But who should say that behind him, possibly approaching by another doorway, there was not moving a column led by the reckless Young WEMYSS resolved to make an end of the House of Commons before C.-B. had given final touches to his Bill making an end of the Lords?

The flashing eye of ERSKINE OF CARDROSS, glinting round the Lobby, took all in at a glance. In a moment he had flung-to the open door and, with one sweep of his right arm, barred it.

The Commons were saved.

What Admiral Sir HENRY STEPHENSON said, when, continuing his march, he almost knocked his nose against the suddenly closed door, was uttered under his breath. Perhaps, since he has been to sea a good deal, it was just as well. Looking the door up and down, finding it impossible to scale, equally hopeless to batter down, he humbly knocked. Perhaps, if the door were unbarred, opened ever so little, he might get his foot inside, put his shoulder to the wood, and hold his own till Young WEMYSS and his men should swoop down and take possession of the place.

Again he forgot ERSKINE OF CARDROSS. Must get up very early in the morning to catch *that* weasel asleep.

The Serjeant-at-Arms pressed a spring. A secret panel slid back, and Black Rod with a start found himself confronted by a stern countenance framed in old oak.

"Who is it?" demanded ERSKINE OF CARDROSS.

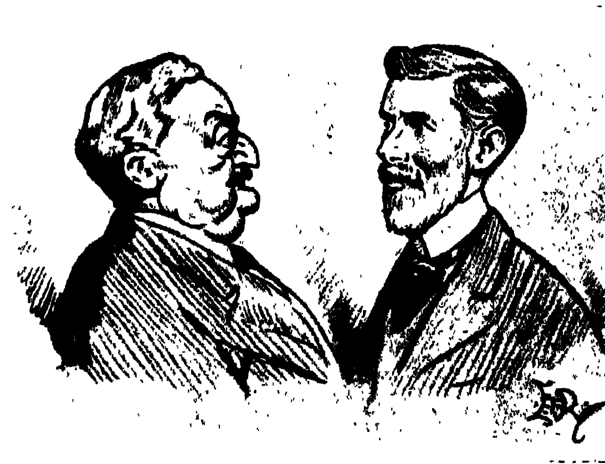
"Me," replied Black Rod meekly.

"What do you want?"

"I have brought a message from the Lords."

"Oh!" said the Serjeant-at-Arms. After quick survey of Lobby perceiving no sign of predatory Young WEMYSS, he opened the door, and Black Rod, duly announced, entered.

Turned out that he had merely come on ordinary mission to bid the Commons attend in other House to hear assent given by Royal Commission to various Bills. But the dramatic scene at the door, here faithfully described, lifts the curtain from the placid appearance of things at Westminster, and for a moment reveals actuality.



EVICTED.

Sir H-r-ce Pl-nk-tt. "Well, Mr. R-dm-nd, you and D-ll-n have had your way! You've got rid of me, though I was a good friend to Ireland!"

Mr. J-hn R-dm-nd. "Ah! that is precisely your offence. You represented an alternative to *us*, so you had to go!"

Having once gained admission, Black Rod succeeded in putting everybody, especially himself, at perfect ease. Memories linger round the Chair of one of his predecessors in office who, arriving at the Table and proposing to deliver his formal message, was struck dumb. Nothing of that sort the matter with Admiral STEPHENSON. He walked up the floor with slightly rolling gait as if he trod the familiar quarterdeck. Arrived at the Table, he claimed attention of House by slightly raising the gold-tipped black rod held in his right hand, and in unfaltering tone delivered his message. By way of illustrating the universality of its application, he, as he proceeded, with courteous motion of his head, alternately bent towards the Treasury Bench and that on which the Opposition Leaders were seated.

His errand accomplished, he jauntily went astern, pulling up somewhere about the spot where on deck a windlass might stand, and ran half a cable's length to starboard so as to make way for the SPEAKER leading the procession to the House of Lords.

The PREMIER not yet having arrived, WINSTON and JOHN BURNS fell in behind the SPEAKER as representing His Majesty's Government.

"Happy Ministry!" exclaimed the MEMBER FOR SARK. "They have every advantage, including apt alliteration's artful aid—Blenheim and Battersea."

Business done.—Second reading of Scottish Small Holdings Bill moved.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—A subtle sartorial distinction marks COURTNEY'S return to the Parliamentary stage by the Peers' entrance. Whilst still with us in the Commons, he was accustomed to add a welcome touch of colour to the gloom below the Gangway by wearing a waistcoat whose almost aggressive shade of buff was not elsewhere seen on land or sea. On birthdays and other festive occasions he added a blue coat with brass buttons, an arrangement that gratified literary taste by recalling the buff and blue of *The Edinburgh Review.*

This evening, moving the second reading of a Bill designed to give the system of proportional representation a start in the field of municipal elections, he was content to display a waistcoat much less lurid in hue than what seemed appropriate whilst he sat among the Radicals in the Commons.

The MEMBER FOR SARK thinks it is our old acquaintance that has inevitably suffered modification of high colouring in the process of continuous washing. I prefer to find in the change a graceful adaptation to circumstances natural in a highly cultured mind. In conjunction with an admirably reasoned speech, delivered without the assistance of a note of manuscript, it won over the Lords, who gave the Bill a second reading and referred it to a Select Committee.

Business done.—After two nights' debate exclusively by Scottish Members, Commons read Scotch Small Holdings Bill a second time, and sent it on to Grand Scotch Committee. This, as Mr. REDDY truly says, is "opening the door to the thin end of the wedge of Home Rule."

House of Commons, Friday.—"I have always recognised in Sir HORACE PLUNKETT one of the most formidable Unionist statesmen who has ever been in Ireland.

His aim is to undermine and destroy the Nationalist Party."

Thus JOHN DILLON in debate the other day on the proposal to retire the Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture in Ireland. It was not designed as a personal tribute to high capacity and true patriotism. Nevertheless as such it stands. Not since the Irish question developed have truer words been spoken. Successive British Ministries have tried their hand at repressing the political agitator, whether earning a weekly wage at Westminster, or keeping the peasantry and the town populations up to the mark at home. With their regiments of soldiers, their battalions of constabulary, their absolute command over the public purse, none of them has done such effective service as HORACE PLUNKETT.

An Irishman born and bred, with intimate knowledge of the necessities of his country, keenest sympathy with the sorely handicapped farmer, he perceived that what was needed was the establishment of a system of co-operation which should find markets for the produce of small holdings. To that work he has for twenty years given up his life. Thirteen years ago, he founded the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, whose work proved so beneficent that after closely watching it for five years PRINCE ARTHUR, who knows Ireland thoroughly, resolved to create a new State Department to take over the work.

HORACE PLUNKETT was placed at its head with a salary of £1500 a year. Not a penny has found its way into his private pouch. It has been freely given to the furtherance of a national object that lies at his heart. A dangerous man this. A little more and O'THELLO's occupation will be gone. So REDMOND *aîné* and his friends persistently clamoured for the dismissal of HORACE PLUNKETT, a demand to which the strongest Ministry of modern times after some resistance gallantly yielded. After Whitsuntide, the Board of Agriculture in Ireland will know its Founder no more. But his works will follow him.

Business done.—Intestate Husband's Estate (Scotland) and other epoch-making Bills read a second time.

Railway Candour.

"The times shown on this Card are only intended to fix the time before which the Trains will not start."

OF course it seems easy enough now, but for a long time we wondered what the times did mean, and imagined that they were possibly some secret code. Strange that this solution never occurred to us.

CRICKET CHATTER.

TOMKINS' PROSPECTS.

BUMPBROOK GOSSIP.

IT is a relief sometimes to turn from the so-called first-class cricket at Lord's and the Oval to consideration of the game as it is played in the clubs and villages. People are apt to forget that the club cricketer of to-day is often the county cricketer of to-morrow, and *vice versâ.* Having dealt already in these columns with the prospects for the season of C. B. FRY and Kent, I gladly now (in answer to many inquiries) devote some of my valuable space to the lesser devotees of the game.

* * * * *

HORACE TOMKINS is looking forward to another excellent season. As most of my readers know, Mr. TOMKINS has a residential qualification for the Upper Tooting 3rd XI., but, like the sportsman he is, prefers to play for the club of his birth, viz., Carshalton Rovers (D). Mr. TOMKINS will again field at short leg both ends, and no doubt his work in this position will be as valuable as ever. It may not be generally known that he once kept wicket for the Rovers, and acted as an excellent medium for conveying the ball back from the longstop to the bowler.

The Rovers (D) are hoping great things from Mr. TOMKINS with the bat this season. "HORACE" has kept himself in good form during the winter with *The Jubilee Book of Cricket*, and now has PALAIRET's off-drive to perfection, while friends speak highly of his "HIRST hooking a short-pitched ball to leg." Mr. TOMKINS will again (as last season) go in above the extras.

* * * * *

Blackheath (F) are touring in Shepherd's Bush during Whitsun. It is by this means, rather than by the time-serving talk of politicians, that the distant parts of our Empire are bound together.

* * * * *

The quarrel between the Highbury Quidnuncs and Canonbury Olympic has been settled amicably. It arose, our readers will remember, owing to the fact that at the end of last season the Olympic "approached" the Quidnuncs' fast bowler, and induced him to take up his residence in Canonbury. As a result, the Highbury team unanimously decided that the Olympic should not be played this season. However, it has now been discovered that, owing to a strained arm, the cause of all this trouble has lost most of his pace; and so the match will take place as usual.

* * * * *

Village cricket generally starts comparatively late, but I have just heard a good report of the prospects of the Castle Bumpbrook eleven. To begin with, the Committee have been seriously considering the question of the ground; and, at a meeting at the school-house last Monday, it was decided that an effort should be made to keep the cows off the pitch on the morning of a match, particularly if the ground was at all soft. An amendment, however, was moved and carried by Farmer COBB to the effect that this should not apply to the three Wednesday fixtures. A half-hearted suggestion by the Vicar that no cattle should ever be allowed on the pitch at all was ridiculed; and on the Treasurer pointing out that they had no funds for the purchase of a mowing-machine, the proposal was withdrawn. The Committee hope that larger scores will now be the order of the day.

* * * * *

The *personnel* of the team has undergone one or two changes since last year. In the first place, the Member has succeeded in getting Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON to give the district another delivery of letters. This means that the postman will not be able to turn out again, and as he is one of the steadiest bats on the side, the whole village is indignant, and will vote Tory to a man at the next election. Then the wicket-keeper, who has been hit on the head often enough without injury, received a ball on the knee-cap at practice the other night, and will not be able to play again. I have authority to say that he really is disabled, and that the fact that the Vicar, who captains the team, has been sending to the neighbouring town for his meat has nothing whatever to do with it. To crown all, the best bowler has had his licence taken away, and is moving to the next village.

* * * * *

There are, however, compensations. The doctor's son has just been sent down from Cambridge; and old GEORGE, who (in the first match last season) caught his foot in a hole while trying a short run, and broke his leg, is now well again. Moreover, GEORGE's grandson is back from sea, and is sure to prove an acquisition.

* * * * *

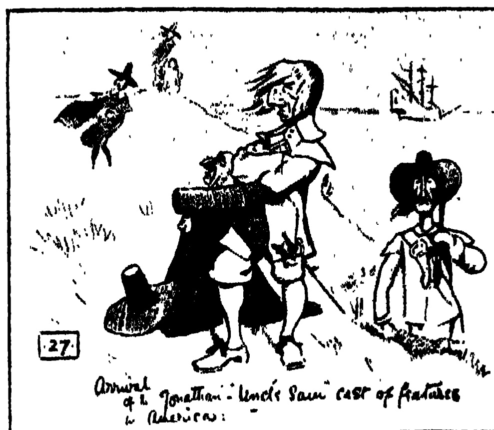
Returning to first-class cricket, I am in a position to state that Mr. PERCY W. SHERWELL, the Captain of the South Africans, is known to his friends and comrades as "PERCY"—not "PERCE," as erroneously stated in a contemporary.

The Daily Telegraph referred to Mr. SANTLEY the other day as being "supported by a company not one of whom was out of the cradle—most not even in it—half a century ago," and it is supposed that parts at any rate of the sentence are correct.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES—RE-VARNISHED.



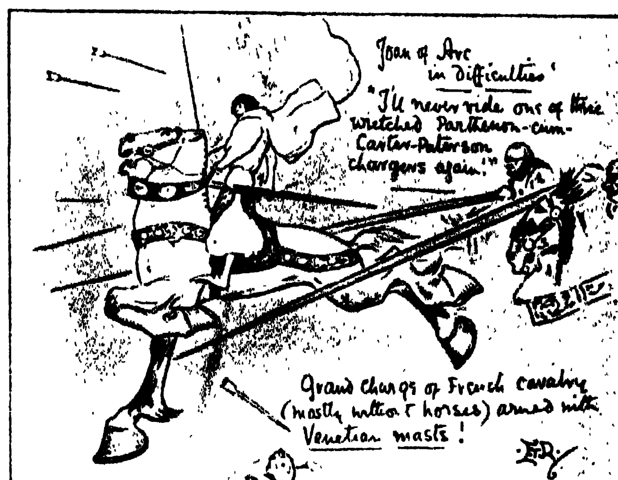
Velasquez or 'Ampstead 'Eath: or the Spaniards on Whit Monday.



Arrival of the Jonathan-Uncle Sam cast of features in America.


Off—for a Ducat!







Rugby Football.



Are people always in this attitude in the country districts?



LITERARY GOSSIP.

By One who Knows.

Under the title, *The Vigil*, Mr. Harold Begbie—"our only Harold," as Dr. Clifford is said recently to have called him in conversation with a friend has written a novel which tells the story of two souls walking to eternity on different roads. Had the roads been the same, Mr. Begbie would not, he has told a reviewer, have written the book. They are obviously not parallel roads, or they could not both reach the same spot, as Euclid was at some pains to point out.

The best novel of the day has been issued by so many different publishers, and is by so many different authors, that it is not easy to name it in a paragraph; but you may be confident that it exists, and a postcard to any firm will provide you with title and price.

Mr. G. L. Jessop, the well-known *Daily Mail* cricketer, having been selected by a weekly paper as its judge of prize competition verses, Mr. Watts-Dunton meditates qualifying to play for some congenial county.

Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, an author well known for his reticence and severe standards of taste, has nearly completed two lives, each in two volumes, one of Zimmermann (who wrote on solitude), and the other of St. Simeon Stylites. Both books will be copiously illustrated with snap-shots, &c., &c.

It is not true that *The Daily Mirror's* literary supplement will be edited by Prof. Churton Collins.

Great things are expected of a new firm of publishers who promise some exceedingly novel publications, including shilling reprints of Ruskin, a series of sixpenny novels by great writers, such as Dickens and Jane Austen, and a new story by Mr. Le Queux.

According to the Man of Kent in *The British Weekly* Mr. Swinburne's birthday was a great success, and will be repeated next year.

The gifted author of *The House of Quiet* (by which his publishing house is not meant), *The Upton Letters*, *The Gate of Death*, and other works of profound seriousness, is just putting the finishing touches to three books in the same *genre*, entitled respectively *Eighty at Forty*, *The Bottom of the Well*, and *Press the Button*.

The next number of '*Plasmon Pellets* will contain an anonymous article on some subject of public interest.

It is rumoured that Germany will give its hearty support to the Hague Conference only on condition that Dis-Harmsworthment is discussed.

COVENT KINDERGARTEN.

Operettas by and for the Young.

On Thursday the combatants in the Ring took a night off, and the audience was indulged with a juvenile entertainment. A moderato House, giving its best jewels a rest, listened with tolerant condescension to a thinly-orchestrated trifle thrown off by Mozart when he was just a dozen years old and knew no better. It served at least to correct the erroneous impression that infant prodigies have only recently been invented. In *Bastien und Bastienne* one sees the childlike taste for melody and magic which Mozart, who never lost his sweet tooth, was to develop in later years when the Zaubersackpfeife of *Colas* was replaced by the *Zauberflöte*. More magic followed in Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*, and it is perhaps a pity that the Management should not have arranged



Two very fine children. *Hänsel* and *Gretel*.

a better contrast. A little of the gilt was taken from this delightful study in gingerbread by the obvious maturity of the children in the title-rôle. Fräulein Hempel, as *Gretel*, had the air of an adult and colossal *poupée*, and the *Hänsel* of Fräulein Fiebiger, though his face was fairly boyish, was not built, for the rest, on strictly youthful lines. But the gaiety of heart and voice which they brought to the interpretation of the fascinating music made amends for physical improbabilities. The delicacy of Humperdinck's work easily survived the strain put upon it by the disproportionate massiveness of its setting; but some of the situations suffer from being too long-drawn-out. The angel business and the preliminary devilments of the witch (played by Frau Reinl with a fine rolling gait and a voice that cracked very pleasantly) might well have been curtailed. Herr Zador, who was the wizard in *Bastien und Bastienne*, but subsequently, as *Peter* in *Hänsel und Gretel*, took as firm an attitude against sorcery as his drunken condition could command, played both his parts with an admirable discrimination. *Peter*, by the way, was the only man in the opera; for the *Dewman* and the *Sandman* were both ladies, the latter wearing a full white beard; and though I am not sure about the sex of the cuckoo-clock it sang mezzo-soprano.

O. S.

DANGEROUS DECLARATIONS.

["Mr. Max Pemberton added that he showed the policeman the speedometer, and the constable appeared to be quite agitated. 'Was the constable agitated before or after hearing your name?' asked the prosecuting solicitor. Mr. Pemberton, after a moment's hesitation, replied: 'Probably after.' . . . . The magistrate dismissed the case."—*Westminster Gazette*, April 26th.]

When Hall is hurrying to the train
And tells the porter "I am Caine!"
Tears from the porter flow like rain.

When William, entering a pew,
Unconsciously remarks "Le Queux,"
Vicars turn pink and vergers blue.

When Newnes is dining at the Ritz,
And murmurs to himself "Tit-Bits,"
The waiters and the *chef* have fits.

When Lee declines his dexter lid,
And tells the inspector "I am Sid,"
The bus at once begins to skid.

When Henry Arthur whispers "Jones"
To cheer a pauper breaking stones,
The pauper generally groans.

When George, inside a tram close packed,
Cries "Alexander!" it's a fact
They have to read the Riot Act.

When Bernard, ordering sea-kale,
Says "G. B. S.," greengrocers quail
And grow unnaturally pale.

When Parker haunts the Zoo, and when
He tells the keepers "Louis N.,"
They shelter in the lions' den.

When Richardson a visit pays
And asked "What name?" his name
betrays,
Stout butlers faint from sheer amaze.

When Rudyard buys a mutton chop,
And adds, "I'm Kipling," butchers flop,
And panic decimates the shop.

When Anthony salutes the Pope
With the announcement "I am Hope,"
The staidest Cardinals elope.

When Beerbohm, crossing o'er the sea,
Informs a simple tar "I'm Tree,"
It gives the simple tar D. T.

When Silas to the King says "Hocking,"
The consequences are so shocking,
Four continents are set a-rocking.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Mr. Jessop has no peer, and few equals."
Leicester Daily Post.

CHARIVARIA.

"GERMANY is forging ahead," says Mrs. ALEC-TWEEDIE in *Chambers' Journal*. The imitation of British trade-marks by German merchants is indeed a great evil which cannot be pointed out too often.

* * *

The Hon. THOMAS BENT, Premier of Victoria, is, we are told, known in Australia as "The Singing Premier." We are afraid, however, that, if he wants Preference, he will have to whistle for it.

* * *

It was feared at one time that H.M.S. *Indefatigable* would arrive too late to quell the disturbances at St. Lucia, but fortunately the rioting continued until she turned up.

* * *

The Admiralty are taking great pains to keep all details relating to the new Royal Yacht a secret. It will be remembered that our rivals learned what to avoid from studying her predecessor.

* * *

An improved type of collision mat is shortly to be issued to the Fleet. We are afraid that there will be no difficulty in finding opportunities to test the new appliance.

* * *

The categorical statement that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN was responsible for the ban on *The Mikado* disposes of the rumour that the treaty between Great Britain and Japan contained several clauses on the subject.

* * *

Archdeacon COLLEY has won his case, and Mr. MASKELYNE is said to be sorry he spook.

* * *

Also it is considered unlikely that the ARCHDEACON will ever touch spirits again.

* * *

At the Entrance Examination for the Academy of Dramatic Art held last week nearly fifty per cent. of the candidates were rejected. It is thought that most of these will become dramatic critics.

* * *

Sir CHARLES HOLROYD has been re-arranging the pictures at the National Gallery, and there he has the advantage of the President of the Royal Academy. Sir CHARLES has not received a single complaint from the painters whose works he has skied.

* * *

"GIBBON," says a contemporary, "is like a tremendous monument: he never comes down from his pedestal except in the biting humour of his foot-notes." The tragedy of our London statues is worse still: they never in any circumstances come down from their pedestals.

* * *

Professor SYLVANUS THOMPSON declares that an umbrella of modern make held outside the shop window of an optician will cause the needle of a compass to move. We have long noticed the magnetic attraction one's best umbrella possesses, even for persons other than the owner.

* * *

By some curious weather freak Cheltenham was plunged into utter darkness for half an hour one afternoon last week: and when light broke again it was found that a number of domestic fowls were peacefully roosting on their perches under the impression that night had fallen. The language of the birds on discovering that they had been duped is said to have been very bitter.

* * *

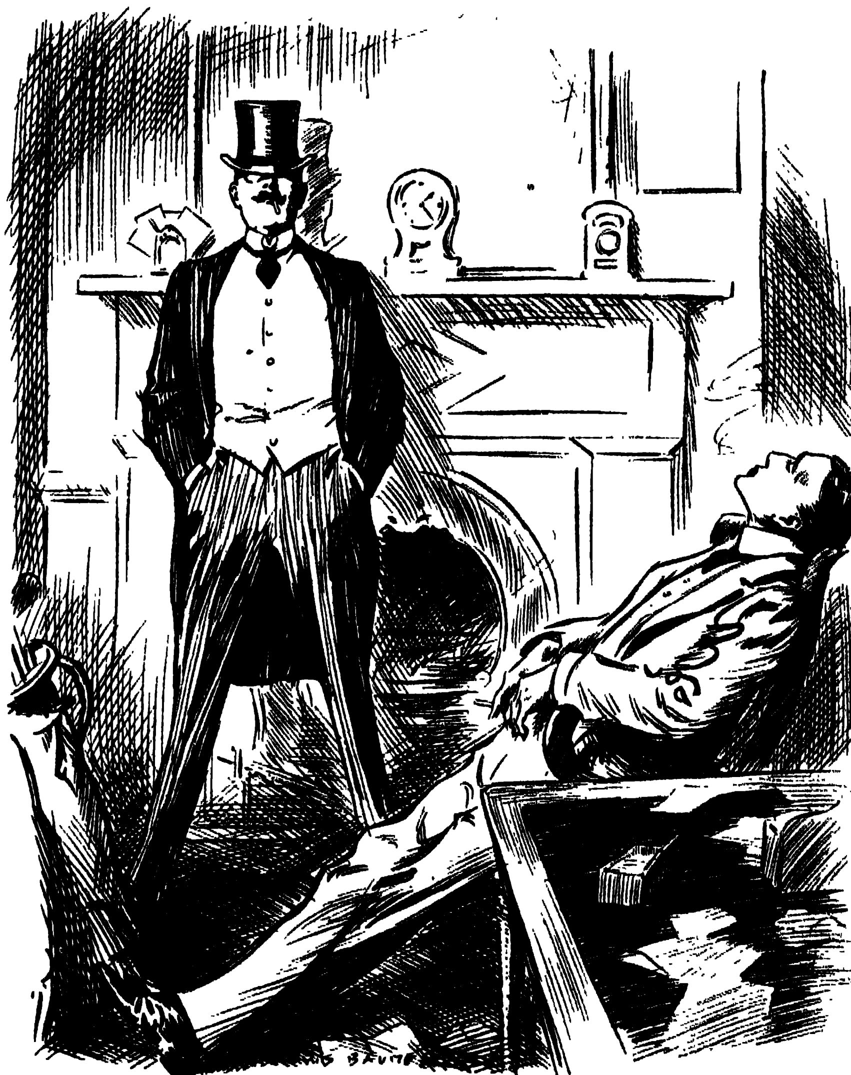
Since Dr. CLIFFORD arrived in Geneva, says *The British Weekly*, there have been three avalanches and an earthquake. It is hoped that Mr. M'KENNA will make provision against this kind of contingency in any future legislation for the relief of Passive Resisters.

* * *

If the Government is strong it is also humane. It has decided that the House of Lords shall not be abolished until after Whitsuntide, so that the Peers may enjoy their holidays at Margate, Yarmouth, Blackpool, and elsewhere. The Peers, it is rumoured, are what our French friends would call "*profondément touchés*" by this unexpected concession.

* * *

Exception is being taken in certain quarters to "Living Statues," and a demand has been made that the SELDOMS shall become the NEVERS.



First Business Man (seated). "AWFULLY SORRY I COULDN'T DINE WITH YOU LAST NIGHT, OLD MAN, BUT I WAS AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END. ONLY CAME BACK THIS MORNING. 'BLIGED TO DO IT THESE STRENUOUS TIMES."

Second B. M. "YES, I KNOW. WELL, LOOK HERE, COME TO-NIGHT."

First B. M. "CAN'T, OLD MAN. GOIN' AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END AGAIN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Pinch of Prosperity (MURRAY) is by HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, and it starts like this. *Daphne* and *Bridget* are twins, and you simply can't tell them apart—except by their clothes. One day *Daphne* and *Bridget* disguise themselves by changing bangles, and meet *Chips* and *Arthur*. *Arthur* is attracted by *Bridget*, whom he believes to be *Daphne*, and *Chips* by *Daphne*, whom he believes to be *Bridget*. (All right so far?) They then resume their original parts, with the result that *Arthur* falls in love with *Daphne* under the impression that she is the *Daphne* who first attracted him, but who really (of course) was *Bridget*, and *Chips* falls in love with *Bridget* under the impression, &c., &c., &c., only the other way round. *Daphne* and *Bridget*, however, had fallen in love with *Chips* and *Arthur* respectively at the first go, so they change bangles again. *Arthur* now proposes to *Bridget*, whom he imagines to be the girl that he loved as *Daphne*, under the impression that she was the *Bridget* to whom he was introduced as *Daphne*, and *Chips* proposes to *Daphne* whom he imagines to be the girl that he loved as *Bridget* under the impression . . . . At this point I turned back to the preface, and discovered that the book was written in 1903. So I hurled it away, and picked up *Her Son* (author and publisher as before). This proved to be a stylish melodrama with a hero called *Dick*. *Dick*—like all Dicks in fiction—comes a cropper in his love affairs . . . . but I don't feel equal to describing another plot. It is sufficient to say that the style is rather cloying; but that when you get used to the limelight the story is quite interesting.

According to NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE (and the title-page of G. O. CHATTERTON'S latest novel) "the word 'impossible' is to be found only in the Dictionary of Fools." If that be true, and I have no reason to doubt it, *The Dictionary of Fools* (as the Novel is called), which is published by Mr. JOHN LONG, cannot be the one that NAPOLEON meant, for the story is all so possible that it is only very moderately interesting. It is about a girl who believes herself to be left entirely without friends. It turns out that she has some, after all, and two or three of them fall in love with her. She, being in *The Dictionary of Fools*, and doubtless wishing to keep NAPOLEON'S idea in countenance, finds that it is impossible to marry more than one of them, and this she does quite satisfactorily. I blush to confess that several times I have detected myself turning over as many as two pages at once without acutely regretting it.

Bachelor uncles (and similar Fairy Godmothers) who are looking out for birthday presents—to give, of course—should jot down in their pocket-books Mr. PATTEN WILSON'S little volume *Nature Round the House* (LONGMANS). It is for very young nephews and nieces (or godchildren), and should, I think, after the formal presentation, be reclaimed surreptitiously and placed in parental hands to be read aloud. It treats of Viperidæ, Cuculidæ, Mustelidæ, Coleoptera, Hymenoptera, Formicidæ, Orthoptera, Blattidæ, Lepidoptera, Araneæ, and many other monsters, but under Mr. WILSON'S care they roar you as gently as any sucking dove, and the author's own excellent illustrations make you feel quite fond of them.

Benedict Kavanagh (ARNOLD) is a disappointing book. There are junctures at which it promises to approach interest. These are exclusively connected with the hero's grandmother, and as she appears only twice on the scene, hers is not a predominating influence. Mr. BIRMINGHAM sets out with the evident intention of describing daily life in Ireland not unconnected with politics. He fails in the endeavour, wearies the reader with arid wastes that lead no-whither, finally affronting him by detailed account of a drunken orgie rushed into by some commonplace persons financed with a five-pound note won at a horse-race.

THEO. DOUGLAS, the author of *One or Two*, is not sure whether it is possible to interest the reader in a heroine who is a victim to adipose tissue. Also he sees that if the lady had remained thin there would have been no story worth relating, and frankly admits that the question of worth hangs in the balance, and must be measured at the end of the tale. As the end approaches he becomes even less sanguine. "Ninety-five people out of any ordinary hundred would scoff at the story and meet it with utter disbelief." Quite so—except that a hundred would be nearer the mark than ninety-five. By her manner of living poor *Mrs. Bethune* had "asked for" flesh, and been given several superfluous stones of it. But, though she had got it, she was far from happy. For in order to find favour in the eyes of an inconsiderate husband, who suddenly wired to say that he was on his way home from India two years before he was due, she felt that she must get rid of her burden as quickly as possible. So she consulted a medium, sat in the dark for a few hours, and, hey presto, her "adipose tissue" fell from her like a garment. Unfortunately however, as it fell, it took the living form of a slim girl of eighteen, the image both in body and mind of what she had been at the time of her marriage; and when *Colonel Bethune* arrived he found two *Mrs. Bethunes* awaiting him. That is perhaps enough to show that Messrs. BROWN, LANGHAM have published one of the silliest books of the century.



'EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU THE EARLY BIRD ONE HEARS SUCH A LOT OF TALK ABOUT?"



First Unemployed (indicating restful British Workman). "THERE'S A 'ARD-WORKIN' BLOKE FOR YER!"
Second Unemployed. "GIVE 'IM A CHAWNST, MATE. MEBBE 'E'S ONE O' THESE 'ERE LIVIN' STATUES!"

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

(*With apologies in the right direction.*)

MAY.

MAY, peculiar in being the fifth month of the year, is said to have derived its name from the fascinating uncertainty of its climate. The idea is to be found even more beautifully expressed in the exquisite couplet:

"You shall be Queen of the Might Have Been,
But I will be Queen of the May."

This is the month when the renovated earth appears again "in its peculiar honours clad." But gardeners should not be misled by the midday radiance at this season into imagining that it will be equally sunny at night; and stocks, especially those of at all a speculative character, should be carefully covered.

May is the time when the garden displays itself decked in its gayest attire. The tall and shapely Dandelion, pride of many a rustic lawn, now bursts into bloom, and the Daisy and the drooping Groundsel, beloved of feathered songsters, open their more delicate blossoms. On the warm south wall the earliest slug is already busy among the Nectarines, and on dewy mornings the flute-like trill of the Lawn-mower, a little rusty after its long winter silence, brings delight to all who overhear it.

Suburban gardeners should now look carefully to their fountains, fish-ponds, and ornamental waters of every kind. Moss is apt to appear between the marble pavements of steps and terraces, and should be rigorously checked, though the practice, common in many old families, of deputing the least satisfactory member to spud it up with a toasting-fork is not one that commends itself to thoughtful horticulturists, who would indeed do well to recollect the pertinent adage about a rolling stone. All Orchid-houses and Pineries should have their windows opened at least once a day to ensure adequate ventilation; and Mustard-and-Cress for forcing, whether in soup-plates or empty soap-boxes, will require to be kept constantly moist.

In the kitchen garden preparations by now are, or should be, well advanced. Many of the seeds purchased through our advertisement columns earlier in the year will already have revealed themselves as perfect and vigorous plants, others again as a perfect plant in the singular. In connection with this it is well to remark about the specimens of colour-printing given on the outside of the packets that, in the words of the celebrated proprietor, almost every picture tells a story. Early Peas are now forming their lines of green, the single-file arrangement of this vegetable giving rise to the well-known horticultural maxim, "Mind your peas and queues." On the Currant bushes caterpillars should be carefully thinned out to leave room for the expected fruit, and Cardoons may be treated in a similar manner. If you don't know what a Cardoon is you ought to.

N.B. Now is the best time to start a gardening book, which will command a ready market during the autumn publishing season. Hardly any plot at all is necessary, one of a few square yards being quite sufficient for several attractive volumes.

Next month our special article will be "Worms, by One of Them."

THE Hampstead Parliament is not the only gathering to ape the ways of the House of Commons. "Mr. T. G. FOLLIOTT," says *The Bristol Times*, "took the chair at the Clarence Hotel on Wednesday evening, at the first of a series of annual dinners for members of the Burnham Bawling Club."

CHILDE BIRRELL TO THE DARK TOWER CAME.

"Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
And blew '*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*'"

["No pulse of real life runs through the place (Dublin Castle). The main current of Irish life as it rushes past its walls passes by almost unheeded."—*Mr. Birrell, introducing his Irish Council Bill.*]

Grim stand its walls, as in a ghoulish dream,
Frowning above the pearly waves of Liffey;
Its attitude toward that historic stream
Remains deplorably aloof and sniffy;
"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"
Out of the swim of Dublin's sons and daughters,
Seldom or never do its minions go
And plunge their hide-bound bodies in the flow
Of those pellucid waters.

The River, too, of Life rolls by outside,
And none within takes notice. Drear and heavy,
The dungeon's portals bar that human tide
Save when the leading Ogre holds a levee;
In vain her passion Erin's bards rehearse;
So cold the Castle's heart, so thick its skull is,
That never yet one line of local verse
Voicing the national despair in Erse
Has dodged its dour portcullis.

When shrewd shillelaghs, hurtling through the air,
Carpet the green with wigs and facial peelings,
Where are the Castle's men? They have no share
In sports that vent the nation's holiest feelings;
They never know the pure moonlighter's thrill
When pruning cows'-tails through the long night-
watches;
Nor wake a corpse around the illicit still,
But keep apart, unsociable and chill,
Imbibing alien Scotches.

Ah! when will some great strenuous soul upspring,
Some moral Sandow with a sacred mission
To storm the Castle's walls, and turn the thing
Into a Pan-Hibernian Exhibition?
For he, the last to fare on that crusade —
A frivolous gay knight and fresh-recruited —
Having arrived and whispered "Who's afraid?"
Just set the slug-horn to his lips and played
"*Childe Birrell's come*"—and scooted! O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

The Édition de Luxe.

"We shan't have room for it," I said.

"But it will look very well," said my wife. "Thirty-six volumes in that handsome red binding would set off any library."

"There isn't a spare foot of room now," I insisted.

"But we always meant to clear away some of the rubbishy books."

"There are no rubbishy books. That's why we've never cleared anything away. Besides, I'm not sure I care for every little word the great man has written."

"Every little word," said my wife severely—"every little word written by a man of genius ought to be preserved."

"So it will be," I said, "by those who print this edition and those who buy it; but that's no reason for *my* buying it."

"That's flippant," said my wife, "and silly."

"Of course, if you begin to be abusive——"

"How like a man!" said my wife. "When he's beaten in argument"—she pronounced these words very impressively—"he always says he's being abused."

"Thirty-six fat volumes," said I.

"But only a pound apiece."

"That's thirty-six pounds," I said, "and for thirty-six pounds we could go to the seaside."

"But we shall get one volume a month, and that spreads it over three years. Once a month for three years a genius will visit us, and at the end of that time he'll stay with us for ever."

"But you'll get tired of him. When the three years are over you'll store him away in an attic. You'll never look at him. He'll get covered with dust. I don't like geniuses when they're covered with dust. I'm not sure I like them when they're quite tidy."

"That," said my wife, "is absurd. I shall fill up the form."

"Thirty-six pounds," I pleaded.

"I've filled it up with your name," she said.

"Forgery," I hinted.

"You should have thought of that," she retorted, "when you married me! 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow'—you can't deny it."

"But I didn't mean it. It was *duresse*. Besides, there's another bit about obeying."

"Fiddlesticks," said she. "I've put a stamp on it, and I'm going to post it at once."

And she did.

All this happened two years and a half ago. Summer is now approaching for the third time, and through all the changing seasons, month by month, with the impressiveness and regularity of one of nature's immutable ordinances, the stout red volumes have made their formidable appearances. Thirty of them stand in a thick red line on the loaded shelves. On a rough calculation there are more than seven feet of them - and there are six more volumes to come.

Now, to buy a book casually, to buy thirty books at odd times and without previous arrangement, these are easy and light-hearted things that any man may do without impairing the springs of his strength or adding a single grey hair to his head. But to be under a permanent irrevocable contract to purchase a certain sort of book once in every month, to take delivery of it and to pay for it, saps the vitality of the most vigorous being that ever trod a country road. To know that at some time within the first week of every month a heavy postal parcel will be dumped down as if by magic on the hall table and will lie there pleading to have its string cut and its brown-paper unfolded—there's nothing in the whole range of experience to compete with that as a shatterer of nerves and a destroyer of happiness. While the parcel lies thus my wife avoids my eye. I believe she goes down in the dead hours of the night to open it and stow it away. She has even gone so far as to assert that she had told me how it would be, adding that she had long since realised how useless it was to dissuade a wilful man from any purpose he had set his mind on. The thirty-six-volumed genius who was to have been a joy to us has brought us a curse. We have never dared to read him in his new edition. Last night I caught my wife with a thin and handy volume in her hand. It belonged to an earlier edition of our destroying genius. When she saw that I had observed her she had the grace to look uncomfortable and to lay the book down under the concealment of an illustrated paper. And there are six more volumes still to come.

The Cry of the Russian Children.

Mr. Punch very gratefully acknowledges the generous response made to his appeal last week on behalf of the poor starving children of Samara, Russia. A statement of the amount received will appear in his next issue. He would welcome further contributions, to be addressed to Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.



THE WARRIOR UNBENDS.

MR. HALDANE ENJOYING AN INTERVAL AT THE TOURNAMENT.



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

(*Spinner tries a ball or two before the First Match.*)

Excited Chorus. "STEADY, SPINNER, STEADY! HERE COMES T'OTHER SIDE. DON'T LET 'EM SEE YOU BOWLING!"

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

["The ideal position for brain-work of most kinds is the recumbent one in bed."
Mr. Eustace Miles.]

OFT in the noisy night,
When motor-buses wake me,
Or when the strains of feline swains
Bid gentle sleep forsake me,
I love to watch the flight
Of fancy as she rambles,
A butterfly from earth to sky
In sunny-hearted gambols.

And whilst I lie so still,
My gifted Muse arises;
She brings the best of wit and jest,
She fills me with surprises;
With more than human skill
From this to that she dashes,
While from her lips fall dazzling quips
And scintillating flashes.

Anon she whispers low
The lilt of some gay ditty,
Entrancing, bright, divinely light,
Astonishingly witty,
All full of verve and go—
A very revelation
Of humour, fun, convulsing pun
And brilliant coruscation.

Anon with subtle art
A novel plot she'll sketch me;
A page she'll cram with epigram
And *mots* that fairly fetch me;
And then she'll break my heart
With scenes that set me choking
Until I find my eyes are blind,
My pillows fairly soaking.

Anon she hints a play—
I'm absolutely certain
No other man could hope to plan
So excellent a curtain.
I mark the audience sway
Spell-bound, intent and breathless;
I hear them cry, "Though SHAKSPEARE die
This dramatist is deathless!"

But when my clothes I snatch,
And dress in haste, all eager
At once to write the thoughts of night,
They seem absurdly meagre.
I can no longer catch
The points that made me chortle,
The novel plot seems abject rot—
I've grown so dense a mortal.

Small wonder few would dream
I entertain such gay thoughts;
Small wonder if they sneer and sniff
Who only know my day thoughts.
Ah! were I he I seem
When bird-like I "sing darkling,"
When stretched at length in brainy strength
I lie supinely sparkling.

THE moral influence of our Press has often been a subject for discussion, and *Mr. Punch*, therefore, begs to call attention to the advice given in *London Opinion* to an honourable if unenterprising enquirer:

"You are going the wrong way about your business, HARLEQUIN. The proper way to get at the reserve of the Bank of England from the Weekly Statement is to take the gold and silver coin and the notes which the Bank has in its till."

Incendiarism at Epsom.

DETAILS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

"Lord Rosebery burnt his boots with a vengeance yesterday."—*Western Morning News.*

HOW TO BRIGHTEN BANQUETS.

MR. LEO MAXSE'S admirable letter in *The Times* of last Wednesday, suggesting various ways in which our public dinners might be improved, has brought a flood of further contributions on the subject, from which we extract the following as the most typical and suggestive.

Mr. LEO MAXSE himself writes: "May I be allowed to supplement my letter by two specific suggestions—first, that poisonous politicians of the Potsdam group should be provided with poisonous food, and second, that the more elderly and innocuous mandarins should be let off with mandarin oranges."

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON writes: "I entirely assent to Mr. MAXSE'S general proposition that our public banquets leave much to be desired. Where I differ from him is in regard to ways and means. What is really wanted is some effective method of distracting the attention of the guests from mundane and material interests to the things that really matter. Here, however, we can learn much from the ancients. I can imagine no more effectual way of really brightening our banquets than by reintroducing the admirable custom of the skeleton or mummy at the feast, which was, I believe, generally adopted by the best society in the palmy days of Egypt. In deference to our modern sensitiveness, perhaps it would be as well if the skeleton were not a real skeleton, but made of celluloid or some other similar substance. Celluloid, however, has the drawback of being inflammable, which must be set against its cheapness. I should also suggest that those imposing castellated specimens of the confectioner's art—the set pieces of public banquets, which reappear again and again—should take the form of cenotaphs, and have the names of famous men clearly inscribed thereon. In this way they would be less likely to be desecrated than the tombs of forgotten worthies in our cemeteries. Next as to music. The music which is habitually discussed at our public dinners is, to my mind, far too trivial, flippant, and exciting. To promote digestion, it should be of a more tranquil, sedate and elegiac character, such as is indicated by the terms *maestoso, doloroso, flebile, tristamente, in modo lamentevole, sarcofagoso.* Lastly, speeches should not be delivered at a varying pitch, but intoned, or possibly cantillated to the accompaniment of a muted horn."

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY writes: "As I have recently explained in a monograph on the subject, the great aim of modern social reformers should be to eliminate worry. Public dinners and banquets, instead of conducing to exhilaration and equanimity, too often tend to produce a contrary result. Those who are expected to speak suffer the torments of anticipation throughout the meal, which they are unable either to appreciate or digest. To surmount this difficulty, I would propose the simple plan of 'speeches first and dinner afterwards.' The ordeal of eloquence would then be speedily got over and the drawback alluded to by Mr. MAXSE—that of securing a full report of speeches delivered late in the evening—would cease to exist. The delivery of the speeches, again, would gain greatly by this arrangement, for speech is closely allied to song, and singers invariably sing best *before* a meal."

Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN presents his compliments and writes: "May I be allowed to make one suggestion? At all high-class banquets a flash-light photograph is *de rigueur.* But the realism is sadly impaired by the absence of a loud thunder peal. This indispensable adjunct could be easily secured if the waiters were drilled to drop their trays in unison outside, the interval between the flash and the peal being timed, out of deference to the nerves of the guest, which would presumably hardly recover at once from the flash, to indicate that the storm centre is at a safe distance. A shower of confetti to simulate hail might come down from the roof, and those whose appetites had not been fully satisfied might, by keeping their mouths open, derive additional sustenance and refreshment from the shower."

Mr. EUSTACE MILES writes: "Banquets will never be brightened until a rational diet becomes the rule and not the exception. As we read in the most beautiful of HANDEL'S arias, '*Ombra mai fu di vegetabile,*' which I may freely paraphrase, 'Life is a shadow without vegetables.'"

Mr. JAY GOULD writes: "There is no doubt a good deal in diet, but though I have a great respect for Mr. MILES as a sportsman his *menu* is really not worth a row of beans. All I can say is that when I tried it I could not play for nuts."

Lieut.-Colonel NEWNHAM-DAVIS writes: "I am strongly in favour of the sandwiching of speeches at public banquets between the various items of the *menu.* This would tend to revive appetite and would enable self-respecting diners to tackle a meal of twenty courses where they now, alas! are often unable to do full justice to one of only ten."

Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST writes: "If the delay caused by after-dinner speeches is regarded as a serious drawback, my committee are fully prepared to take the entire responsibility of providing the speeches at all such functions and delivering them during the course of the meal."

Mr. SIDNEY LEE writes: "Who is SYLVIA?"

CHARIVARIA.

SIR E. J. POYNTER, speaking at the Royal Academy Banquet, mentioned the Palace of Westminster as being a building which still left plenty of scope to the decorative artist. Especially, we take it, now that there is a chance of the House of Lords losing some of its chief ornaments.

* * *

By the terms of Mr. BIRRELL'S Irish Council Bill, the CHIEF SECRETARY is to have the right to be present at the Council's meetings. It is thought that this unfortunate official's costume for such occasions will be a suit of armour.

* * *

Now that it has been discovered that VITRUVIUS described a taximeter cab which was in use in the year 79 B.C. it is thought that the Cab Trade will no longer oppose the introduction of what it had feared was a new idea.

* * *

There is good news for those artists whose works were rejected by the Royal Academy. The National Gallery is about to be enlarged.

* * *

The *Société des Aquarellistes Français* is now holding an exhibition in London. This reminds us that it is again rumoured that the rival French *Salons* are about to amalgamate, and will be known as the *Société des Querellistes Français.*

* * *

The Lord CLIVE scandal which Lord CURZON is seeking to remedy is graver than was at first thought. It now transpires that there does exist a statue of the founder of our Indian Empire at the India Office, but it is a comic one in Roman costume.

* * *

There is great glee in certain foreign countries at what is considered the conspicuous failure of *The Dreadnought.* An official statement confesses that when 80 per cent. of her guns were fired together all the execution that was done consisted in the breaking of a few cups and saucers.

* * *

Living statues are being dragged from their pedestals all over the country, and we must confess we are not altogether sorry. For human beings to return to the Stone Age was scarcely progress.

* * *

The first contract ever placed in this country for a tram permanent way for Japan has just been given to a



FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

Mistress. "I'M SORRY YOU WANT TO LEAVE, ELLIS. ARE YOU GOING TO BETTER YOURSELF?"
Maid. "NO, M'M; I'M GOING TO GET MARRIED."

Sheffield firm. That is all very well, but we still want *The Mikado.*

***

The KAISER has invited the British journalists, on their visit to Berlin, to witness the Spring parade of the Potsdam garrison. If the KAISER imagines that British journalists are easily overawed he is mistaken.

***

The latest news from Morocco is that the Pretender now has 20,000 men and sixteen guns with him; but he is such a fellow for pretending that it is difficult to arrive at the truth.

***

An old lady, on reading that the experiment of growing tobacco under cover is being tried in Porto Rico, remarked that it would indeed be wonderful if the tobacco could be picked already done up in packets.

***

While business was proceeding at the New Bailey the other day, there was a terrific bang, and the court was filled with steam. The explanation given was that some machinery in the basement had broken down. The following exchange of wit and badinage then took place.

Mr. Justice JELF:—"Does this often happen?"

Mr. R. D. MUIR:—"This is the first offence." (*Loud laughter.*)

Now some of us would have found Mr. MUIR's remark difficult to cap, but His Lordship was undismayed. "Let us," he retorted, "hope it will not be periodical."

***

Colone HEALEY, C.M.G., of Bishop's Stortford, we are told, has painted the sign of the Swan Inn, at Rayne, Essex. We see nothing very remarkable in this. We have known younger officers paint an entire town red.

***

A steady decrease in the number of ice-cream sellers is noted in the annual report of the Medical Officer of Health for the City of London. The cause is difficult to arrive at, but it is thought possible that, owing to bad times, some of the unfortunate Italian vendors may have been compelled to consume a lot of their own ice-cream.

***

A gentleman writes to *The Express* as follows: "Sir,—My son whistles his favourite airs from *The Mikado* in spite of my repeated warnings. Am I in peril?" The answer is surely an unhesitating Yes, if the lad is an average boy and the father has an ear for music.

Events of the Week.

WE understand from *The Times* that Mr. BIRRELL brought in his Irish Bill last Tuesday, and from *The Deal, Walmer and Sandwich Mercury* that "on the suggestion of the Mayor, it was decided that a new pair of trousers be provided for the Town Sergeant."

"The man must be able to teach a boys' brass band and to undertake the supervision of a steam boiler."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*

THESE gifts often go together.

FROM COURT AND EMPIRE.

What made it so pleasant to see Mr. St. John Hankin's Prodigal return again, so to speak, to the Court Theatre, is that the play contains a fresh idea, a fresh little problem. Not, to be sure, a profound idea or a very vital problem. What is to be done by a rich father who has a detrimental son? Answer: Give him an allowance to absent himself; keep him so long as he keeps away. That is all, but it refreshes one after the eternal What is a husband to do whose wife likes some one else better? or any other such hackneyed question. Of course, it would not refresh one very much if the author were not a humorist and a man with an eye for character and effect; but fortunately Mr. Hankin has these qualities most distinctly. I think the play would have been better if it had been shorter, with rather less of shaking hands and how-do-you-do, and I-must-be-going business, less irrelevant conversation, though some of it is extremely witty, and less of conventional character-drawing—a match-making mother and a doctor are far too conventional—thrown in beside the real people; but then it is always so easy to improve other people's work. I am not sure that I quite believe in the Prodigal himself. So shrewd and sane a person would hardly have come to grief so often, perhaps; but if there is any mistake it is on original lines. I take Mr. Hankin to mean the affair for a sort of Rogue's Comedy, and not as a sympathetic appeal in behalf of idle young men who have rich parents; but so agreeable is his ne'er-do-well that one is quite delighted (not having to pay it) that he gets his three hundred a year. But I think the most truly comic figure is the mother, a perfect sketch of lovable and maddening stupidity.

The play was better acted than ever—almost too well acted, if Mr. Hankin will forgive me; for such clever people as Miss Dorothy Minto and Mr. Edmund Gwenn were rather wasted on insignificant parts. At the Court, however, as at the Français, ability is not proud. Miss Haydon could not be more than perfect as the mother, but Mr. Matthews has even a better grip than before on the Prodigal, with his cat-like enjoyment of recovered comforts and his imperturbable confidence in other people's weaknesses. I really can't believe that Mr. Dennis Eadie has not taken his respectable, finicking elder brother direct from life—that mincing step! that articulate snort!—and I should be sorry for the original, except that he is certain, if he exists, not to notice the imitation. I was curious to see how Mr. Eric Lewis would play the father. The suave distinction, which is the chief note of his acting, and makes his king or his fashionable doctor such a treat, would be out of place in his commonplace successful cloth-maker: he repressed it nobly, but it would come out now and then.

I could almost wish that at this particular moment I were writing for *The Quarterly* or some other such organ with a serious face, rather than for *Mr. Punch*, for then I would correct the other critics by writing of *Sir Roger de Coverley*, the new ballet at the Empire, with tremendous gravity. They are too apt to write of ballets as though it were a great condescension to do so, as though their powerful minds, duly exercised by the masterpieces of Mr. Sutro or Mr. Pinero, were merely being relaxed over a triviality. Whereas in truth there is more skilful adaptation of means to ends, more knowledge of the business in hand, more certain achievement, more real art, in fact, in a good ballet at the Empire than in a wilderness of average plays at the theatre. And the new ballet *is* a good ballet. It is, of course (as the reader's great erudition will have gathered from the name), early eighteenth century, and charming are the effects of the dresses, village youths and maidens, beaux and fine ladies at Vauxhall, soldiers and what not, massed by Madame Katti Lanner in graceful evolutions, with every member of the chorus drilled to a turn. Mr. Osmond Carr's music is pretty throughout, though the occasion would have stood, I think, a little more "catchiness" of tune: however, the old tunes, which of course he works in, give one that. Also Mr. Adrian Ross has devised an intelligible story. I am careful to mention that, because I have observed that other people simply thirst for a story on every occasion, even in a "musical comedy" or a ballet, though I cannot myself see why any one should bother about it, and I don't intend to bother about this one. But my compliment to Mr. Adrian Ross—his story is most skilfully conducted with a view to picturesque effects. There is one other matter in which I should like to set a good example. Those other critics seldom mention any performer except Mlle. Genée, as though there was no one else worth their notice, though they will mention the name of the actor who plays the second footman in a farce. Genée is incomparable: I have seen dancers who equalled her agility, but not one of them had anything of her delightful temperament, her sense of humour, her sunny enjoyment of the whole thing. But there are others. Mr. Sundberg, for example, who has too little to do this time, is a splendid dancer and has a sense of character: you remember his gipsy dance with Miss Elise Clerc (who is as amusing as ever) in *Coppelia*? Then there is Miss Craske, as buoyant and graceful as ever in her young man's part, and the agile Mr. Fred Farren, and Mlle. Zanfretta, an old friend in these things, and Miss E. Collier, who once more plays a little picture part with a charming gaiety and naturalness. All these artists have much more ability than many players at the theatre who are regularly praised.

But of course Genée is the thing, and Genée is herself—the soul of happiness and grace. . . . Ah! well, well! Perhaps I am too kind to the ballet. But the theatre bores me so often, and the ballet has pleased me ever since—was it the early fifties?—one came to London with one's "comrades of college," as Florac said, to see the dentist, and missed the last train back. I really had to say a word for it.

Rue.



Prodigality and Unctuous Rectitude.
Mr. A. E. Matthews and Mr. Dennis Eadie.

A Royal Salute.

We understand that Messrs. Lovejoy, Reece, Dawson, and Cook have started for Madrid to greet the Royal Spanish baby with a suitable salvo of cradle cannons.

Sir James Crichton Browne having sent round a circular in advance to assist his inquiries in Ambidexterity, *The Tribune* announces the results as follows:—

"Replying to a question on winking, the majority winked with the left eye; and of the ladies who responded, 9·13 declared they could not wink at all."

Stopping for a moment to sympathise with the ·13 of a lady who could not wink at all, we beg to record our emphatic protest against the suggestion that any "lady" would "respond" to an advance of this kind.

AN ENGLISH REPEATER.

As he concluded his story, he had leant back in his corner of the compartment to judge of the effect upon me, his hearer. I had manipulated my face to produce a smile, when the grin was arrested by his action. He had got out a note-book. "Doesn't matter about address, but name in full, please!"

"I don't see——" I began.

"Oh, but I *must* have it," he cried; "otherwise—I may tell it you again."

"Tell it me again?" I said. "What is it you might tell me again?"

"The story I've just told you, of course. Please, I beg you, give me your name."

I complied, and waited while he entered it in his book.

Presently he began to look over the back entries; then suddenly his face clouded over. "Dear me!" I heard him mutter. "This is very painful. Tell me," he cried excitedly, looking up, "if you went away in August, 1905?"

"About then."

"On the Great Western?"

I nodded.

"To Penzance?"

"Yes."

"On the ninth?"

"Really——" I began.

"Did you?" he shrieked, jumping to his feet.

"Yes—yes—yes," I cried, drawing back in terror.

"By the 12·45?"

"Er—I daresay."

He drew a long breath, subsided, then nodded gloomily.

"I thought so," he said. "It is with deep regret that I announce it, but I find I told you this story once before; and, dear me"—he was referring to his book—"this is *very* disappointing. Did you join a Cook's Tour to Iceland in 1904, on the occasion of the World's Watercress Exposition?"

I bowed my head in acquiescence.

He sighed deeply and turned to his book again. "JOHN *Albert* JONES, I think you said?" he murmured. "In 1895, in November, were you on the *Campania* bound for New York?"

I nodded.

"Then," he cried tragically, "will you ever forgive me?—I see that I told you this same story on the promenade deck at 7.48 on Tuesday, November 2, 1895, and that you chuckled five times,—a number exceeding by one chuckle the best previous scored by this anecdote. This is very disappointing. Why, oh why didn't I consult my book earlier? It is very sad."

"What is?"

"The failure of the register system," he said, holding out his book. "It's like this, you see. I have always been fond of telling anecdotes, in fact, had long cherished the hope of being referred to in the popular papers as an excellent storyteller; and sometimes, indeed, my soaring ambition had bid me dream of seeing myself described as a 'born *raconteur*.' But I soon found myself accused (not publicly, of course, but amongst my friends) of repetition. That is what led to my instituting my anecdote register. Amongst persons whom I know it works well; it is only with casual acquaintances made while travelling that the system sometimes fails. They, not being met more than once or twice in one's life, are not worth putting into the ledger; I merely enter them in my note-book; the ledger is reserved——"

"The—the——" I began.

"The ledger," he replied. "All my intimate friends are in that. PHINEHAS FITZBOODLE, the historian, for instance, is an old friend of mine. Say I am asked to dine with him. Before leaving home I compile a list of anecdotes which I think he may like. Then I consult his ledger account. If he has heard any of them before, I strike them off my list. The titles of the remainder I copy on my cuff. On my return home, such of the anecdotes as I have made use of are then inserted in the ledger, while those still unrelated are available for future use."

"And you record everything?"

"Yes, the anecdote, place of telling, time, date, number of chuckles, grins or smiles elicited, are all entered to the account of the person to whom the story is told."

At this point the train pulled up; I got out.

"We shall meet again as *friends*, I hope," he cried as he shot his head through the window and waved a farewell. "*Friends*, I say, for I'm going to put you in the ledger."



QUESTIONABLE COMPENSATION.

Car Driver (to nervous Tourist). "KEEP YER SEAT, SOR. SHE'LL GO DOWN THE OTHER SOIDE AS IF THE DIVIL WAS AFTHER HER!"



THE JOYS OF TOURING. No. 3.—THE CAMINO REAL.

Although this is a "Royal Road" it is not the favourite motor route of the infant Prince of the Asturias. Mr. Punch's advice to those about to motor in Spain is—"Don't take your own car." N.B.—There is no speed limit in Spain.

BAULKED OF A STATE.

Visitors to Earl's Court, after they have done everything that should be done; after they have tested the water-chutes of Bulgaria, and flown round in the flying machine of Servia; after they have explored the stalactite caves of Roumania and the salt-mine of Belgrade; after they have descended the helter-skelter lighthouse of Dalmatia, and examined the old Balkan Japanese in their village; after they have travelled on the switchback of Montenegro, and punched the tethered ball of Cattaro; after all this, they may, as they wander through the grounds completing their knowledge of the Turkish frontier countries, notice a huge building of iron now in the course of erection near the ruins of the Austrian Great Wheel. What can that be, they wonder, and perhaps even ask, in pure Balkan, of a passing peasant; but no one seems to know.

We know, however. This new building, which cannot hope to be ready for some weeks, is to be devoted to one of the most interesting States of all—to Ruritania. In addition to such ordinary exhibits as rope-ladders, pistols, false beards, and rapiers, it will contain several halls, in one of which, fitted up as a theatre, will be performed *The Prisoner of Zenda* twice daily. In another will be waxen representations of all the principal novelists who have helped to popularise Ruritania since Mr. Anthony Hope discovered it. In another room will be the publishers, making 800 per cent. profit out of this happy land. A band will play the Ruritanian national anthem all day and half the night. Ruritanian peasants and townspeople will sing and dance. Ruritanian princes will deliver lectures on elopement, strategy and the art of witty conversation.

It is expected that the Hopening ceremony, to be performed by Mr. Anthony Hope, will take place on June 31. All are invited. Front seats, 4*s.* 6*d.* net. Back seats, sixpence.

Knights of the Trencher.

Headlines from a Yorkshire paper:—

"Brilliant Military Banquet.

WHERE BRITISH ARMY EXCELS.

Soldiers' Splendid Capacity."

LIMERICKS OF THE WEEK.

There were once some Colonial Prems.
Who were famed for post-prandial gems;
Being taxed with free food
Their zeal was subdued,
And they couldn't set fire to the Thames.

There once was a caustic R.A.
Who painted grand ladies all day;
To Lady Sassoon
He appeared as a boon;
Of the rest, when he liked, he made hay.

A wonderful athlete called Miles
Cooked cabbage in forty-four styles;
The result of this fad
Was exceedingly bad:
Jay Gould has a corner in smiles.

There was a young Beerbohm named Max
(For telegrams: "*Brummel, Carfax*");
Though demure and discreet,
If swelled heads he should meet,
His pencil turned into an axe.

There was once a Professor named Raleigh,
Who with Shakspeare grew awfully pally;
When they asked Sidney Lee
His opinion, said he;
"This rot is exceedingly bally."



NO CLASS.

Chorus of Irish Terriers. "CALL THAT THING A DOG? WE CALL IT A TOY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, May 6.—A great gathering to hear debate on proposed reform of House. Interest intense. When NEWTON rose to move second reading of his Bill you might, as SARK said, almost have heard an apple fall. The noble lord's great ancestor's discovery of the Law of Gravitation nothing compared with this audacious attempt to improve the perfected. Benches on floor filled with crowd of dimensions rarely seen. Ladies in bright spring frocks garlanded the galleries. On the steps of the Throne stood a group of Privy Councillors trying to look as if they had no expectation of being presently, under C.-B.'s patronage, invited to step down and take charge of business in the Lords.

Sad to observe how evil communications corrupt good manners. Peers, left to themselves, preserve air and attitude of equable dignity which, if a trifle dull, is at least respectable. To-night NEWTON, who, as he shamelessly mentioned, once sat in the Commons, was almost flippant in his references to the august assembly to which, by the operation of that very principle of heredity he assailed, he was permitted to ascend. He went so far as to allude to the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY as "a middle-aged gilded eagle," a liberty which made the blue blood of VISCOUNT CROSS boil in his veins. It was well for NEWTON that, lightly turning to describe as "a sort of political derelict" Scotch Peers not co-opted to Parliament, he did not see the spectacled face turned upon him with expression of pained reproof.

These things taking place in the green tree to the left of the Woolsack, the expected happened in the dry tree opposite. The Conservative Lord NEWTON having gibed at his Peers, the Liberal Earl of CREWE pleasantly mocked at them. Drew a vivid picture of the majority of peers as a flock of sheep, blindly following that bell-wether Lord LANSDOWNE as he lightly hopped over non-aggressive ditches or unaccountably dashed through gaps in the hedge leading no whither. AMPTHILL so incensed by this frivolity that presently he bubbled over in speech protesting against CREWE'S "contemptuous tone of reassurance almost insulting to your Lordships' house."

Comfort the House of Lords with assurance that nothing desperately bad should happen to it! Might as well console the Great Globe with promise that nothing shall to-morrow stand in the way of its revolving on its axis.

Commoners looking on from pens above Bar shocked at this strong language. Almost expected to hear the cry of "Caw! Caw!" rise from rookery below Gangway. Even feared the angry shout of "JUDAS!" might ring forth with tumultuous consequences. Happily on approach of midnight the white-robed figure of the PRIMATE hovered over the scene moving adjournment of debate. Effect instantaneous. Some noble lords instinctively bent forward in devotional attitude. After a moment's pause the congregation rose and quietly



ON THE KNEE.

Rt. Hon. H-nry Ch-pl-n to Miss Wimbledon—
"Bid me to live and I will live
For Preference—and thee!"

Business done.—Second reading of House of Lords Reform Bill moved.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—The Commons took their turn to-night. Benches thronged in anticipation of introduction of what Ministers modestly call the Irish Administrative Council Bill. Beneath its muffler Unionists spy the peard of Home Rule, and name the Bill accordingly. Expectation, raised to highest pitch, early chilled by discourse informing but dull. ST. AUGUSTINE seems to have omitted that preliminary walk in Battersea Park, effect of which brightened many passages in his maiden Ministerialist speech expounding Education Bill. Before half an hour had sped, he lost his hold on attention of crowded House, which visibly thinned as he went into details of constitution of the Council.

Possibly this only the art of artlessness. Hon. gentlemen opposite had lashed themselves into fury in anticipation of a new Home Rule Bill such as Mr. G. in a past century expounded, standing on the very spot pressed by the foot of ST. AUGUSTINE, thumping the Box on which he languidly leaned and almost yawned. Nothing of the sort. The Bill now in hand is a humdrum affair, in point of national importance rising not higher than constitution of a County Council. Eloquence would be out of place. Display of passion misleading. So ST. AUGUSTINE hummed and drummed along through the slow moments of an hour and a half, occasionally getting fogged by the way in the intricacies of finance, showing some uncertainty as to whether Armagh was to contribute three members to the Council and Cavan one, or whether 'twas t'other way about.

PRINCE ARTHUR gave new turn to affairs by delivery of one of the most brilliant essays in destructive criticism the still young Parliament has listened to. Necessarily the speech was impromptu. No opportunity of work in study. Following straightway on completion of

Chief Secretary's exposition, he had to form his judgment, phrase his sentences as he went along. Once or twice he tripped over figures, with whose icy precision he has no sympathy. Was not quite sure to £20,000 or £30,000 what additional subscription from the Exchequer was to go in excess of the two million—"was it two million?"—the estimated cost of Irish Administration under existing system. Also he was uncertain as to the number of the new Council and the proportion between nominated and elected members. These mere trifles, not obstructing the flow of passionate scorn for the whole muddled business, nor obscuring the glitter of the rapier that a score of times pinked the hapless Minister in charge of Bill.

Business done.- Irish Council Bill introduced in Commons. Lords appoint a Committee to consider proposals for putting their House in order.

Friday night.—"Political life," sighed C.-B., "would be endurable only for the House of Lords. After Whitsuntide I really must take 'em in hand. Meanwhile some are making it rather hot for me. Worst of it is they are my own men, innocent of evil design as babes unborn."

This emotion was displayed at end of week through which Government have been daily peppered in the matter of Portsmouth and his exigeant tenant, the Lord Chamberlain and the *Mikado*. If pepper-box were shaken exclusively from Opposition Benches, no complaint would be made. Business of an Opposition is to oppose. Worst of it is that the faithful show themselves sympathetic with the aggressors. In fact it was a Liberal who opened campaign against Under Secretary for War, distantly alluded to at Question time as "the noble landlord."

Natural enough that *sans-culotte* Lord Robert Cecil should from the other side of House keep the ball a-rolling. His hatred of class domination, his sympathy with the tenant farmer, are born instincts, cultivated under wing of warm sympathies. Quite another thing to have Radical Borough Member wanting to know in interests of Liberal Party how long the offending landlord will remain "a Member of this democratic Government?"

Close on top of this intrinsically non-essential but distinctly embarrassing incident comes the edict forbidding revival of *Mikado*. When Lord Chamberlain was still with us in the Commons, known as plain—of course the word is not used as signifying lack of decorative qualities—Bobby Spencer, he blushingly disclaimed the distinction of being an agricultural labourer. But he was regarded as a man of sense and a man of the world, not likely to go far out of his way to bring ridicule on himself and his colleagues. The affair of the *Mikado* is much more in the line of the long-lamented Acton Smee Ayrton who by analogous banalities drove several large-headed nails into the coffin of Mr. G.'s First Administration.

But there it is, and, though intrinsically a small thing, does the Ministry more harm than would accrue from larger *laches*.

Business done.—Second reading of Old-Age Pensions Bill.

A SPRING POET.

A simple bard of Nature I,
Whose vernal Muse delights to chant
The objects of the earth and sky,
The things that walk, the things that fly,
And those that can't.

I paint the mild idyllic scene
When Hodge absorbs his decent grub,
And Strephon, pastorally clean,
Cavorts with Phyllis on the green,
Or in the pub.

The "softly sweet" Æolian breeze
(Or zephyr) shares my dainty song
With murmurous brooks and humming bees;
And on the foliage of trees
I come out strong;

(The showery poplar and the pine;
The sylvan monarch's kingly boughs;
Bright chestnuts, in whose shade recline
Fat sheep and comfortable kine,
Not to say, cows).

I sing of bud, and bloom, and bower,
Of hedgerows musical with birds;
The common or the garden flower
Adorns my numbers with a power
Of lovely words.

And thus from Spring's perennial store
I fashion songs for your delight;
And, tho' it 's all been done before,
There 's always lots of room for more;
So that 's all right.

For these are themes that never fail
To bid the poet's heart rejoice;
And, of all things of hill or dale,
Give me the good old Nightingale,
I think, for choice. Dum-Dum.

CRICKET REFORM.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Now that the Cricket season is in our midst, vicarious sportsmen of all classes are calling for reform in certain departments of the game, and nowhere, I think, is the necessity more apparent than in the procedure which marks the return of batsmen to the Pavilion at the conclusion of their innings. Surely it is a short-sighted policy to allow a popular century-maker to stride rapidly from pitch to Pavilion, finishing up at a run, and thus deprive a generously paying public of a suitable opportunity of recording their hero-worship.

On the other hand, however appreciative of success, the British public never wants to hit a man when he is down, and I am only voicing a national demand when I say that a period should be put to the sufferings of the blob-maker, who under present conditions must cross that interminable stretch between the scattered bails and seclusion, seeking painfully to disguise his torture under a sickly smile.

I therefore propose that every big scorer be escorted from the wicket by two officials in uniform (not necessarily ambulance men) and required to make a circuit of the ground just inside the ropes, halts being occasionally made for the benefit of amateur photographers. Not only will this enable spectators to get into personal touch with their heroes, but it will cure the nervousness of the incoming batsman, who, unheeded by the crowd, may hit out at once with ease and freedom. I also propose that a man who gets out before his eye is in should be gently conducted by the bowler's umpire to a turf-covered trap-door situated under cover point, and there dropped into an electrically lighted subterranean passage leading from the publicity of the pitch to the privacy of the Pavilion.

I speak feelingly about both of these reforms, as I never score anything between 0 and 100. Yours obediently,

Neck or Nothing.

TO A LADY

On being requested to correct her verses.

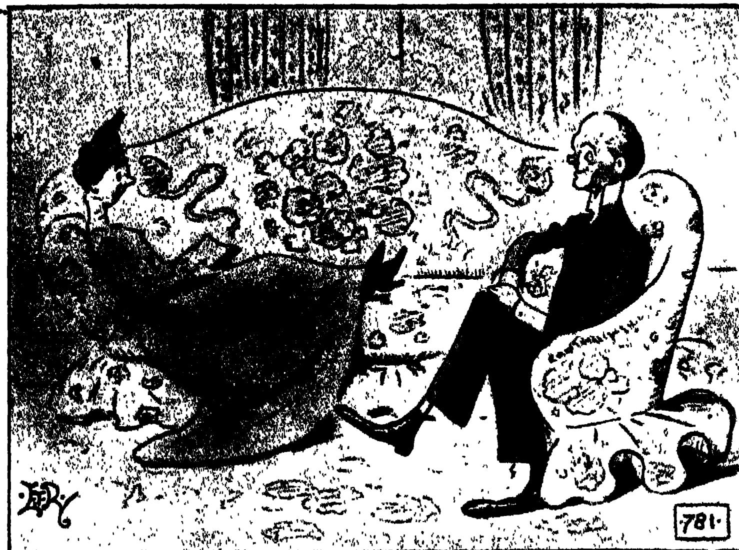
Erratic the metre;
Erroneous the rhyme;
The form might be neater,
And feater the time:
And yet your sweet verses could hardly be sweeter,
Though polished in metre,
And perfect in rhyme.

I will not correct them
As if they were prose;
To coldly dissect them
Were rending a rose.
Approved by the Graces, my Muse must protect them,
And *will not* correct them
As if they were prose.

A pathetic enquiry in *The Playbox* runs as follows:

"Don't You Know that there are scarcely any wild gold-fishes left in England?"—to which, as an answer of some sort seems necessary, we beg to reply that we were chased by one only yesterday.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES—RE-VARNISHED.



Mr. Max Beerbohm pays a morning call on Mrs. Chepe-Chintz. WALTER H. RUSSELL.



The New Sikh Coiffure. Why not carry it a little further after studying No. 390? G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.



Lord Ant-hill, G.C.S.I. ALBERT H. COLLINGS.



An Island Festival; or, The Expulsion of Living Statuary from Britain, A.D. 1907. C. SIMS.



"Halo, Halo, Halo! A different 'Maid' again!" JESSIE MACGREGOR.



An Acute Case of Wistaria; or, A Neat Thing in Summer Trouserings. DAVID MURRAY, R.A.



An Anatomical Study. The Spiral Column. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

RHYMES OF REASON.

["Nursery rhymes are the common ground on which everyone meets. Who has not felt a thrill of gratified and grateful emotion when the words of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' were suddenly brought before his eyes or wafted to his ears?"—*The Academy.*]

Some talk of Keats' or Shelley's fame,
While there are others who engrave on
The tablets of their hearts the name
Of Austin, or the Swan (of Avon);
Each to his taste; but each man knows
No lyrics that were ever sung stir
His feeling bosom quite like those
Old rhymes that thrilled him when a youngster.

Ah, then we gathered Nuts and May,
And never thought Miss Muffet childish
Because she left her curds and whey
(Which was most probably a vile dish);
And no one dared to hesitate,
In those dear, distant days, to dub "bard"
The gifted author of that great
Dramatic fragment—Mrs. Hubbard.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
With cheek so destitute of dimple,
Who has not chuckled as he read
Of Simon who was surnamed "Simple"?
Have *you* e'er gazed with aching eyes
Into a glowing cirque of cinders,
And not expected there would rise
The troubled shade of Polly Flinders?

How often in the midst of strife
Have children suddenly grown quiet,
To hear of Mr. Spratt (and wife),
And their peculiar taste in diet!
And e'en maturer folks may find
(When temper and the gout get chronic)
Tom Tucker soothing to the mind,
Boy Blue an inexpensive tonic!

And so, though things sometimes go wrong,
And all the world seems "quite contrary,"
Solace awaits you in the Song
Of Sixpence or of Mistress Mary:
Then, howsoe'er your poor inside
May threaten, or your temples throb, you'll
Read of Bo-Peep or Cock-Horse Ride,
And need no more the patent globule!

"In a certain West African coast town, not a great way from the British Protectorate of Zanzibar, there exists a few miles of railroad track, overgrown with herbage and tropical vegetation."

This is the beginning of a telling advertisement called "—— on when the wheels of life are cogged," but for the moment it is the gentleman's geography which seems to have got cogged. What does one do then?

"OUR SHAKSPEARE."

Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor (music by Nicolai, libretto by Shakspeare and Rosenthal) was given at Covent Garden last Tuesday before a full and (no doubt) distinguished house; but of all the people who may have been there I like most to think of Mr. Tree—our Mr. Tree, back from the Fatherland. Was he in a box, I wonder, or in *mufti* in the gallery; or could he have disguised himself (perhaps) as the little old gentleman who sat next to me and borrowed my programme? Wherever he was, he smiled, I'll be bound, as he murmured to himself the immortal words of the German critics: "This is not *our* Shakspeare."

Personally, having never strained at Mr. Tree at His Majesty's, I had no hesitation in swallowing Nicolai and Rosenthal at Covent Garden. Not only no hesitation, but very keen enjoyment. Now that the *Mikado* is banished we want a new comic opera badly. *Die Lustigen Weiber* can offend nobody—except, possibly, the park-keeper at Windsor, who may object that his moon doesn't really rise so ostentatiously as one would judge from the last scene. True, it is in German; but, after all, some of the words are nearly the same, and one has the added excitement of looking out for them. In fact, the little old gentleman and I could hardly keep our seats when the two wives got to the signature of their letters—"*Schon Falstaff.*"



Counting the Washing. One Collar Short.
Herr Zador as *Ford.*

Herr Knüpfer was an admirable *Sir John*, in voice, make-up, and acting. He also put in some excellent work as a contralto, when *Ford* was driving him out the house for a witch. He and *Mrs. Ford* really entered into the spirit of the play—Fräulein Hempel being delightfully natural and easy, although she did not laugh very well. She was much the better of the wives. Frau Tolli was at times very indistinct, and the old gentleman and I missed several good points in this way. The *Fenton* of Herr Jörn was as pleasant and finished a piece of work as the Lieutenant *Dick* Anybody of Mr. Hayden Coffin; while Herr Bechstein had a surprising success as a low comedian. If he would take a hint from me I would suggest that at the next performance he should ask *Falstaff* (at the appropriate moment) why they call him a Gibson girl (*Warum nennen sie Sie ein Gibson Mädchen?*) It would bring down the house. M.

LONDON-SUR-MER.

Is it Bond Street, this long, busy street in which I find myself? The shops and the names over them are reminiscent of Bond Street, and so are the passers-by and the crowds of shoppers. But no—there is a brightness and a clearness everywhere that is not of Bond Street. And the *air!* Ah, could Bond Street ever, even in those remote days when it was neighboured by fields and hedgerows, when, in short, Old Bond Street was Young Bond Street and wore socks and a pinafore, boast a breath so sweet and fresh as this? Then, this big restaurant, where crowds are pouring in to lunch, and pouring out, having lunched,—and farther on, over the way, that great theatre, with its long matinée-queue waiting patiently to witness, as the huge bills outside inform me, "The 1000th performance of *The Girl from Nowhere.*" Where am I? Shall I ask the point-policeman near by, and end my suspense? Shall I buy one of these evening papers, with the first edition of which the newsboys are running by? No. Let me try to solve the mystery unaided.

I *meant* to go to New York. But this is certainly not New York. Nor is it *quite* London. From time to time, too, I am conscious of a slight trembling of the ground. Can I by any chance have come to an earthquake region?

"No," says the voice of the point-policeman, for unconsciously I have spoken my perplexities aloud. "You ain't in no earthquake region, nor you ain't in no fixed region neither. But if you care to walk, or take one of these 'ere autotaxicabs, for a quarter of a mile or so in *that* direction and then turn to the left you'll get a glimpse of the sea."

And with that I awoke. And before me was lying an account of the launch of the latest Atlantic monster.

The Journalistic Touch.—"Trade is absolutely dead and is daily getting worse."—Press Association telegram in *Napier Daily Telegraph.*

A BLANK DAY.

(Being an attempt to fill a column or so of "Punch" in the manner of that expert cricketer "Linesman.")

The weather is the supreme arbiter of cricket. This or that batsman may be a contributory factor to material success, but he is only an incidental in the great gamut of things. Yesterday it rained throughout the country, and the man in the pavilion became the leading figure on the stage, the *deus ex machinâ* of cricketdom. The people's "Tom" no longer delighted the Oval crowd with his *finesse* and *diablerie*; he had become Mr. T. Hayward of Kennington. This is of the very essence of the national game.

The Hook of Holland.

Had play been possible Holland would have gone in third wicket down as usual. This Holland is the gentleman among professional batsmen. There is no implication here against his fellows; it is merely a question of style. This tall, well-made Holland has all the graces of your Palairet or Jackson. He is the champagne of cricket, as Hayward is the port. He is the Perseus of the side. In the last match he made three. Figures, after all, do not show everything.

Limitation of Statistics.

If rain militates against practicality, it makes at least for the theoretical. We have leisure to consider new possibilities, where otherwise we should merely be oppressed by the immanence of the actual. Had Surrey beaten Yorkshire we should have been overwhelmed by the particular, and the appreciation of what a victory portends in general would have been lacking. A win by an innings and 300 runs counts one point. A win by one run counts one point. This is to give one run the face value of three hundred, together with all the inherent possibilities of eleven personalities. Figures, after all, are the raw material.

An Eleven.

Here are a team of H's from three counties only.

K. L. Hutchings,	Holland,
Humphreys,	Hayes,
Huish,	Lord Hawke,
Hayward,	Hirst,
Hobbs,	Haigh,

Hunter.

It is a question whether Huish or Hunter would keep wicket. The bowling would be in the hands of Haigh, Hirst, and Humphreys, and Lord Hawke would captain the side. It might be a good idea for this eleven to play the rest of England on behalf of some charity. No doubt the M.C.C. will consider the suggestion. Given fine weather the game should prove an enjoyable one.



"UNE AUTRE PAIRE DE SOULIERS."

Interpreter. "Ah, ze new shoos! It is to pay duty."

Virile Lady (who is conveying them to friend abroad). "Nong! nong! Je ne pays par! They are not new. I've worn them!"

Unjust Justice.

We were speaking just now of the anomalies of the present scoring method. Here is another case emerging from the statistics of last week. Hayward unluckily cut a ball into his wicket, and retired for 0. As a chronicle for posterity this reads, "Hayward, b. Hearne, 0." Later on in the day Strudwick was completely beaten by the same bowler. The inexorable record is, "Strudwick, b. Hearne, 0." The score-sheet is not descriptive, it is merely statistical. Here we have two batsmen of very different calibre dismissed, one on his merits, the other by the interposition of Fate. Yet to the future generation all that will eventuate will be the cold fact that each was bowled for an ignominious nought. The scorer is no respecter of persons. He holds the scales, personifying blind Justice. Motive and individualities are as nothing to him. He sees the end only, not the means; the result, not the intention.

Commercial Candour.

The Evils of Tight Lacing.

"Dear Sirs,—Will you please send me, on receipt of this, one pair of '——' Corsets. I want no other. I have worn a pair for nearly two years, and only one bone broken."—*Natal Mercury.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Dramatic Opinions and Essays, with an Apology by Bernard Shaw (CONSTABLE). Has anyone of the name of "George" disgraced himself that Mr. SHAW has dropped that part of his name? But let it pass. Two volumes of dramatic criticisms reprinted did not suggest an exciting day's or week's reading, and I wondered if anyone would get through them. For my part, I confess, I did not propose to make the experiment. I intended merely to look up a few criticisms on plays I remembered as having more particularly pleased or disgusted me between '95 and '98, and to recall what Mr. SHAW had said of them. In the result I read every line of the book. It is an extraordinary tribute, and should content even Mr. SHAW, whose opinion of his own work, like *Pen's*, "is high, Sir, whatever its date." True that he "apologises" for the reprint, giving American piratical enterprise as the excuse, but one cannot feel that he believed apology to be really needed. Nor was it. He has my permission to republish all his other criticisms as well, only I should like him to discard Mr. JAMES HUNEKER, who inflicts on us a rather insufferable "word" about him in this case, and to read his proofs for himself; I am sure he will enjoy them. The pleasure one has in reading the volumes is evidence that, given a writer with a clear, personal and original view and a working intelligence, his subject, however trivial or out of date, does not matter very much. Yet other critics must be cautious about following the example. "Had it any been but he" . . . the qualities I have mentioned are not common. A thing which greatly helps to keep these criticisms alive is the *bonhomie* and geniality of them, the sly appreciation of other points of view. There is, no doubt, a great deal of over-statement, a thing inevitable in weekly polemics – Mr. SHAW was always fighting somebody, from SHAKSPEARE to Mr. HALL CAINE – and a little humour is therefore required in the reader; blessed with that, he will enjoy himself vastly, except that from time to time he will reflect that the years are passing. It *is* sad to remember that one was already grown up when a play like *Whatsitsname* was hailed as a vivid picture of real life. I doubt if Mr. SHAW has wrought *quite* the revolution he thinks he has.



LOST.

"YES, JAMES, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

Books have come flocking from Q. these few weeks—quite a queue of them. First *Poison Island*, then *Merry Garden*, then *Fort Amity*. *Merry Garden*, from Messrs. METHUEN, is a book of short stories, varied in interest but uniform in excellence. For myself, I like best the last, "A Jest of Ambialet"—perhaps it was put last that one might close the book with an appetite for more—but all of them have Q.'s humour and Q.'s agility in the fashioning of types a trifle *bizarre* which require Q.'s touch to make them life-like. *Fort Amity* is a story of the year 1758, and the scene is in the theatre of the American war. It tells in particular of the siege of Fort Amitié, and, as Mr. QUILLER-COUCH says in an introductory letter, the tale has for its own purposes so seriously confused the geography that a reader may search the map and end by doubting if any such fort ever existed or stood a siege. As to that, *I* say that the reader may doubt the evidence of a mere map, but if he is not convinced by Q.'s description he doesn't deserve to read it. A good story. Touching the price, I am met with a small mystery. The paper wrapper says 2*s*. 6*d*. net in unmistakable fair round print, but within I find a loose leaflet with Mr. MURRAY's compliments and "the price of this book is 6*s*." As the fly-leaf describes it as a "popular re-issue" no doubt the smaller price is the one to note, but the higher figure would not be a penny too much.

Is a Comedy to be distinguished from a Tragedy by its happy ending? Mr. ZANGWILL thinks not—in fact, the last of his *Ghetto Comedies* (HEINEMANN) ends with a suicide. "'Poor EZEKIEL!' DAVID cried. 'Yours is the most humorous fate of all!' . . . And with an ironic laugh he turned his pistol upon himself." There you get the two epithets which define Mr. ZANGWILL's conception of the grim comedy of life; it is humorous and it is ironic. The irony of the Jews' position has entered deeply into his soul. With extraordinary clearness of vision he diagnoses the faults of his race. With unswerving faith he looks forward to the time when Zion shall rise to the full dignity of her unique position in the world. With relentless force he seeks to goad her into the right way—the way that leads back to the Promised Land. And how deeply he loves the race that he lashes with the whip of scorn! How clearly he sees the vast possibilities that lie before it, if only it will learn not to despise itself! That is the tragedy underlying these powerful comedies of the Ghetto.

Who is HANDASYDE, what is she, that Mr. JOHN LANE should have passed the punctuation of her book, *For the Week End?* At all events, there can be little doubt as to the sex of the unknown author. Her commas betray her. Thus: "You can't argue with a woman who says she's a mother, it always makes me shy." One recognises, too, the feminine delicacy of the following remark, made by a gallant soldier as he hands his pocket-handkerchief to a weeping Duchess: "It's quite clean, so you needn't be afraid." HANDASYDE's would-be-wicked week-enders are really extremely proper. If they had had the courage of their want of convictions, and had allowed their lives to be as faulty as their author's grammar, the three week-ends which they passed, together might have proved a little more exciting. Still, there is this to be said, that week-ends are not generally as black as they are painted, and that, so far, HANDASYDE's book has the merit of being true to life.

Printers' Pie, "a Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension Corporation," has reached me from the offices of *The Sphere* and *The Tatler*. I have only had time just to take it into a corner and put my thumb in it tentatively. But that was enough to convince me of the succulence of its plums. My face already glows with reflected virtue; and I have no hesitation in saying, "What a good boy am I!"



"'ERE Y'ARE, SIR! CHARING CROSS! STRAND! *SIBERIA!*"

COLONIAL CRICKET PREFERENCE.

THE members of the Imperial Preference Luncheon-Bar Commission venture to appeal to the imperial feeling of British cricketers. Students of statistics have been appalled by the increase in the number of runs scored by foreigners on South African wickets. The following figures (guaranteed to be accurate by Professor HEWINS) tell a sad tale of imperial decay. During the season of 1905 Germans scored two runs in South Africa (W. MÜLLER, playing for Cape Town Zingari, not out, 2). In 1906 the number of German runs had risen to ten (MÜLLER, l.b.w., b. ABE BAILEY, 10) --an increase of no less than 500 per cent. In the same years the runs scored by British players showed an increase of only 10 per cent.--8,000 in 1905; 8,800 in 1906. At their present rate of increase it is certain that in 1912 German cricketers in South Africa will score at least 150,000 runs.

What is to prevent this imperial disaster? Nothing but a gift of preference to the Colonies. It is proposed therefore that, during the tour of the South African Cricketers, scorers be instructed to allow them twenty extras at the start of every innings. Umpires will also be ordered to allow each of them one life *per* innings, and to answer in the affirmative all appeals for l.b.w. made by South African bowlers.

The following distinguished persons have expressed their views about this proposal:—

C.-B. writes: "While conservatively opposed to Preference, I trust that the South African team will receive fair play at Lord's. I may close it after Whitsuntide."

Mr. BALFOUR says: "When playing with Colonial Premiers I always allow them one stroke for each banquet they have attended that day. The Unionist Party unites in urging the necessity for Imperial Scoring Reform."

Poet CRAIG answers, vaguely but enthusiastically: "Good old South Africa—the land of my birth." (N.B. This is the fourth Colony in which the Surrey Poet claims to have been born.)

General DE WET wires: "I always liked a start when running myself."

A. A. replies in verse:

"Denizens of Empire, who
Struggle 'neath the ethereal blue,
Say, shall Goth and Hun and Russ
Score on level terms with us?
Never! Let the scorer's hand
Help our sons from distant land."

(The remainder of A. A.'s interesting communication, dealing as it does with the need for a stronger Navy and the folly of Women's Suffrage, will be published as a serial poem in *The Standard.*)

Inclusive Terms.

"WANTED Situation by an old photographer, wet or dry, inside or out."—*Focus.*

WE reprint this, lest, among those who do not see their *Focus* regularly, there should be any who would like to help a deserving case.

THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN.

Mr. Punch acknowledges with sincere gratitude the receipt of contributions amounting to £506 in response to his appeal on behalf of the poor starving children of Samara, Russia. He begs to assure his readers that this money will be distributed through carefully appointed channels, and that there is not the least fear of its being diverted to official agencies and so risking the fate of certain other charitable funds collected for the needs of the Russian poor. Further donations will be gratefully received by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C. A list of contributors will appear in due course in these pages.

LORDS IN WAITING.

(An appeal to the Prime Minister to get on with his killing.)

Lo! Spring, if Spring there was, has been and gone;
Here's May, the moon of chestnuts, nearly through,
And still the loudly-threatened Peers live on,
Waiting impatiently their dying cue;
"How long," they say, "before you put us, oh C.-B.,
Out of our misery?"

At Easter, couched amid the olive trees,
You brought to this same task your teeming brains,
There where the calm expanse of azure seas
Recalled the fatal tint of Norman veins;
Yet here you are, upon the ebbing tide of Whit,
No further, not a bit!

Is it because you taste a cruel joy
In trifling with a doomed and hopeless House,
Much as the tabby-cat delights to toy
With fluttered fledglings or a cornered mouse?
Much as the python watches, ere he springs to grab it,
The fascinated rabbit?

To such insinuations "Tush!" I say;
"His heart is soft: he wouldn't hurt a fly;
There must be other reasons for delay
And we shall know them better by-and-by."
So I defend you; so these horrid doubts I quell,
Adding, "He means so well!"

Still, do get on! I can't keep saying "Tush!"
When I am told you let occasion slide
Simply from terror—lest the mouse (or thrush)
Should stick and disagree with you inside;
Or lest the rabbit prove, for all his plaintive eyes,
A mongoose in disguise! O. S.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

CHIEFLY ABOUT MUSIC.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Now that we have done with the *Sturm und Drang* of the "*Ring*," I am taking ordinary Opera as a rest-cure. My dear, I went to *both* cycles, and wouldn't have missed so much as a demi-semi-quaver for anything. People who went *home* between the afternoon and evening performances weren't worthy of being called Wagnerites. We, who *were*, didn't dream of leaving the house (*I* didn't even leave my *box*), for fear of breaking the *continuity* of our *emotions*. We just had a light dinner served to us, the dishes and wines being carefully chosen so as not to clog the imagination or divert the *musical perceptions*.

NORTY came into my box on one occasion to wait for the evening performance. He said *he* didn't wish to break the continuity of *his* emotions by leaving the house. But he was only kidding. He's no true Wagnerite. I tried to make him see the real inwardness of it all; how it raises one to a higher plane, against which the waves of Being beat in vain, while the soul realises itself as it floats serene over the abysses of harmony. *That*, at least, is how Wagner's masterpiece always affects *me*; but perhaps mine's an exceptional temperament. I oughtn't to be impatient with more commonplace natures. NORTY only laughed, and said his private opinion of the "*Ring*" was that there was a lot too much of it, and that never was so much fuss and noise made before over an *ordinary jewel robbery*.

JOSIAH dropped in one evening (think of *dropping in* to the "*Ring*"!) and made himself horrid to NORTY, who happened to be in the box again. I really believe he *hates* that poor boy and would cut him if he dared, in spite of its being entirely through him that JOSIAH's a member of the Dawdlers and the Sybarites. He cleared up when NORTY was gone. But he doesn't know the first thing about Wagner - says "there's a great deal too much *ugly*, and not near enough *pretty*." Isn't it sad there should be such people? He added, "But I'll try to like it, my dear, as *you* like it." If you ever heard of anything so stodgy and Early Victorian!

A simply lovely story of BABS and her small daughter is going about. She brought the kiddy (who, by the way, is supposed to be a musical genius) to Covent Garden one afternoon, to give her a taste of the higher music. BABS the Second put in one of her naughty fits (she's her mother's own girl), and, just as the wonderful *Ride of the Walküre* was going on, she yelled out, "Why are they called the *Walkers*? They're *ridin'*." She was promptly removed from the building.

Isn't that sweet?

The number of concerts just now is simply ghastly. It's enough to deafen one merely to see all the announcements. During May and June, London really ought to put cotton-wool in its ears, poor thing.

The procession of "talented *protégés*" different people are always bringing forward! (That's another thing I'm taking note of. I must have a performing *protégé* of some kind.) The Duchess of DUNSTABLE is booming a girl (daughter of a tenant-farmer or something down at Sangazur, that she's had trained) who is said to play the *piano* with one hand and the *harp* with the other, better than anyone else can play *either* instrument with *both* hands. And STELLA CLACKMANNAN is bringing forward a boy she found somewhere in the wilds of Clackmannanshire, who recites SHAKSPEARE so as *quite* to alter the meaning, and set at rest all *sorts* of vexed questions. They've each wheedled me into taking a row of stalls at the respective performances of these creatures. But I've no notion of just helping towards the success of *other* people's *protégés*. I mean to be in the movement and have one myself. I'm now looking about for one. So, my dear, if you *should* happen across a *boy* who can sing *higher*, or a *girl* who can sing *lower* than anyone else, or a child recently short-coated and able to conduct the band at a Wagner opera, or anything of any kind that has thrills in it, wire me at once, and I'll hire a hall and launch him, her, or it.

I entered my darling *Pompom* at the Toy Dog Show the other day, and he appeared there in the loveliest, wee kennel you *ever!*—gilt bars in front and primrose satin cushions! But the angel was *so* uncomfy and grizzly that I brought him away after an hour or two. And, if you'll *believe* me, DAPHNE, though I described all his points *minutely* to the judges, and was just as *sweet* to the dinky creatures as I could be (it's not for me to say *how* sweet that is), they *refused* to judge him and give him a prize in his absence. Was there *ever* such injustice? And aren't they *pigs* of the first magnitude?

My cards are out for a dance, which I really think, without vanity, touches the high-water mark of originality and *chic*.



SPLENDIDE MENDICI;

OR, THE NOBLE BEGGARS.

[Lord Curzon, as Chancellor of Oxford, has appealed for funds for his University, thus following the lead of his rival, the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of Cambridge.]



Admiral. "AND WHAT MADE *YOU* WISH TO BECOME A SAILOR, MY BOY?"
Navy Candidate (in perfect good faith). "BECAUSE HE'S GOT A WIFE IN 'EVERY PORT, SIR!"

Where d'you think I'm going to give it? Guess, and guess again. No, you'd never guess, you dear, humdrum, old darling! In the Monkey House at the Zoo!! And in the corners of the invite-cards I've put "To meet our Ancestors."

It's making a big sensation. NORTY's delighted with it, and says it's quite a good idea. JOSIAH's furious. I shouldn't wonder if a question's asked about it in the House. And if *that* happens, my ownest, my cup of happiness and success will be full, for there will be no more worlds to be conquered by

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

III.—NEW ORLEANS.

FOR eighteen days we'd ploughed the broad Atlantic,
Its bosom, from the Nore to the Bahamas;
Sometimes the good ship wobbled something frantic,
While oftener the sea was just as calm as
A mill pond, and we never felt a qualm as
We paced the moonlit deck and made romantic
Remarks about the setting of Arcturus,
Until a stiff west wind would come along and cure us.

When lo! the Land of Promise—and mosquitos
(These last as large as wasps and twice as nippy,
And all agog for probing napes and neat hose)
Welcomed our advent to the Mississippi;
Yea, tho' a man should take a world-round trip he
Could find no spot that so completely vetoes
The rising ardour of the optimist as
Those alligatorous swamps, those melancholy vistas.

The town's a huge hog-sty; in unswept gutters
Scramble her swart and odorous pickaninnies;
In narrow lanes behind mephitic shutters
Swelter the flower of Louisiana's "Jinnies;"
The mud's preposterous; the pumpkin's skin is
Ubiquitous, and "lor!" the traveller mutters
As, slipping up, his tangled members volley
Against the whistling bulk of the advancing trolley.

But what a place to hail the exiled Briton,
Torn like a limpet from its native cranny,
And dumped, as helpless as a new-mown kitten,
Mid sights and sounds depressing and uncanny.
"The dirtiest city south of Alleghany,"
Someone informed me, and I'd lay a bit on
The truth of that remark, tho' unacquainted
With other than the town whose salient charms I've painted.

Court and Society.

THOUGH a keen Imperialist, *Mr. Punch* cannot for the moment recollect *exactly* where El Paso is; but he is none the less glad to learn from a British Columbia paper that

"Miss TINA BROWN of East El Paso, who has been at home for a few days on a holiday, returned to school yesterday at Las Cruces."

It shows that the Press out there is not easily caught napping.

MR. CHAPLIN has just scraped into Wimbledon, but the Suffragettes are not disheartened. They prevented the Liberal Candidate from getting in, anyhow. So there.

COCKAIGNE S'AMUSE.

Scene—*Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday.*

The Heath is one long winding street of Swing-Boats, Cock-shies, Cinematograph shows, and Menageries, congested with good-humoured holiday-makers. Above the Vale, the road and sidewalks are as densely crowded. At about every ten yards is a piano-organ, to the strains of which flushed maidens in feathered hats perform intricate steps in opposed ranks, with a proud consciousness of being under critical observation, and an enthusiasm regardless of perpetual interruptions from passing motors, hansoms, and open carriages. The occupants of these vehicles wear a smile of benignantly amused approval, as of many local squires honouring their tenantry by putting in an appearance at a village festival. The drivers' expressions are less tolerant, while the horses scarcely try to conceal a lofty contempt for Humanity's idea of relaxation.



Perambulators and mail-carts containing wondering infants are pushed through the thickest of the throng, without exciting more than mildly jocular remonstrances of "My toes!" Everybody looks overheated, and the majority perfectly happy.

A Censorious Female (*looking on at the Step-dancers*). Well, 'owever they *can* make sech exhibitions of theirselves, *I* dunno!

Her Companion (*a person of broader views*). Oh, if you've *got* talints, I see no sense in 'iding 'em under a bushel.

The Censorious F. (*with a snort*). H'm! Pity some on 'em carn't 'ide their *boots* under a bushel!

Her Comp. (*with intuition*). Ah! You want yer tea, *you* do!

(*In another set, Two Able Seamen from H.M.S. "Terpsichore" and a Soldier have joined the dance.*)

The Soldier (*to his partner*). Come on. It's a Mazurker, this time.

His Partner (*dubiously*). Sure you know 'ow to *do* a Mazurker?

Soldier. Me! Not arf! Two steps forward, two backward, and two left be'ind. Then 'bout turn and start all over agen. That's all there *is* to it!

His Partner (*after this recipe has been tried, and found wanting*). It's funny you sojers can't dance like them sailor-men can.

Soldier. We 'aven't a deck to practise on like they've got, on'y a p'rade ground—that's 'ow it is.

His Partner (*with a glance at his tunic*). Well, I suppose you can't 'ave *everythink!*



In the Vale of Health.

Stout Proprietress of a "Bottles-on-sticks" Shy. Nar then! Fust to knock a bottle right orf wins a perahse. 'It 'em '*ow* yer like. *Smash* 'em up—it's all they're *there* for! (*To assistant*) 'Ere, Sonny, don't go puttin' up two black uns *together*. Can't yer see they look better with a white bottle in between? (*To youthful player, who has at last made a bottle bite the dust*) That's the w'y to '*it* 'em. Take any perahse yer like! (*The victor, having hesitated long before the rival attractions of gilded vases, bars of chocolate, and packets of "fags," at length decides on a cane as a more durable delight. Shortly after which he proposes to exchange it for another precisely similar one in the stout lady's reserve stock.*) I *dessay!* And if I let yer, yer'd be arskin' me to giv' yer a silver-'andled umberella for it! You've '*ad* yer pick, me lad, so be content with what yer got, and take yer 'ook.

[*The Y. P. takes his 'ook accordingly, wondering whether cigarettes would not have been a wiser choice.*

In the Crowd.

A Maiden (*concluding a long list of the shortcomings of an ex-fiancé*). And *another* thing abayout 'im—'owever narsty a temper 'e might be in, 'e'd never *say* nothink—on'y jest set and *larf!*

Her Confidante. Ah, you're well rid of '*im!*

First Small Boy (*to Second, during a wrangle*). Garn wiv yer! I got good manners ter what *you* are!

Second S. B. That yer yn't—so *naow!*

First S. B. Yus, I *are!* I could smack *you* over the jor any d'y.

[*The subject is tactfully allowed to drop.*

First Young Man in the Movement (*on parting*). Chin-chin!

Second Y. M. Toodle-oo!

[*They separate with a sense of being "up to date."*

First Matron. 'Ad 'er 'at 'and-embroidered all round for the funeril, she did.

Second Matron (*sententiously*). Ah! 'And-embroidered or *not*, it won't bring '*im* back.

Outside a Cinematograph Exhibition.

Paterfamilias (*as his party reach the foot of the steps*). Well? Enjoy it, kiddies? Bit o' orl right, eh?

The Kiddies. Proime, Farver! It *was* luverly, wasn't it, Muvver?

Muvver. Wonderful! And everythink done that reel! But I didn't care ser much about that part where the dorg was tied to a pram with a biby inside of it, and ran on to the rilew'y and the trine come up and went right over it, biby and all. I down't think sech things orter to be mide a *show* of.

Farver. Oh, gow on. You're so partickler, *you* are! Why, it's on'y got up to rise a larf!

Outside a Ghost Show.

Impressionable Spectator. I wish I 'adn't never gone in now. I *know* I shall be dreamin' of 'em all night!

Her Escort. Whether yer believe in 'em or not, they *do* give yer a turn. Best thing *we* can do is to go and 'ave a tiddley.

[*They adjourn to the Saloon Bar of Jack Straw's Castle for that infallible specific against Night-Terrors.*

Proprietor of Pitch (*consisting of a frame divided into small partitions, a trough of wooden balls, and an array of unattractive prizes*). 'Ere you are! Finest and Fairest Sport on the 'Eath! Free balls a penny and a perize fer every one as goes froo a 'ole. We get 'em for nuffink, or we couldn't afford ter do it. Play up, all o' you. None but the



Barber. "Thank you, Sir. I don't often get my tip before I begin. I'm sure I appreciate——"
Customer (who likes his hair cut in silence). "I don't want you to consider that a tip. It's 'hush' money."

Erristocresy 'ere to-day! 'Ere's a Member o' Parliment goin' to frow next! (*But, for some reason, not only all Members of Parliament present, but the Public generally, withhold their patronage.*) Well, if ever! (*Lights a clay pipe in disgust.*) 'As the Public all got the pip, or what? (*To his assistant*) Never see biz so slack in all me natural! 'Ow do *you* account for it?

His Assistant (*gloomily*). If you'd on'y done what I tole yer, and 'ad them balls fresh painted!

P. of P. Paint! It's my belief as nothink under gold-leaf 'ud satisfy *this* crard. Tike *my* word, this bloomin' love o' lux'ry 's goin' to be the ruing of the kerntry!

[*Smokes on moodily.*

Another Proprietor (*with a wooden ball suspended by a chain so as to swing between two small skittles*). 'Oo's goin' ter risk a penny to win free bob? It's a pure gime of skill. All *you* 'ave ter do is ter swing the ball so as to tip over the left-'and skittle on its return. (*To Small Boy, who is obviously fingering a coin in his trousers' pocket*) Now then, young feller-me-lad, try yer luck—and win free bob orf o' me if you *can!*

Young Feller-me-lad's Small Sister. I wouldn't, Billy—not if *I* was you.

[*But* Billy, *undeterred by the ominous heap of coppers behind the board, produces sixpence and tries his luck*

Prop. Ah, yer see, yer got the *right*-'and skittle, 'stead o' the left. Try agen. (Billy *does.*) That's *better*—on'y yer took the left-'and skittle *goin'*, 'stead o' comin' back. But yer getting the 'ang of it. One more? *Bofe* on 'em down that time! Look 'ere, I'll give yer a lesson for nuffink. There y'are . . . An' the sime *agen!* . . . *And* agen! . . . It's so simple yer *carn't* miss it—when yer knows 'ow. *Now* 'ave a go on yer own. Very *near*, that was. A'most got the knack but not quite. Boun' ter do it nex' time, yer are!

[*The heap of coppers behind the board is increased.*

Billy (*rather white about the gills*). I neelly did it *then.* 'Ere, Liz—lend me that penny o' yourn.

Liz. Oh, Billy, I *did* mean to get a blue bead necklis wiv that . . . Well, if you're *sure* yer kin do it this nex' gow!

Prop. That was the wust yet! Yer didn't watch me close enough—that's where yer made *your* mistake!

Liz (*to Billy, as he walks away a bankrupt*). I dunno, after all, as I keer for them bead necklises. They y'nt bein' ser much worn this seasin. Where shall we gow *next?*

Billy. 'Ome.

F. A.

L'Entente Cordiale.

It is really pretty to see how careful some papers are to avoid giving offence to our neighbours. In an inconspicuous corner of a recent issue the Glasgow *Evening Times* announces:

"A French warship landed at the Tail of the Bank yesterday to take in stores."

So different from the

German Battleship Aground

with which *The* —— would greet a similar mishap to the hated Fatherland.

BACHELOR DAYS.

I.—THE BUTTER.

You mustn't think I am afraid of my housekeeper. Not at all. I frequently meet her on the stairs, and give her some such order as "I think—if you don't mind—I might have breakfast just a *little* earlier—er, yes, about nine o'clock, yes, thank you." Or I ring the bell and say, "I—I—want-my-boots." We both recognise that it is mine to command and hers to obey. But in the matter of the butter I have let things slide, until the position is rapidly becoming an untenable one. Yet I doubt if a man of imagination and feeling could have acted otherwise, given the initial error. However, you shall hear.

There are two sorts of butter, salt and fresh. Now, nobody is so fond of butter as I am; but butter (as I have often told everybody) isn't butter at all unless it is salt. The other kind is merely an inferior vaseline—the sort of thing you put on the axles of locomotives. Imagine then my disgust, when I took my first breakfast in these rooms eleven months ago, to find that the housekeeper had provided me with a large pat of vaseline!

I hate waste in small things. Take care of the little extravagancies, I say, and the big ones will take care of themselves. My first thought on viewing this pat of butter was, "It is difficult, but I will eat it." My second, "But I must tell the housekeeper to get salt butter next time."

An ordinary-minded person would have stopped there. I went one further. My third thought was this: "Housekeepers are forgetful creatures. If I tell her now, she will never remember. Obviously I had better wait until this pound is just finished, and she is about to get in some more. Then will be the time to speak." So I waited; and it was here that I made my mistake. For it turned out that it was I who was the forgetful creature. And on the fifteenth day I got up to find another large pound of vaseline on my table.

The next fortnight went by slowly. I kept my eye on every day, waiting for the moment to come when I could say to the housekeeper, "You will be getting me in some more butter this morning. Would you get salt, as I don't much like the other?" Wednesday came, and there was just enough left for two days. I would speak on the morrow.

But alas! on the morrow there was another new pound waiting. I had evidently misjudged the amount.

I forget what happened after that. I fancy I must have been very busy, so that the question of butter escaped me altogether. Sometimes, too, I would go away for a few days, and the old butter would be thrown away, and the new butter bought, at a time when I had no opportunity of defending myself. However it was, there came a time when I had been three months in my rooms, and was still eating fresh butter—contentedly, to all appearances; in the greatest anguish of soul, as it happened. And at the end of another month I said, "Now then, I really must do something about this."

But what *could* I do? After eating fresh butter for four months without protest I couldn't possibly tell the housekeeper that I didn't like it, and would she get salt in future. That would be too absurd. Fancy taking four months to discover a little thing like that! Nor could I pretend that, though I used to adore fresh butter, I had now grown tired of it. I hate instability of character; and I could not lend myself to any such fickleness. I put it to you that either of these courses would have shown deplorable weakness. No, an explanation with the housekeeper was by that time impossible; and if anything was to be done I must do it on my own responsibility. What about buying a pound of salt butter myself, and feeding on it in secret? True I should have to get rid of a certain portion of fresh every day, but . . .

I don't know if you have ever tried to get rid of a certain portion of fresh butter every day, when you are living in a flat at the very top of chambers in London. Drop it out of the window once or twice, and it is an accident. Three times, and it is a coincidence. Four times, and the policeman on duty begins to think that there is more in it (if I may say so) than meets the eye . . . But what about the fire? you will ask. Ah, yes; but I could foresee a day when there would be no fire. One has to look ahead.

Besides, as I said, I hate waste. As any cook will tell you, the whole art of housekeeping can be summed up in three words—*Watch the butter*.

More months passed, and more pats of vaseline. Every day made an explanation more hopeless. I had thoughts at one time of an anonymous letter. Something in this style:—

"MADAM,—One who is your friend says beware of vaseline. All is discovered. Fly before it is too late. What is it makes the sea so salt? NaCl. Sodium Chloride. THE BLACK HAND."

That would give her the impression, at any rate, that there *were* two kinds of butter. Confound it all, by what right did she assume without asking that I had a preference for fresh?

I have now been in my rooms nearly a year. Something must be done soon. My breakfasts are becoming a farce. Meals which I used to enjoy I now face as an ordeal. Is there to be no hope for me in the future?

Well, there *is* a chance. I shall have to wait until July; but with something definite in view I am content to wait.

In July I hope to go to Switzerland for three weeks. Two days before returning home I shall write to my housekeeper. Having announced the day of my return, and given one or two instructions, I shall refer briefly to the pleasant holiday which I have been enjoying. I shall remark perhaps on the grandeur of the mountains and the smiling beauty of the valleys. I may mention the area in square miles of the country . . .

And I shall dwell upon the habits of the native.

". . . . They live (I shall write) with extraordinary simplicity, chiefly upon the products of their farms. Their butter is the most delightful I have ever tried. It is a little salt to the taste, but after three weeks of it I begin to feel that I shall never be able to do without salt butter again! No doubt as made in London it would be different from this, but I really think I must give it a trial. So when you are ordering the things I mentioned for me, will you ask for salt butter . . . ."

And if that fails there remains only the one consolation. In three years my lease is up. I shall take a new flat somewhere, and on the very first day I shall have a word with the new housekeeper.

"By the way," I shall say, "about the butter . . . ."

MUSICAL NOTES.

SIGNOR MARMOSETTI's farewell recital drew an enormous crowd to the Bluthstein Hall last Saturday. As is well known, the famous pianist has decided to retire to the tropics for three years in the company of Professor GARNER and Mr. MUNKITTRICK, in order to perfect his facial technique by close observation of the simian denizens of that remote and almost impenetrable region. The precise spot where he will pitch his tent is not yet officially announced, but there is good reason to believe that it will be somewhere in the dependency of Orangia-Outangia, where the facilities for anthropo-pithecoid study are altogether exceptional. Signor MARMOSETTI's greatest triumph last Saturday was achieved in CHOPIN's Study on the black keys, the impressiveness of which was greatly enhanced by the performer's liberal use of burnt cork. As an *encore* he climbed on to the top of the piano, cracked and ate several nuts, and threw the shells to his admirers, who were moved to tears by his exquisite con-

Indeed Mr. JAMRACH, jun., who attended the performance, is reported to have declared that in the whole course of his professional career he had never witnessed a more perfect imitation.

Our esteemed and veracious contemporary *The Tribune* has been giving some intensely interesting details as to the equestrian feats performed by Frau VOGL and her horse in the last Act of *Götterdämmerung*:—"When *Brünnhilde* cried, 'Here, Grane, greet our friend,' he became restive, snorted, and pawed the stage. At the moment she sang 'Siegfried, with a last blessing I greet thee,' without receiving the least sign, and always at the same bar of the music, the horse made ready, veered round, and galloped straight across the stage towards the burning logs. Gripping his mane, Frau VOGL leapt on his back, and in a moment horse and rider disappeared among the rising flames." In this context it may be worth noting that by the kind permission of the Editor of *The Spectator*, the part of the *Waldvogel* in *Siegfried* will be played and sung at the next cycle by an extraordinarily talented semi-Bombay Duck which has long been one of the most attractive features of the palatial office in Wellington Street. A photograph of this gifted and ingratiating fowl, which has been coached in her part by Mr. PERCY PITT and Mr. WADDINGTON, the chorus trainer of the opera, appears in the current issue of *Home Quacks*.

The advent of M. KOLOKOTRONIS, the celebrated armless klephtic conductor, has naturally excited the keenest interest in musical circles. M. KOLOKOTRONIS showed remarkable talent as a child, and had already achieved success as a pianist when he was deprived of both arms while experimenting with a steam-piano. Being a man of exceptional physique and agility it occurred to him that though the avenues to fame were closed to him as an instrumental performer, he might still achieve distinction as a conductor; and his confidence has been abundantly justified by results. M. KOLOKOTRONIS dispenses entirely with a bâton; he stands firmly on his left leg and conducts with the right, his appearance presenting a curious resemblance to that of a flamingo. Born in Arcadia some thirty-five years ago, he studied successively under M. PAPADIAMANTOPOULO in Athens and M. TASSILO HUNYADI in Buda Pesth. His mother was a Koutso-Vlach, and he lately married a heiress who draws a princely income from cobalt mines in the Blue Alsatian mountains. M. KOLOKOTRONIS speaks several languages and is a man of most generous disposition, though, as he wittily remarks, he never puts his hand into his pocket.



Don Desperado. "WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS?"
Jones. "I'D BE ASHAMED TO TELL YOU."

A decidedly painful impression was created by Mr. FRANZ PITT-RIVERS at the last of his series of Chamber Concerts on Thursday evening. Mr. PITT-RIVERS, who has hitherto been justly regarded as one of the leaders of the modern anti-melodic school, introduced a new quintet of his own composition which is not only laid out on orthodox lines, but, in the choice phrase of the musical critic of *The Outlook*, "is replete with the most tasteful and acceptable melody." We understand that this deplorable recidivism on the part of Mr. PITT-RIVERS has already elicited a scathing denunciation from the scarifying pen of Mr. CECIL KELTIE, the redoubtable hierophant of the Neo-Ossianic school.

The recent election of Sir HUBERT PARRY to the Royal Yacht Squadron has naturally caused a great explosion of nautical and aquatic ardour at the Royal College of Music. Sir CHARLES STANFORD—who has for several years been Vice-Commodore of the Round Pond Model Yacht Club—has purchased a fine 14-in. submarine fitted with a periscope, gyroscope and benzoline ball-bearings. Sir WALTER PARRATT has had sliding seats fitted to the organ in the concert-hall; Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has had the conductor's room at the Albert Hall fitted up like a captain's cabin; a tromba-marina has been added to the College orchestra; and sea-kale is now included in the vegetables reared in the sumptuous College kitchen-garden.



R. A. M. C.

Principal Medical Officer. "NOW, MY MAN, I WANT YOU TO PUT YOUR FINGER ON ONE OF THE ARTERIES IN YOUR NECK." *(No answer.)* "WELL, THERE *ARE* SOME ARTERIES IN YOUR NECK, I SUPPOSE, AREN'T THERE?"

Canny Volunteer (who has heard the last man badly cornered). "WELL—THERE 'S SOME AS *THINKS* THERE IS!"

ODE TO A GENUINE ANTIQUE.

["A tortoise, a native of Seychelles near Madagascar, but now residing in Mauritius, is said to have reached the respectable age of 236."]

SOUND testimonial to tropic air!
Undamaged dotard of an alien clime!
Hoary testudo! who (unlike the hare)
Remain contented with a slowish time—
What legends that impermeable hide
That holds your headpiece in a handy slit
(If they were printed on the top) would tell
Of leaf-fringed savages who worshipped it,
Or vowed to scoop the esculent inside,
And strum, like Hermes, on the hollowed shell!

Played 'cellos may be sweet, but sweeter still
The live Chelonian; therefore, brute, breathe on!
I do not say for ever, but until
Ensuing notice: more of that anon—
And if, beneath the trees, you have some mate,
Some well-matured, contemporary fair,
Prolong your joys, or if (as well may be)
The girl has predeceased you, laugh at Fate;
Re-marry! Female Platysternidæ
Are much alike, and not, I fancy, rare.

Thrice happy vertebrate! that need not shed
Your winter clothing when the Spring is due,
But wear an osseous carapace instead,
Completely rainproof and as good as new.
More happy mind, whose retrospective ken
Surveys a bicentenary of frogs
For ever hunted for your homely tea:
How trivial must you count the lives of men
Concerned with clothes, or lurid catalogues
Of facts relating to the L.C.C.!

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
What care you for your watery kin (poor beasts)
Condemned to figure (but how stiff the price!)
As green consommé in our civic feasts.
What do you know of England, where so much
Of merely human import has "transpired"
Since 1670 hatched you? Come, confess!
Did rumours of QUEEN ANNE's departure touch
Your callow boyhood? Were you greatly fired
By engines or the birth throes of our Press?

Oh, attic-shaped! immobile attitude!
The breed of men by worry over-wrought
Have lost their faculty to lie and brood
For centuries together upon naught!
Cold reptile, that is where you have the pull.
But should your hopes of a millennium fade,
And commerce cut that spine of spirit void
For damsels' haircombs, may some British maid,
Since truth is tough as well as beautiful,
Prefer your solid crust to celluloid!

Something like a Microbe.

EXTRACT from a letter in *The Outlook*:

"Many, many noble sons of Great Britain can loyally answer, 'Yes!' but there are many stutterers who, impregnated with the microbe of Little Englandism, lisp a detestable 'No.'"

"Are we downhearted?" she hissed monosyllabically with clenched teeth.

"No," he lisped detestably, with a slight stutter.



A SLOW-FIRER.

First Peer. "HOW 'S THE STANDING MENACE GETTING ON?"

Second Peer (*inspecting interior*). "WOULDN'T HURT A WOOLSACK. DON'T BELIEVE THERE 'S ANYTHING IN IT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 13.—The years have sped, and much has happened since "BOBBY" SPENCER, standing by the Box on the Opposition side of the Table, artlessly remarked *à propos* of a Bill under discussion, "I am not an agricultural labourer."

The MEMBER FOR SARK is the pleased possessor of a pen-and-ink sketch made on the spot by FRANK LOCKWOOD, presenting the Member for Mid-Northamptonshire in smock-frock, hobnail boots, round felt hat, a crook carried in his right hand indicating the business of a shepherd. "BOBBY" has passed away from a sphere which one fancied his supernaturally high collar was accustomed to regard with supercilious glance. He is a Peer in his own right, Lord Chamberlain by happy selection, arbiter of stage pieces, preserver of the amity of nations, rigidly regardless of the rights of authors, the profits of lessees, the earnings of actors, and the privilege of the public.

As far as the historic phrase goes, history has by close analogy repeated itself. NAPOLEON B. HALDANE suffered to-night something more than usual in the way of heckling. First thirteen questions on paper addressed to him. Many involved multiplicity of interrogation. Upon each, by the indulgence of the SPEAKER, followed supplementary



APPEARANCES ARE SO DECEPTIVE.

"I am not a Postman!"

(Mr. H-ld-ne.)



WORRYING THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Mr. Morley bravely disregards the Sloppy Sentimentalists, the Pro-Rebels, and the Professionally Anti-British who, among them, would lose India in a week at the best of times.

questions "arising out of that answer." It was under shelter of this, of late untrammelled, evasion of rules governing questions that BELLAIRS and CROOKS pummelled each other across the svelte figure of N. B. H. BELLAIRS having in this fashion given Member for Woolwich one for his nob, CROOKS jumped up for the third time and, with vain assumption of blandness, remarked, "May I ask the right hon. gentleman if he will inform Mr. BELLAIRS——" &c.

This a novelty at the Question hour, promising further to reduce possibilities of its usefulness. A Member not being permitted directly to address gentlemen opposite with whom he has difference of opinion talks at him through the MINISTER. Thereupon gentleman opposite makes retort more or less courteous and requests the right hon. gentleman to convey it as directed. But N. B. H. has not spent long nights in the trenches for nothing.

"No, sir," he said firmly, taking in at a glance the disputants, "I am not a postman."

Business done.—Dreary debate on Tariff Reform maundered adown slow hours of night, yawned through by scanty audience, temporarily stirred by breezy speech from MCKENNA.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Things coming to pretty pass in this august assembly. Threatened by attack from outside, disturbed from within by demands for reform, it is now insisted that the MINISTER in charge of a Bill shall know what it's all about, and shall be prepared on brief notice to enlighten others!

This revolutionary principle enunciated in connection with motion for second reading of measure attractively entitled Destructive Insects and Pests Bill. BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, having spent an hour in puzzled study of clauses, admitted that he could not make head or tail of them. Just when, through the maze of phraseology he thought the way was clearing, he was brought up by a sign-post referring to some Act of Parliament. The LORD CHANCELLOR in sympathetic tones denounced what he described as "this legislation by reference." Lord CAWDOR, accustomed to business habits, invited the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE in charge of the Bill to state in a few simple words what its provisions were.

Had a bomb fallen on Ministerial Bench, consternation could scarcely have been greater. CARRINGTON taking up copy of the Bill wildly turned over the pages. Offered his copy to Leader of the House. Perhaps he would like to say a few words? RIPON hastily shook his head. It wasn't his funeral. Not for nothing was CARRINGTON paid £2,000 a year with the privilege of making allotments of Crown Lands.

In dumb despair MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE looked at CREWE. Been doing very well of late; perhaps he would welcome opportunity of further scoring by responding to CAWDOR'S appeal. CREWE

stared straight before him. Board of Education has its own destructive insects and pests without going in search of specimens in fresh woods and pastures new.

Embarrassing pause followed. Campperdown came to rescue by moving adjournment of debate. This brought Ripon to his feet with pathetic plea that Agriculturalists should not suffer because methods of legislation were archaic. Carrington promised to publish and circulate explanatory memorandum. Whereupon second reading was agreed to.

Then came crowning incident. Having complained that Bill was unintelligible, having failed to draw forth enlightenment from Ministers, having thereupon read the Bill a second time, and Standing Orders requiring that next stage should be taken on subsequent day, noble Lords hurriedly read Bill a third time and declared it "passed."

Business done. — Quite a lot. Having met at 4.15, Lords did not rise till 6.20.

Thursday. — Commons adjourned for Whitsun recess. A meagre week's holiday.

Good in Everything.

The Secretary of (apparently) the "Edinburgh and Leith Shopkeepers' Excursion" is one of those cheerful souls who always try to make the best of things. The Spring Excursion included Peterhead, of which he writes:

"The Scottish Prison Board have built the largest prisons to accommodate over 600 convicts. The buildings . . . give the landscape a most pleasant view."

Such a man is wasted at Leith or Edinburgh; he should live at Epsom.

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of a piano-player:

"All music is alike to the

THE LIMERICK BENCH.

[His Honour Judge Owen, the "Welsh Plowden," burst into a Limerick in his court at Cardiff yesterday. A defendant said he had simply called upon the solicitor interested about some other matter than that relating to the action before the court.

"Oh!" said Judge Owen at once,

"There was a young lady of Cirencester,
Who went to see a solicitor;
When asked for the fee,
She said, 'Fiddle-de-dee,
I merely looked in as a visitor.'"—*Star.*]

It is hardly necessary to say that—in this imitative world—the habit has spread, and already the hearing of no case is complete without one or more recitations from Lear and other writers. For example, in an appeal for damages which turned upon a block in the Strand and consequent injury to the plaintiff's wheel, His Honour Judge Bacon, known as the "Bloomsbury Owen," cited—as a proof of how safe the Strand can be even under the most exceptional circumstances—the verses on the old person of Anerley—

Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly.
He ran down the Strand
With a pig in each hand,
But returned every evening to Anerley.
[*Applause in court.*

Again, Mr. Justice Darling, or "Plowden in a wig," as he has happily been called, has just settled the prolonged difficulty between the Sussex County Cricket Club and Mr. C. B. Fry by quoting the lines:

There was an old man of Bengal
Who purchased a bat and a ball,
Some gloves and some pads:
It was one of his fads,
For he never played cricket at all.



The Triumph of the Old School.

Mr. Ch-pl-n to Miss Protection.—"Well, my dear; we may be a bit old-fashioned in our ideas, but we fairly knock 'em in the suburbs!"

PEACE PROSPECTS.

[It is proposed to extend the principle of the Hague Conference in other directions.]

Disarmament propositions are passing between the Suffragettes and the police, in pursuance of the policy known as cutting down the umbrellas.

County matches are to be decided by a single-wicket match between the respective captains.

In order to keep perjury within reasonable limits, an agreement has been come to by the Tariff Reform and Free Trade parties, on a basis of one falsehood each *per diem.*

It is agreed in theatrical circles that some finality must be put to competition in advertisement among actresses. Carriage accidents and losses of jewellery are to be rigorously reduced in number.

Swimming the Channel and racing for the American Cup are to be decided this year by arrangement in municipal baths; while the heavy-weight championship of the world will be referred to arbitration.



MAKING INSURANCE DOUBLE SURE.

Lady (engaging new cook). "WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU CAN DO CLEAR SOUPS AND SAVOURIES AND THAT SORT OF THING?"

Cook. "NO, MUM, I CAN'T SAY AS I CAN. BUT I'M A BLUE RIBBON, I'M PUFFICKLY SOUND IN WIND AND LIMB, AND AIN'T GOT NOBODY DEPENDING ON ME!"

THE PLAINT OF A PLAYGOER.

I do not sing of music-halls
That draw admirers of the high-kick,
Nor rhapsodise within the stalls
Of theatres that boom the psychic;
Of course, tastes differ, but although
De gustibus non disputandum
I think the ballet far too slow,
And, as for problem plays, can't stand 'em.

Give me the good old-fashioned kind
Of drama of the "heavy" order:
DOROTHY, pale, demure, refined,
And cousin HAROLD who adored her;
The rival with the golden hair
Who swears he shall not wed Another;
Mamma who finds the millionaire
Is after all her long-lost brother.

I loved to watch the villain's rage,
As with a gait that proved him knock-knee'd
He ramped and ranted round the stage,
And swore in accents plainly Cockneyed;
Beneath his spell the stalls grew numb,
And matrons in the pit would tremble
When he declared a time would come,
Or warned his partner to dissemble.

And then the tension of that scene
When, heedless of our boos and hisses,
Sir RUPERT meets the heroine,
And then and there demands her kisses;
One moment more decides her fate;
We hear her voice for help appealing;
When lo, the hero vaults a gate,
And sends his adversary reeling.

And oh, the final, crowning phase
When RUPERT fires that double-barrelled
Revolver at the wings and slays
The village lunatic (not HAROLD);
'Tis here we get an extra thrill,
For, ere the idiot goes aloft, he
Owns he purloined the missing will,
And begs them to forgive "poor Softy."

This is the rich, full-blooded, rough,
Ripe, mellow drama that is *real*,
And though some think it mawkish stuff
It represents my fond ideal;
And ere you scorn my taste for love
Triumphant, every ill surmounting,
Remember, as I said above,
For certain tastes there's no accounting.

THAT remarkable prophet "LINESMAN" was right on the spot again last week with this extraordinary prognostication of the Kent and Somerset match:

"Somerset are a useful combination and there might be a surprising result, but on the other hand there might not."

This, it will be remembered, was exactly what happened.

CHARIVARIA.

JAPAN might aptly be described as the spoilt child of the nations. No honour seems too great for her. The managers of the Earl's Court Exhibition have even made her an honorary Balkan State.

***

Meanwhile the fact that Japan figures in the Balkan States Exhibition is most unsettling to little boys who are learning geography, and they can only suppose that it is the result of the recent epidemic of earthquakes.

***

By-the-by, several alterations have been made in the Exhibition grounds. The most noteworthy is that opposite the Welcome Club. On two acres of ground formerly devoted to entertainments which could have had no connection with the Balkan States there has now been constructed a handsome Italian garden.

***

Fashions change. The Architectural Room at the Royal Academy is no longer the haunt of lovers. Young couples who wish to be alone now board an Embankment tram.

***

So far quite the most interesting of the May Meetings has been the meeting of April and May. It was quite long time before they could be persuaded to part company.

***

The deadly quiet of London is about to be corrected by an improved service of Road Trains.

***

Charity over-reaches itself sometimes. The other day there was a sad disaster at Shoreham by which a number of oysters were swept out to sea and drowned. It is now proposed to open a fund for the relatives. This is surely charity run mad.

***

Miss MARJORIE SLAUGHTER, who has distinguished herself at Eastbourne by conducting an orchestra, has been interviewed. "I go about with my parents everywhere," she told a representative of *The Daily Chronicle*, "but I do have a good time." The "but" seems a bit hard on the race of parents.

As some artists have been appearing at the Hippodrome who hold themselves out to be "The Champion Tree-Fellers," it seems only fair to point out that the Acting Manager of His Majesty's Theatre is the Original Champion TREE Feller.

***

An alarming increase in lunacy will, it is confidently foretold, shortly take place. We hear that there are to be new income-tax forms by the side of which the brochures at present in use will be found to be as simple as *A B C* or *Bradshaw*.

***

The City of London Electric Motor Ambulance Service was inaugurated last week by a make-believe accident, a cab-attendant at the Guildhall lending himself for the purpose. It is hoped, however, that plenty of genuine cases will soon be forthcoming.

***

A remarkable golfing incident is reported from Newark. Mr. HENRY BEEVOR, while playing from the fourth tee, drove his ball into the River Devon and killed a fish nearly 2 lbs. in weight. It is supposed that the fish had been commenting unfavourably on Mr. BEEVOR's game.

***

The reference in the papers the other day to a soldier of fortune who had fought under eighteen flags leads us to caution our readers against an impostor who is making a similar statement in appealing to the charitable. The fellow's story is only true in the particular that he was buried beneath a mass of bunting which blew down during the Coronation festivities in London and had to fight his way out.



Tourist. "WHAT DO THE PEOPLE ROUND HERE LIVE ON, PAT?"
Jarvey. "PIGS, SORR, MAINLY, AND TOURISTS IN THE SUMMER."

THE CHOICE.

THERE were three of us—and a book.

The book had been in the house for four days, and we had all three devoured it from beginning to end.

It began in an ostentatious way with positively brilliant pages here and there, but the end was the embodiment of cheap vulgarity.

One page, however, near the middle, contained something so beautiful that it made us hesitate to characterise the whole volume as worthless.

After a long silence I summoned up courage to remark, "*I* think it's too conventional."

"That's just what I admire in it," cried JEAN; "its very conventionality is the saving of it."

"*I* consider it has a character all its own," put in MAIMIE, "and I think it will last."

"Did Cousin TOM like it?" I asked. (I always put great faith in Cousin TOM's judgment.)

"I'm afraid TOM was in a hurry," answered JEAN; "he merely said, 'Oh, hang the thing, it's all right.'"

"Don't you think it's just a trifle light in tone for a library like mine?" I hinted.

"I must say I wouldn't dare to *look* at it if I were ill," mused MAIMIE. "I think it would get on my nerves!"

"No one ever suggested that it was suitable for the *sick-room*," said JEAN scornfully; "its place is the library."

"By the way," I said, "what is the price?"

"Stiff," said MAIMIE; "four-and-six."

"Ah! that settles it," I said.

And *that* is how it came about that in the end the library was done in "SMITH'S UNSPOTTABLE DISTEMPER."

WE have intercepted a German Telegram which reads as follows:—"ALFONSO PIO CRISTINO EDUARDO FRANCISCO GUILLERMO CARLOS ENRIQUE EUGENIO FERNANDO ANTONINO VENANCIOR—stop—object to disposition of this cast—stop—never heard of VENANCIOR—stop—arrange for my name to be starred in his place—stop—otherwise insist on its preceding EDUARDO—stop—(From) GUILLERMO."

THE FORTUNATE ISLE.

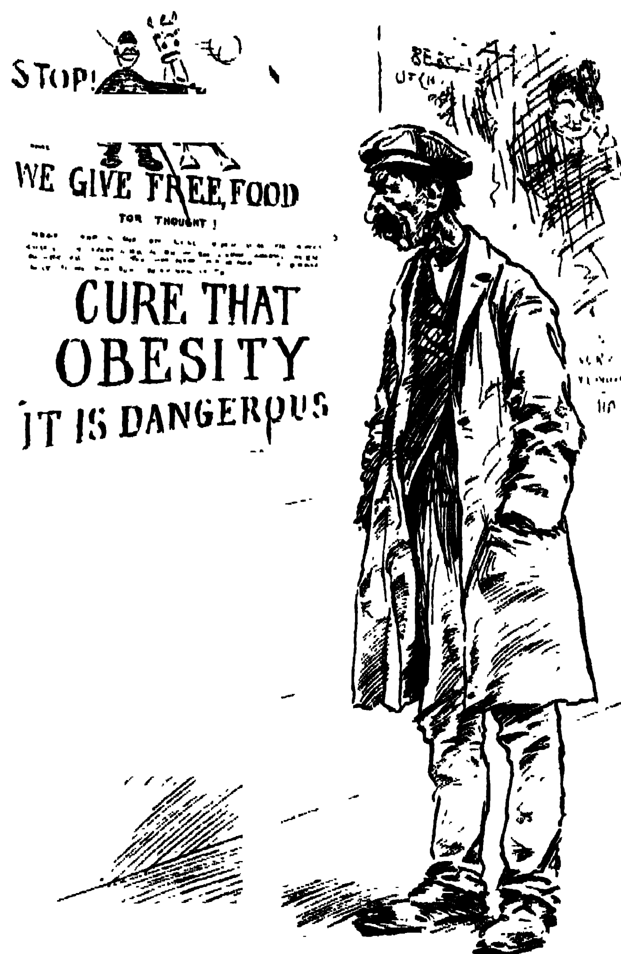
[According to the Report of the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland, the average salary of a head teacher in Ireland is less than £100 a year. "National teachers," say the Irish Commissioners for Education, "should be persons of Christian sentiment, calm temper, and discretion; imbued with a spirit of peace, obedience, and loyalty; not only possessing the art of communicating knowledge, but capable of moulding the mind of youth, and of giving a useful direction to the power which education confers."]

STAY, PAT! Turn again from your emigrant fancies
Of cities of gold at the ends of the earth;
Give over your dreams and your idle romances,
And turn once again to the land of your birth.
The true El Dorado is here in
Old Erin,
The country fools christen the land of distress,
And here shall you find honest merit
Inherit
The power and the place that it ought to possess.
Dame Fortune keeps her smile, my boy,
For the lads of Hibernia's isle, my boy:
Then why should you roam
From your emerald home
If you're after amassing a pile, my boy?

We know, PAT, it isn't your nature to clamour
For over-much toil of the brain or the arm;
For you, lad, the strenuous life has no glamour,
The feverish struggle possesses no charm;
So we've found you a sinecure, Paddy,
My laddie,
A snug little berth where you live like a lord,
And pocket the gold and exhibit
Ad libit.
The virtues which spring of their own sweet accord.
Just be the natural PAT, my boy;
You can't do better than that, my boy.
You've nothing to do
But just to be you
If you're eager to kick and wax fat, my boy.

Your temper, of course, must be even and steady—
That's easy enough with your fine native phlegm;
If parents are trying you'll always be ready
With patient endurance to listen to them.
You will teach all your boys *con amore*
The glory
Of meekly obeying the powers above,
And your warm Celtic heart will rejoice to
Give voice to
The duty of treating the Saxon with love.
You'll never—no, never—let fall, my boy,
Black words of wormwood and gall, my boy.
When Britishers brag
Of their wide-ruling flag
You'll never look daggers at all, my boy.

Of course, we'll expect you to teach—mathematics,
Some physics, perhaps, and some chemistry too,
With history, Latin, French, German, and statics—
But that's a mere trifle, dear PADDY, to you.
This thought, when your pupils annoy you,
Should buoy you:
As soon as you're able to make it quite clear
You're a Crichton-cum-Solon-cum-Cato-
cum-Plato,
Why then you may hope for a hundred a year!
Dame Fortune keeps her smile, my boy,
For the lads of Hibernia's isle, my boy:
Then why should you roam
From your emerald home
If you're after amassing a pile, my boy?



ANOTHER OF LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

An Unwritten Letter.

MY DEAR NORTHCLIFFE,—Everybody remembers your outspoken admiration for my talents at the time of the General Election, and how nobly you boomed me in the columns of *The Daily Mail*, to the great indignation of your own party. To your assistance (under Heaven and aided by the cry of Chinese Slavery, that admirable "inexactitude") I owed more than I can say. Disloyalty, as you know, is repugnant to my nature, and I never forget a service. I trust that after my utterance in the House last Wednesday you will regard yourself as well repaid. Yours very faithfully,

WINSTON.

The Alien Invasion.

"'Queen ELIZABETH and her Court receiving the French Ambassador after the news that St. Bartholomew had reached England' (O. Coope), a striking picture in which the QUEEN is shown pensive after the ambassador had told his dreadful news."—*Cork Constitution.*

A MAN boasting the name "Whistling WILSON" professes (says *The Evening News*) to be able to play the National Anthem and other simple tunes on a tin whistle with his ear. This is indeed to have an ear for music.

"Overcoat of Flesh Dining at any of the GROTTO CAFÉS."—*Guardian.*

SOLUTIONS to be sent to the *Punch* Office. To ensure absolute impartiality, we have decided that Mr. G. L. JESSOP and Mr. A. C. BENSON shall be the judges.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT was a happy thought of Messrs. WARD, LOCK & Co. to signalise the visit of the Colonial Premiers by publishing a new and revised edition of *Mrs. Beeton's Family Cookery;* and as I was prevented from doing the book full justice when it first came out in 1861 I am the more glad to have this opportunity of dealing critically with a work which is already ranked among the classics. The plot of Mrs. BEETON'S book is extremely simple, and it is rather on character-drawing that she depends for her effects—such different creations as a *Loin of Pork* and a *Croquette de Semoule ou Florada* being described with an extraordinary minuteness and attention to detail. The small onion on page 613 would bring tears to the eyes of any mother; but (as is often the case) the writer gets carried away by her own emotions, and introduces us later on to a tapioca pudding which is out of the picture altogether. The author's style is, generally speaking, more than adequate, but I should not be doing myself justice if I failed to call attention to certain mannerisms which beset all Mrs. BEETON'S work. "Bring slowly to the boil" is, for instance, an irritating phrase which recurs on almost every other page. "Bake in a quick oven till brown," "Take a piece of butter the size of a walnut," and "Grease a deep frying-pan," are others all of which may pass muster as epigrams upon a first reading, but (it is as well to speak plainly) they cannot bear the strain of repetition to which the author subjects them. There are several beautiful illustrations in colour, which add greatly to the charm of the book; and I would particularly call attention to an admirable reproduction of the well-known "Whitebait, with Lemon."

Blind Mouths (BLACKWOOD), by BETH ELLIS, is a curious medley of careful plans and reckless *dénouements*. There are two heroines, and only one real hero. There is no villain to speak of. Indeed, you feel quite sure from the start that it is going to be a happy-ever-after story; and you are right. *Bice*, heroine No. 1, the daughter of a large mine-owner, falls in love with *Kit Dent*, a strong Socialist and the agent of her father's miners. They get engaged, and up to this point all is plain sailing. But here the agent develops original characteristics. By all the rules of the game he ought to be perfect in every respect—one of nature's gentlemen—but he isn't, and poor *Bice*, after the first flush of happiness, gets desperate over his badly-fitting clothes and his worse drawing-room manners. The supreme moment comes when the miners, maddened by a starvation strike, break into her father's house in the middle of a fancy-dress ball. "With clasped hands, and eyes sparkling with excitement," *Bice* waits for *Kit* to subdue the surging rabble with a wave of his hand. He fails; and *Bice*, white with indignation, gives him a piece of her mind. "So he left her and passed out into the darkness." However, she takes him back again, he having in the meantime saved her brother's life, so we hurriedly replace our handkerchiefs. The other heroine, whose life is intertwined with those of the happy pair, has an idea for reforming society, and not a bad idea either, but it misses fire, as such things will, and she falls back on the domesticities. So that's all right too.

The heroine of Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD'S novel, *The Good Comrade* (CONSTABLE), is what botanists would call a "sport," and as a good many of her doings are the accompaniments of a quest for a blue daffodil which is really a "sport" it is not at all inappropriate. She comes of a family which is trying its best by just permissible artifices to conceal the gap between the ends which refuse to meet. Her father is an ex-army captain, a luckless gambler, and a weak-kneed upholder of his ludicrously effete dignity. It is to save his name in the matter of a debt of honour that his daughter *Julia* determines to become possessed, by fair or foul means, of the valuable daffodil bulb. Her creed is a queer yet convincing mixture of the laws of necessity, which know no law, and the laws of honour, which, being unwritten, are inexorable. One part of her, indeed, is a rather bad lot, but the other part comes out top, and so the moralists have it. Personally, I like both parts. I like also the charming picture of the Dutch town with its bulb farm, and its staid inhabitants. In fact, I like the whole book.



THE LAST HOLE.

A BANK HOLIDAY IDYLL.

A few years ago a wise, fastidious and somewhat melancholy but always charming book was published under the title of *Idlehurst*. Its author, who calls himself JOHN HALSHAM, has now supplied us with a pendant named *Lonewood Corner* (SMITH, ELDER), in which much the same qualities are to be found, although its melancholy, I think, is deeper. But it has great merit, and could not, as some one once said of a kindred work, be read in a motor-car. To all who want to cool their intellect in this feverish age *Lonewood Corner* is strongly recommended.

The Lodging-House Season.

Gossip from a Health Resort.

"OWING to the gravity of the situation at Marrakesh and the growing insectivity, the French and German residents have, it is reported, left the city."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is no doubt about the heir to the Spanish throne being a fine lusty boy. It took more than forty bishops and archbishops to christen him.

* * *

The proceedings at the annual athletic meeting of the Hotel Employees' Society the other day brought out one interesting fact. Some of the races proved that waiters can hurry when they want to.

* * *

A dear old lady, on reading that several aerolites weighing 5 cwt. each had fallen in the Ghazipur district of India, remarked that these balloonists appeared to be astonishingly heavy people.

* * *

It is perhaps not altogether unnatural that the Irish party should have waxed indignant at the arrest in India of a gentleman named RAJ PAT.

* * *

In consequence of an oversight the rumour has got about that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has become the Mother of the House of Commons.

* * *

As a result of the recent discussion on the question "Does an Orchestra aid Digestion?" a capital innovation was introduced at a banquet the other day. The band played during the more trying of the speeches.

* * *

A London County Council steamboat collided with the Tower Bridge last week. The bridge is blamed, as although the steamboat whistled the bridge refused to budge.

* * *

A pickpocket, when charged at the Woolwich Police Court, explained that he was experimenting with a device to protect the public from men of his trade. The magistrate showed practical sympathy with this laudable aim by ordering the prisoner to be locked up for a year.

* * *

As a matter of fact we know no device so effective in preventing pocket-picking as the old-fashioned one of keeping a ferocious dog in each pocket. Any prying finger is then promptly bitten off.

Owing to drastic measures taken in consequence of an epidemic of hydrophobia the town of Cynthiania in Indiana is now without a single dog. The news, we understand, has created immense excitement in feline circles, and nervous cats from every quarter of the American Continent are said to be flocking into the town.

* * *

A "Fun City," in the style of Coney Island, is to be built near Shoreham. Suggested title: Coney Hatch.

* * *

Printers' Pie is rich in humour this year, and those who love a laugh should on no account miss an article by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX entitled, "Some Royalties I know." We are sorry, however, to gather that this pet of the Crowned Heads of Europe takes a pessimistic view of them. "Emperors and kings are, after all, ordinary mortals, very much like ourselves," says Mr. LE QUEUX.

* * *

"I know of two Prime Ministers who have read *Public Opinion* regularly," says *The Daily News*. We know of at least one who has mis-read it.

* * *

A "Curio Club" has just been formed. This must not be confused with the National Liberal Club.

"WANTED, Farmer's Son, from 16 to 18, to assist master, help milk a few cows; treated as one."—*Western Morning News.*

RATHER brutal, we think.



Tommy. "DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF BABY TAKES ALL HIS MEDICINE AT ONCE?"
Baby's Mother (in horror). "GOOD HEAVENS! OF COURSE IT DOES!"
Tommy. "BUT IT HASN'T MADE ANY DIFFERENCE."

HOW TO LOOK FIFTY AT TWENTY-FIVE.

BY HYGIENE CANDOUR.

(*With acknowledgments in the usual quarter.*)

WHAT are the qualities in a man that appeal to the softer sex? Not the callow inexperience of youth, but the riper aspect of mature and well-seasoned manhood. How to look old is the burning question of the day, and the following hints may be found serviceable.

Five or six hours' hard work with the Indian clubs every morning will be sufficient, even in the robustest cases, to produce that interesting air of having toiled and suffered which so captivates the heart of Eve.

After this, lift a couple of 50-lb. dumb bells briskly above the head. The result of this exercise will be found to be a slight but interesting stoop, very different from the idiotic springy carriage of the ordinary young man.

Do not eat. Nothing gives a man such a shallow boyish appearance as this foolish and pernicious habit.

Personal Appearance.

Cultivate a slow mournful smile. This is best obtained by nightly applications of the patent Ustosmilo headstrap, which cannot come off.

Avoid a luxurious superfluity of hair: use a strong iron-toothed comb, and buy a bottle of Detacho or some other competent depilatory.

In conclusion, the following two recipes may be found useful:—

1. To flatten the face, stand lightly on the toes and bend forward with hands on hips until the nose nearly touches the floor. Then by a succession of quick forward movements bring the former into sharp contact with the latter without altering the position of the feet.

2. To increase waist-measurement, wear one or more large sand-bags beneath the waistcoat.

A brief observance of these simple rules will secure for the veriest stripling the amatory triumphs and social *éclat* usually reserved for middle age.

TO THE NEW "FATHER OF THE HOUSE."

[The Prime Minister has succeeded to the above title, having sat in the Commons for thirty-nine consecutive years.]

Hail! Father of an offspring more profuse
Than hers who habited the fabled Shoe;
In whom the House acclaims a second Zeus,
An Abram No. 2!

Others by graduated steps acquire
Paternal merit; you, by Time's mere nod,
At once attain distinction as the sire
Of some 600 odd.

Yet not by sudden chance you win our cheers.
Worse boredom none alive has undergone;
You've sat for Stirling nine-and-thirty years
Steadily, on and on.

And now I picture you with cheeks aflame,
While all your progeny, a serried mass,
Rises to bless you by the sainted name,
Paterfamilias!

Homage already you have freely had
As the embodiment of Abstract Law,
And now to formal deference they will add
A touch of filial awe.

See you deserve it well! Be warned of her,
The Lady I alluded to above,
Who through embarrassment was apt to err
Against parental love.

Surfeit of children scared her soul with wrath,
And she would send them soundly whipped to bed,
Their little stomachs flatulent with broth,
Hollow for lack of bread.

But you—be gentle even as you are strong;
Show to your sons the reverence due to youth,
Shoving them firmly, from behind, along
The painful path of Truth.

And in your heart these memoranda keep:
To woo with words is safer than to whack;
Give fatherly advice; then fall asleep,
In case they answer back.

So when upon a new Æneid's page
You've earned a claim to have your title starred—
Pater et Pius—gladly I'll engage
To be your epic bard. O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

Servants' Letters.

In novels and stories there are dialects conventionally appropriated to servants; and it may be admitted that these are occasionally spoken by those to whom literature has thus assigned them. The chief varieties are two—the first being that in which the "h's" are always omitted, the other that in which they are invariably prefixed where the nature of the word would have preferred to omit them. The first of these is the ordinary language, and I have often heard it; the second is more rare, but it exists. Generally, when I have heard it used, it has been by upper servants or by those who, having ceased to be servants, have taken to the letting of lodgings in seaside resorts frequented by the nobility and gentry. I am therefore led to believe that this special variety, which blows out improper and displaced aspirates as from a powerful pair of bellows, is affected because it is supposed to be a mark of gentility, an evident proof, too clear for any sort of question, that one has moved in the society of the great and rich and polished—that, in fact, one need not shrink from casual conversation with a belted earl if only one pronounces him vigorously as a hearl. The proprietor and the parlour-maid of some lodgings in Brighton in which it was once my privilege to be domiciled (merely to have lived in them would have been feeble and almost proletarian) exercised this terrible habit with a remorseless ferocity. They never failed to fill the sitting-room, as it were, with conversational draughts. Certainly their honour and their honesty began with a louder emphasis than those to which we are accustomed.

It is, however, unwise to infer the letters of servants from their talk. I remember a certain Mary Pritchard who spoke much as the servants of convention are supposed to speak. Her letters were another pair of sleeves. In these her imagination had full scope, and her style had been modelled on reminiscences of grandiloquence culled from *The Family Herald* or *Bow Bells*. Once, during an absence of the family, she wrote of some fur cloaks that had been put away for the summer and had just been restored by her to the light of day: "The cloaks," she said, "were a living mass of creeping Insects, and the fur entirely eaten off the skin. In a little more time the whole house would have been filled with these devastating creatures on the Wing in search of Pastures New. I beg to return many thanks for the kind interest you are pleased to take in my comfort. But, as there is a bed in the Pantry, I was in hopes you might allow me to sleep there whilst I filled the office of Butler and carried out the functions appertaining thereto, as it is downstairs and will do very well when I have cleaned and aired the place. I will take care to have the girl's room nicely furnished when she comes. I am happy to say I find Johns (the cook) enters with great good will into all the *minutia* [she had underlined this overwhelming word] and does her share of all the drudgery of cleaning."

It must be confessed that most servants' letters are not on this exalted plane. For the most part they are simple statements of fact expressed in the smallest possible number of words, without any vain and ostentatious attempt at punctuation. An English keeper once reported to me the progress of the birds. "Everything," he wrote, "shos that we shall get a good hed of birds there is some foxes in the big wood Jim and Harry and me catched a poacher two nights ago he came up to-day and got the usuerl hopping this finds all well as it leaves me with a bad cold your humble servant William Glen."

I was formerly acquainted with a housekeeper whose conversation was a perpetual joy. Not even Dickens could have surpassed some of her choicest sayings. She declared of marriage that she "wouldn't marry a undertaker, not if 'is 'air was 'ung with diamonds," and on occasions of suddenness and surprise she always affirmed that "to come on me like that all of a nonplush makes my inside work like gingerbeer." But her letters were mere nothings, bald and unconvincing statements of disjointed facts. It was for her talk that she reserved the sprightly runnings. Yet she expressed contempt for the literary shortcomings of a youthful assistant who, while on a short holiday, had written to her. "Poor thing," she said, "you can't expect much of 'em. It's the Board Schools ruins them nowadays."

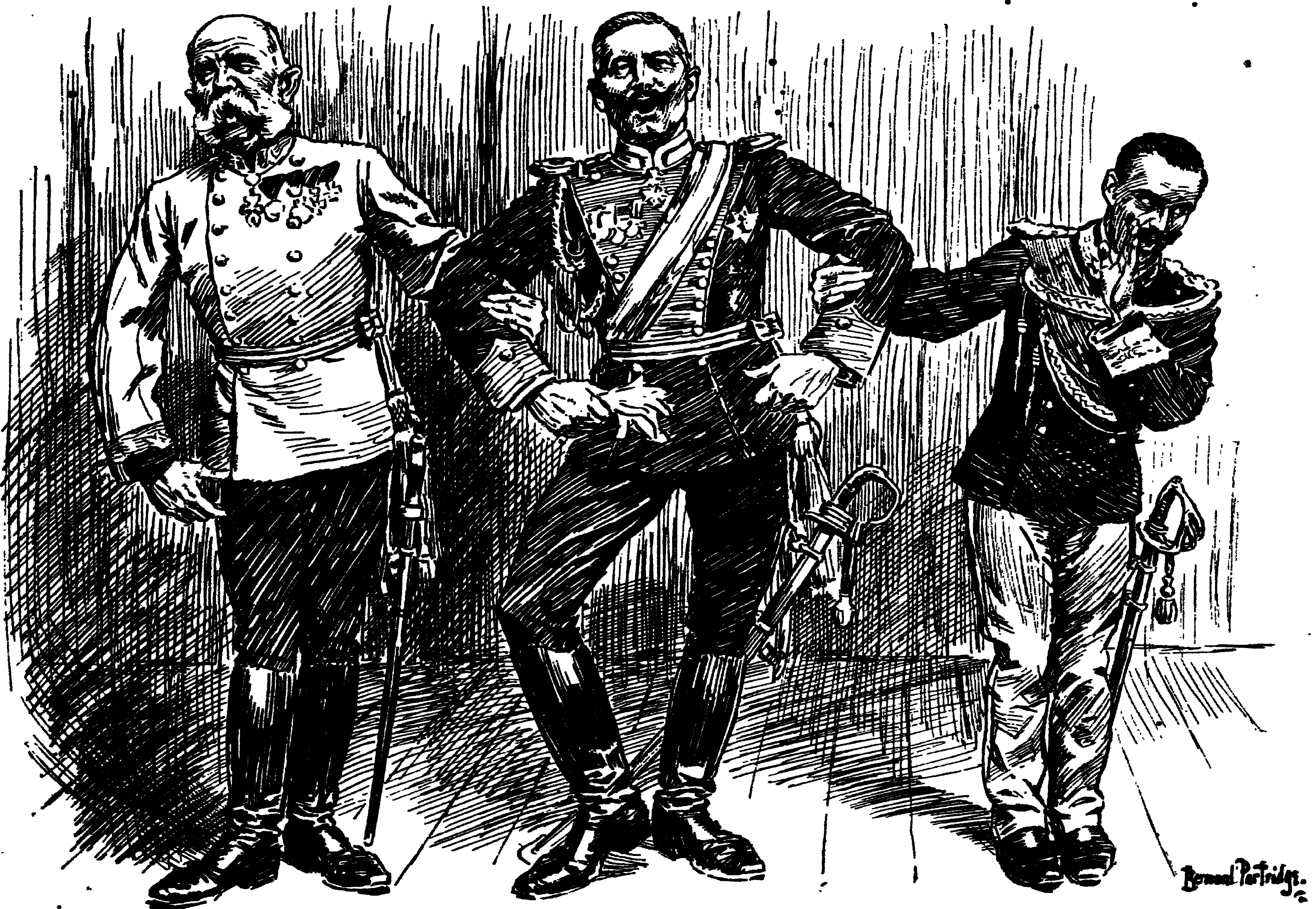
The Economy of Kings.

"If you wish to accept the advice of Royalty, as given in their practice, write to-day for the free bottle of ——."

Advt. in *Daily News*.

"When it comes to big feet the Australian F. H. Walters carries off the palm."—*The People.*

We commend this statement to chiropodists and other professors of palmistry.



A SEMI-JUBILEE.

Germany (*con brio*). "WE ARE A HAPPY FAMILY—WE ARE!" Austria (*piano*). "We are!" Italy (*dubioso*). "We *were!*"

[The "Triple Alliance" has just reached its twenty-fifth anniversary.]



ORGANISATION.

(Overheard at a small race meeting under local control.)

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' TO WIN THE FIRST RACE?"

"IT AIN'T SETTLED YET; BUT I'LL TELL YOU AFTER THE STEWARDS' MEETING."

MY COMFORTER.

[The experts of both sexes who affect to understand the rearing of the young are waging an active campaign against the baby's "comforter."]

GREY bachelors who theorize with zeal,
And wrinkled maids who *know* but never *feel*,
We pray you to allow us to retain
The only solace of our baby pain.

Weak, helpless targets of experiment,
We have no power to argue or dissent;
But, if of comforters we are bereft,
What in the name of conscience have we left?

The full-grown male when in misfortune's gripe
Obtains alleviation through a pipe;
And, when a woman's star is clouded, she
Drowns disappointment in a cup of tea.

If grown-up creature comforts such as these
Can soothe your nerves to pleasurable ease,
You ought to understand the calm that comes
When "comforters" assuage our throbbing gums.

How can your small annoyances compare
With all the miseries that babies bear——
Tight strings, warm hugs, strange faces void of charms,
Internal pains and vaccinated arms?

Then reinstate this balm that you have banned,
Or our appeal shall echo through the land;
In every home we'll advertise our plight
Not only day by day, *but night by night.*

The Seventh Wave.

"PINEWOOD HOUSE. The ideal place for picnics, &c. Strictly Temperance. Sundays excepted."—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

BACHELOR DAYS.

II.—THE WASHING.

OF course it is quite possible to marry for love, but I suspect that a good many bachelors marry so that they may not have to bother about the washing any more. That, anyhow, will be one of the reasons with me. "I offer you," I shall say, "my hand and heart *and* the washing; and, oh, *do* see that six table-cloths and my footer shorts don't get sent *every* week."

We affect Hampstead for some reason. Every week a number of shirts and things goes all the way out to Hampstead and back. I once sent a Panama to Paris to be cleaned, and for quite a year afterwards I used to lead the conversation round to travel, and then come out with, "Ah, I well remember when my Panama was in Paris . . . ." So now, when I am asked at a dance, "Do you know Hampstead at all?" I reply, "Well, I only know it slightly myself; but my collars spend about half the year there. They are in with all the best people."

I can believe that I am not popular in Hampstead, for I give my laundress a lot of trouble. Take a little thing like handkerchiefs. My rooms, as I may have mentioned, are at the very top of the building, and there is no lift. Usually I wait till I am just out into the street before I discover that I have forgotten my handkerchief. It is quite impossible to climb all the stairs again, so I go and buy one for the day. This happens about three times a week. The result is that nearly all my handkerchiefs are single ones—there are no litters of twelve, no twins even, or triplets. Now when you have a lot of strangers in a drawer like this, with no family ties (or anything) to keep them together, what wonder if they gradually drift away from each other?

My laundress does her best for them. She works a sort of birth-mark in red cotton in the corner of each, so that she shall know them again. When I saw it first I was frightened. It looked like the password of some secret society.

"Are there many aliens in Hampstead?" I asked the housekeeper.

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, look here what I found on my handkerchief. That's a secret signal of some sort, you know, that's what it is. I shall get mixed up in some sort of anarchist row before I know where I am. Will you arrange about getting my clothes washed somewhere else, please?"

"That's because you haven't got your name on it. She must mark them somehow."

"Then why doesn't she mark them with my name? So much simpler."

"It isn't her business to mark your clothes," said the housekeeper.

That, I suppose, is true; but it seems to me that she is giving us both a lot of unnecessary trouble. Every week I pick out this decorative design with a penknife, and every week she works it in again. When you consider the time and the red cotton wasted, it becomes clear that a sixpenny bottle of marking-ink and a good quill pen would be cheaper to her in the long run.

But then she has a weakness for red cotton. The holes in the handkerchiefs she works round with it. I never quite understand why. To call my attention to them, perhaps, and to prevent me from falling through. Or else to say, "*You* did this. I only washed up to the red, so it can't be *my* fault."

If I were married and had a house of my own, there would be no man below; consequently he wouldn't wear the absurd collars he does. I get about two of them a week (so even red cotton is not infallible); and if they were the right size and a decent shape I shouldn't grumble so much. But I do object to my collars mixing in town with these extraordinary things of his. At Hampstead, it may be, they have to meet on terms of equality, more or less; force of circumstances throws them together a good deal. But in town no collar of mine could be expected to keep up the acquaintance. "You knew me in Bath," I can imagine one of his monstrosities saying; and, "When I am in Bath I shall know you again," would be the dignified reply of my "16-Golf."

Collars trouble me a good deal one way or another. Whenever I buy a new dozen, all the others seem suddenly to have become old-fashioned in shape and of the wrong size. Nothing will induce me to wear one of them again. They get put away in boxes. Covered with dust, they lie forgotten.

Forgotten, did I say? No. The housekeeper finds them and sends them to the wash. About a month later she finds them again. She is always finding clothes which have been discarded for ever, and sending them to the wash.

The mistake is that we have not yet come to an agreement as to what really *is* to go to the wash, and what isn't. There is a tacit understanding that everything on the floor on Monday morning is intended for Hampstead. The floor is the linen-basket. It seemed a good idea at the time, but it has its faults. Things get on to the floor somehow which were never meant for the North-West. Blankets, and parts of a tweed suit, and sofa cushions. Things have a mysterious way of dropping. Half-a-dozen pairs of white flannel trousers dropped from a shelf one December. A pair of footer shorts used to go every week—a pair which I would carefully put down to take the bath water when I had finished with it. I wonder what those shorts thought they were doing. Probably they quite fancied themselves at football, and boasted about the goals they shot to companions whom they met at Hampstead.

"You're *always* here!" a pair of local Wanderers would say.

"My dear man, I play so hard, I don't care how dirty I get."

The irony of it!

But, worst of all, the laundry book! Every week the housekeeper says to me, "Would you pay your book now, as it's been owing for a month?" And every week I pay. That sounds absurd, but I swear it's true. Or else the weeks go very quickly.

And such amounts! Great ninepences for a counterpane or a table-cloth or a white tie. Immense numbers of handkerchiefs, counting (apparently) twelve as thirteen. Quaint hieroglyphics, which don't mean anything but seem to get added in to the price. And always that little postscript, "As this has been owing for a month, we must request . . . ."

And yet they want to put a tax on bachelors!

THE TRAVELLER'S A B. C.

THE June number of the *Alphabetical Railway Guide* (or, *A. B. C.*) is not a whit inferior to its predecessors. It is bound in as tasteful a cover as ever, and incidentally it contains some useful information about trains. But it is for its original humour that we chiefly value this little *brochure*. Lack of space prevents us from quoting at length, but we cannot refrain from reproducing the gem of the work. It occurs on page 143, and is worth reprinting *in extenso*. It is entitled

VICTORIA AND SOUTHALL.

Victoria (S.E. & C.R.)	—
Battersea	—
Chelsea and Fulham	P.
West Brompton	—
Kensington (A.R.)	12.53
Uxbridge Road	—
St. Quentin Park and Wormwood Scrubbs	—
Acton	—
Ealing Broadway	—
West Ealing	—
Hanwell and Elthorne	—
Southall	—

(P. 11.30 A.M. Through Train from Brighton to Paddington, arrives at Paddington 1.10 P.M.)

No one can have any difficulty in getting from Victoria to Southall after that.

MODES FOR THE MASSES.

"That excellent and too-little-read periodical *The Tailor and Cutter* has recently startled its patrons by the publication of a Plate of Fashions for Working-men. From this it is obviously but a step to the "Clothes Letter," already so familiar a feature of certain journals. In the immediate future may we not expect to find something like the following in, say, the Saturday edition of *The Morning Leader?*

From Bill Burge, Roadmender, in London, to Jim Hopkins, of Little Slowcombe-on-Mud.

Dear Jim,—This being the start of what they call here "The Season," a time when the principal streets of London are annually taken up for repairs, I have been so hard at work as not to leave a moment for letter-writing. However, as I know how anxious you must be to hear all the news of town, and especially what people are wearing this Spring, here goes for a start.

First, then, one of the most altogether striking costumes I have observed anywhere lately was to be seen the other afternoon in St. James's Park, where its wearer is employed on the extension of the new processional route. The loose blouse-like shirt, in an artistic tint of faded green, was made remarkably full, and was of some soft clingsome material, probably flannelette, though this I was unable to get near enough to ascertain decisively. It was confined at the waist by a broad buckled belt of maroon leather, which also passed through the upper portion of the trousers. These latter were in a delicate shade of *Eau-de-Nil* corduroy, each leg being caught up a little below the knee by a wee strap of *bébé* leather in the same shade as the waistbelt, the harmony of tone being further re-echoed in the dull-surfaced boots. Neither coat nor vest were worn with this costume, which was finished off at the throat by a loosely-knotted *cerise* kerchief, whose vivid colouring afforded just the touch of *insouciance* needed to complete a singularly effective *ensemble*.

You recollect my enthusiasm, in a recent letter, over the stylish mole-skin cap worn by Mr. Lawrence Irving as *Crawshay* in *Raffles?* Well, it appears that we still go to the theatre for our *modes*, as one day last week I counted no less than five of them in and about the Mile End Road. By the way, Sam Smith, who was with me on the occasion, waxed perfectly ecstatic over the head-gear of a very smart bricklayer engaged upon some building operations in the neighbourhood. The cap itself was severely plain of cut, and quite on conventional lines, the novelty lying in the shape of the little concave toque surmounting it, which, when adorned with its due complement of bricks, has a peculiarly *chic* and becoming effect. Sam insisted upon dragging me off at once to Aaronstein's, in the Broadway, where he purchased an exactly similar one for seven three-farthings, and where, he assures me, you can always be certain of getting the very latest styles at a not too extravagant figure.

My friendship in this matter was fully rewarded by the acquisition for my own wardrobe of one of the perfectly charming Overall Suits which the same firm are now showing at quite ridiculous prices. Mine is a 1907 model, in the new shade of "Navvy Blue" which is rapidly becoming so popular, and will be just what I wanted for drain-work or uncertain weather. The suits are, I am told, made in a variety of sizes and materials, and should you be on the look-out for a dainty but serviceable *en tout cas* of this description you cannot do better than send a postcard to Messrs. Aaronstein, at whose hands country orders receive just the same punctual attention as do those of

Your old mate, Bill Burge.



MRS. BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE'S MUSICALE.

Mrs. B.-B. (the newest of "new" hostesses, fluttered and anxious, awaits arrivals). "I do hope it will all go off well. Dear Lady Lacksiller has managed everything so beautifully. A Duchess and three Countesses coming! Now, Joseph, once more and for the *last* time let me *entreat* you to talk as little as possible, and pray, pray take care of your H's."

Mr. B.-B. "Right you are, M'ria. I'll take care; I shan't say much more than 'Ow-d'ye-do?"

"The running of this car at slow speed on the direct thud is the smoothest thing we have ever experienced."—Advt. in the *Automotor.*

But it certainly doesn't sound so.

ONE OF NATURE'S ARTISTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The eloquent appeal made in the Press on behalf of the Wakefield tram-driver with a superb tenor voice, by Lady CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL encourages me to hope that you may feel disposed to place before your myriad readers the not less deserving case of HOMER DOBBS, a young man in whom I am deeply interested. He is at the moment a sandwich-man at Chowbent. The other day, when on a visit to that famous health-resort, I heard him recite a verse of his own composition, and at once came to the conclusion that he was a poet of the most supreme genius. I therefore brought him up to London, and was fortunate enough to get some of the best literary critics—including Mr. PAUL KEARY, his brother Mr. HARRY KEARY, the famous Japanese scholar, Mr. BART KONODY, and Mr. FULSOME OULD—to examine his compositions. They are unanimously of opinion that with proper training he will equal, if not surpass, DANTE, VIRGIL, MILTON and Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN. I may add that Mr. HAROLD B. BEGG has generously offered to superintend his training for nothing if I can raise the necessary maintenance fund, which will amount to at least a thousand pounds, as several years must elapse before HOMER can be in a position to earn an income by his pen.

Not only must HOMER have board and lodging, but also acquire the art of reading and writing (of which he is at present totally ignorant), as well as the habit of speaking like an educated Englishman. All this will mean trouble and money, and on HOMER's part great application. At present he knows absolutely nothing, but the critics are convinced that, with proper training, he has a great future before him. He is of excellent physique, weighs 12 st. 8 lb., is a non-smoker, and has an unusually large head, his size in hats being 9⅜ in. When I asked him why he had become a sandwich-man, he promptly replied:

> "I don't know any other way
> Of earning eighteen-pence a day."

And when I inquired whether he would like to become a poet he rejoined:

> "I'd like to, but I fear it's hard
> To earn a living as a bard."

No sane person wishes to attribute genius to those who do not possess it, but where it leaps to the eye in this way it would be little less than a crime not to encourage and foster so divine a gift.

Will England help me to save and produce a great English genius that should be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to us and our children's children?

Subscriptions to the HOMER DOBBS Maintenance Fund will be gratefully received by Yours faithfully

CORINNA LÖWENJÄGER.

150, *Swan Walk, Chelsea.*

P.S.—HOMER is now learning the alphabet, and will shortly be able to repeat it correctly as far as H, a letter which causes him a good deal of trouble.

THE DRURY LANE WELTER HANDICAP.

EVERYBODY knows—for has not the Profession said so?—that the Drama is the noblest of the Arts and that Literature is its handmaiden. This ancillary position of the playwright may account for his lack of initiative and the tendency of certain themes (*Musketeers, Nell Gwynnes, Napoleons*, and what not) to become temporarily epidemic. Just now we are suffering from a concerted attack of the Red Indian bacillus. At Drury Lane *The Last of His Race* is a dull, mechanic melodrama reminiscent of *The Darling of the Gods*, but with none of the charm and picturesqueness of the Japanese play. Mr. BASIL GILL, to keep up the association of ideas, is once more the attractive outcast hero: and, once more, his love defers its consummation to a future state, located, once more, beyond a watery barrier.

I confess that I marvel how a more than respectable actor like Mr. LYN HARDING should consent to take part in a play like this, and make a ludicrous figure of himself in the most repellent of costumes. Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Adulola, the Lily of Namabin*, had at least the advantage of being a pale-face on her father's side. I am certain she would never have permitted herself to wear the hideous complexion of her girl playmates. She acted with commendable energy in an uninspiring part that left the audience cold.



Niatawa (MR. BASIL GILL) at the stake.
Dance by the Hop-Scotchee Warriors.



MR. LYN HARDING AS *Sheanagua*, whose squaw has deceived him.

Miss ESMÉ BERINGER showed a sense of style as the faithless squaw of *Sheanagua*; but whether she rightly reproduced the Ockotchee methods of infidelity must remain a matter of speculation both for her and me.

I am not quite sure who it was that was "The Last of his Race." If it was Mr. BASIL GILL I am not surprised, as he started favourite. In any case, the winner's name is left in doubt. It may have been that rank outsider *Lonawanda*, who went blind at the post with excess of limelight, and savaged one of his stable companions quite early in the Race. O. S.

P.S.—A correspondent, who has sustained a simple fracture of the jaw through an attempt to cope with the nomenclature of these Drury Lane Red Indians, sends the following gloomy forecast:—

(*From The "Daily Melograph" of May 19, 1910.*)

.... The plot of *The Last of the Polysyllables*, which was brought to a successful hearing at the theatre last night, is simple yet effective. *Timpanigoulash* and *Ulatanalarczul* are the twin sons and co-heirs of *Pongcham Binniboph Weltheinasse Arabiazi*, the theocratic sovereign of the Sesquipedalians. The two young princes are both desperately in love with the beautiful *Paparregopoulosleléthearriu*, daughter of a neighbouring chieftain, whose name we unfortunately have not space to include in our present issue, but polyandry being strictly forbidden in Sesquipedalia they resolve to fight a duel in order to end a deadlock which is convulsing the entire kingdom. The duel, which is carried out with a realism unusual even at the present day, is fought with harpoons in a large tank, and *Timpanigoulash* is pronounced the victor after the seventeenth round.

In a striking interlude *Pongcham Binniboph*, κ.τ.λ., bewails his lost son and indulges in a striking denunciation of the crime of fratricide. The *dénoûment* is tragic in its unexpected intensity.



Master (who has had lawn relaid). "YOUR MISTRESS AND I BOTH THINK THAT THE TURF IS VERY LUMPY."
Gardener. "AH, IT MAY LOOK SO FROM 'ERE, SIR; BUT IF YOU AND THE MISSUS WAS TO WALK ABOUT ON IT YOU'D SOON SEE THE DIFFERENCE!"

The beautiful *Paparregopouloslelethearriu*, on learning the issue of the combat, declares that nothing will possibly induce her to marry a man whose name only contains seven syllables, and retires into a rhomboidal phalanstery. *Timpanigoulash* and *Pongcham*, κ.τ.λ., then fall on their harpoons, and the curtain descends on a scene of universal harakiri.

The performance was in all respects worthy of the play. All praise is due to Mr. DENZIL BULSTRODE for his magisterial rendering of *Pongcham Binniboph*. The lament was delivered by him with excruciating pathos, and his handling of the harpoon in the last scene would have done credit to Mr. FRANK BULLEN himself. Hardly less striking was Mr. AMBROSE QUIRKE's calm and dignified impersonation of the unfortunate *Ulatanalarezul*. The part, if drawn in neutral colours, is of the highest value to the development of the story, which would have suffered severely had the *rôle* been confided to less competent hands than those of Mr. QUIRKE. Mr. KIRBY BODKIN created a deep impression by the earnestness, the sincerity, and the innate nobility of his acting in the part of *Timpanigoulash*, while the small part of the comic shepherd *Borborofuflans* afforded Mr. DAL NIMMO ample opportunity for the display of his unctuous yet sardonic geniality. As *Paparregopouloslelethearriu*, Miss KATINKA JEBB, we regret to say, proved something of a disappointment. Her opulent physique enabled her to render a certain rough justice to the part, but her conception lacked the primitive ferocity demanded by the situation, and the shrieks with which she greeted the news of the issue of the duel left much to be desired, both in volume and poignancy. *The Last of the Polysyllables*, it should be added, is mounted with a tropical splendour almost painfully dazzling to the naked eye, and provides a spectacle of sumptuous and exorbitant beauty. It is decidedly a play to be seen by everyone who is prepared to accept and profit by a strenuous and high-minded attempt to place the elemental passions of savage humanity before a jaded public in their most lurid and luscious light.

Mother of Seventy-Three.

"THE late Mrs. M—— successively married two men of the same name, and was the mother of ten children, thirty-five grand-children, and twenty-eight great-grand children."—*Down Recorder.*

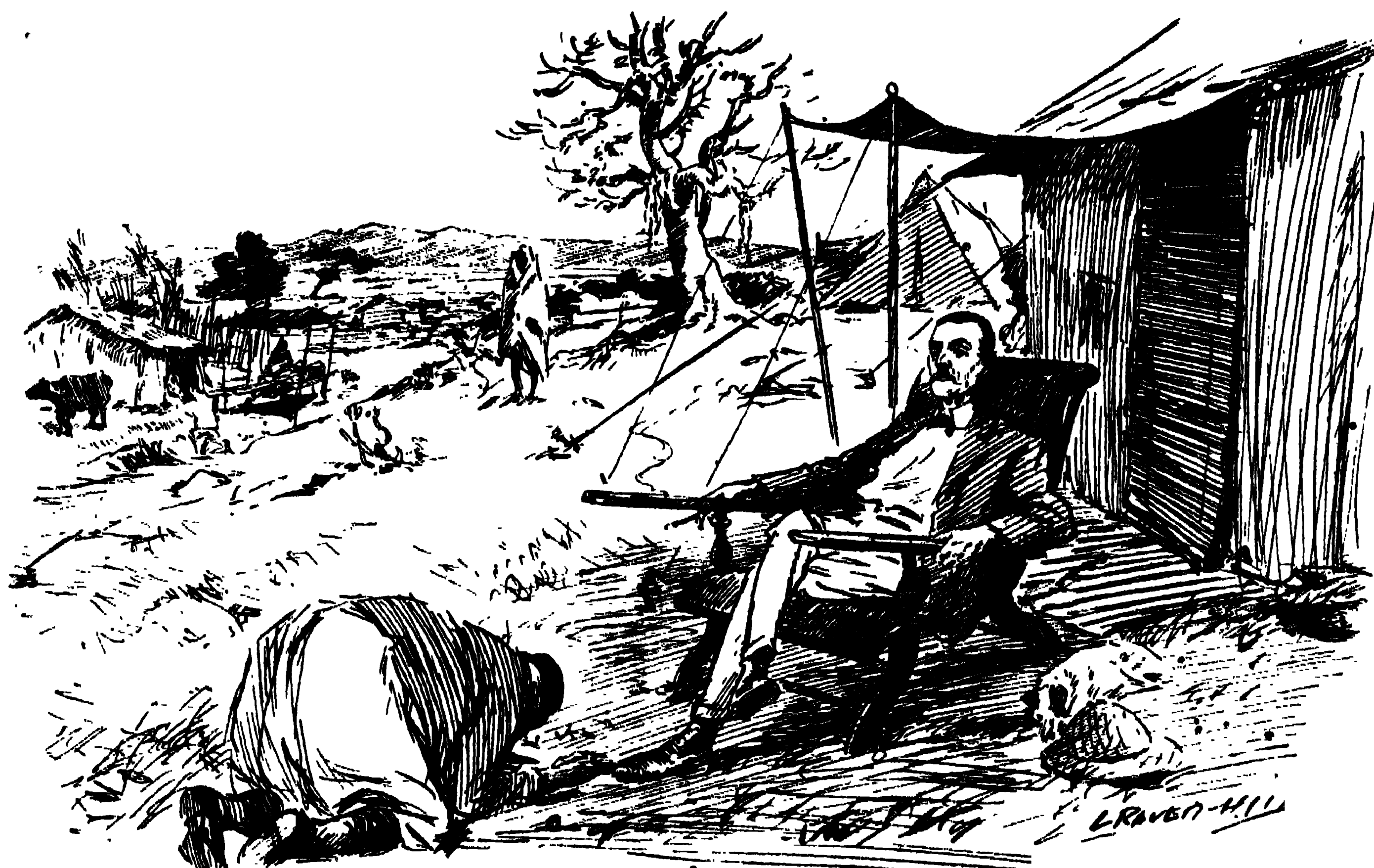
WRITING of the picture of the President of the Royal Academy (whom he calls, appropriately enough, Sir E. J. PAYNTER) the London correspondent of *The Cork Constitution* says:—

"The blend of the classic and the commonplace which is represented by the nude of a twentieth century fishing rod is, however, somewhat incongruous."

At any rate it is superior to the nude of a bunch of grapes and half a lemon which one sees so often.

"ROGERS was born at Windsor in 1614, was appointed organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1664, and was dismissed his post forty years later. There is no record as to the reason why he lost this appointment."
Daily Chronicle.

MIGHT we hazard the suggestion that he was too old at ninety?



ENGLISH AS SHE IS COMPREHENDED.

Babu. "SIR, I BEG THAT YOU WILL TRANSFER ME FROM THIS PLACE. I AM HOME-SICK."
Deputy Commissioner. "BUT AM I NOT CORRECT IN SUPPOSING THAT THIS *IS* YOUR HOME?"
Babu (with conviction). "YES, SIR, IT IS AND I AM SICK OF IT."

TRUE WOMAN IN THE MAKING.

[According to *The Daily Express*, a new University for Women has been founded in Paris by Mme. BRISSON. The curriculum includes lectures on such subjects as dress-making, hair-dressing and coquetry, the object being to train the students in the purely feminine arts.]

AT Girton our sisters may try
To wrangle, regardless of sex;
They may strive to "evaluate π"
Or master the functions of x;
With dresses and tresses awry
Over *Liddell & Scott* they may pore,
While they cram up their noddles with classical models
And archæological lore.

But what is the wretched effect
On a girl of this masculine plan?
At the best we can only detect
A poor imitation of man:
Her feminine graces are wrecked,
Her forehead grows bulgy and large,
And your angular charmer is robbed of the armour
That nature gave into her charge.

But where we in England are blind,
If we steal at our neighbours a glance,
Once more we shall certainly find
They manage things better in France.
Fair Paris, whose masterly mind
Has proved itself able to train
The feminine figure, can do what is bigger—
Train fitly the feminine brain.

Ah, what a curriculum here
For ravishing girl-undergrads.!
No musty old classics come near,
No dry mathematical fads;
But dainty professors appear—
Nay, do not start back with alarm!
Each one is a beauty who feels it her duty
To teach you the secret of charm.

Here, stately and blessed with an air
That beggars the grace of the swan,
You may listen awhile to a fair
And wise peplological don;
Round her sage professorial chair
Undergraduates eagerly press,
Taking notes while she teaches in silvery speeches
The art and the science of dress.

In the Physical Lab. you shall see
Sweet maidens who eagerly seek
To advance to a higher degree—
Not in Physics, oh no, but Physique.
Capillary problems, *e.g.*,
They study with infinite toil;
They know to a fraction the force of attraction
Possessed by a "front" or a "coil."

Here coquetry-teachers impart
Their skill in the use of the eyes;
Espièglerie, too, and the art
Of feigning delight and surprise.
You will learn to be skittish and smart
Though inclined for a lachrymose flood,
And how to look happy when inwardly snappy
And thirsting for somebody's blood.

And when the long course is complete,
When you reach the desirable goal,
When you've mastered the arts of deceit
And are able to trick and cajole;
When you know how to lie and to cheat
On the latest, most ladylike plan—
The world will acknowledge the girls of this college
As perfect companions of man!

The Little More and how Much it is.

"THE climate of Rio is like that of England, only that there is no disagreeable winter, and for two months in the year it is considerably hotter."—*Sketch.*



HOME-RULED.

John Redmond (*Uncrowned King of Ireland*). "Cease thy twanging. We 'll have none of it."
Birrell the Jester. "But you said you liked it the other day."
J. R. "Just so; but we find that our subjects disapprove of it, and 'tis as much as our place is worth to have a mind of our own."



ELECTION OF OUR LOCAL MAGNATE.

Candidate. "YUS, AS I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, GENTLEMEN, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A SELF-MADE MAN."
Voice (from the back). "BETTER HA' PUT THE JOB OUT, MISTER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 27.—HARRY CHAPLIN back again, bringing his sheaves with him in form of Wimbledon Polling Returns giving him majority of 6,964. Everyone glad to see him ambling up to Table to take the oath, his white handkerchief flowing forth from his breast-pocket like a flag of truce. Thirty-nine years since he, then Squire of Blankney, made the same journey, after first election for Mid-Lincolnshire. On the threshold of a new century he comes back elect of a London suburban borough.

Is it fancy that suggests his locks, instead of whitening after the disaster at Sleaford in January of last year, have taken on a darker hue? However that be, he looks younger than when he parted with us in the autumn of 1905. He walks with the same swinging gait, looks right and left with the familiar comprehensive glance, and means to make Free-Traders sit up.

Business done.—English Small Holdings Bill introduced.

DAMOCLES UP-TO-DATE.

Jam nova diluvies cœlo demittitur alto.

WHEN overhead the airships fly
  In countless swarms by day and night,
And locust-like obscure the sky
  And dim the heavenly bodies' light,
What will the joy of life be worth
To us who still must tread the earth?

How shall we dare to stay at home
  In villa, mansion, flat, or cot,
When shipwrecked aeronauts may come
  Unbidden down the chimney-pot;
And slight mishaps to ropes and gears
Hustle the house about our ears?

Abroad a rain of oil and slops
  Will wreck the smartest hats and gowns,
While anchor flukes uproot the crops
  Or sweep the golfer off his downs,
And grapnels hook up to the skies
The angler hoping for a rise.

When feasters in the ether fling
  From dizzy heights a crust of bread
Or fragments of a chicken's wing,
  To drop, by gravity, like lead,
The deadly hail will penetrate
Umbrellas made of armour-plate.

The bravest warrior of the brave,
  The greatest genius ever known,
May prematurely find a grave
  Cut over by a falling bone;
Or have the thread that CLOTHO spins
Severed by empty sardine-tins.

Since then for us, whose straitened means
  To *terra firma* keep us bound,
Some refuge from these dread machines
  In new conditions must be found,
We'll spend what yet of life remains
In tunnels, caverns, tubes and drains.

Researches among the Poets.

I.—BRIDGE: A REVOKE.

"Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
  While I have eyes to see;
And 'having none' yet I will keep
  A heart to weep for thee."
HERRICK—*To Anthea.*

II.—THE COMPLETE AUTOMOBILIST.

"With that he smote his head adown anon,
And gan to motre."
CHAUCER—*Troylus and Cryseyde.*

UP TO THE NINES.

Tompkyns is a fine billiard player, and I am not a fine billiard player, but I have beaten Tompkyns at billiards. This is how I did it.

At his own hospitable board the man Tompkyns was presuming upon our courtesy to talk to us about his billiards. He did not say outright, "I, Tompkyns, am a fine player!" That we could have borne with patience. And then the subject could have been deftly changed. What he said was, "Of course I'm not a very good judge, but I did so and so the other night." That sort of thing is disgustful—and worse, interminable.

I sat there, musing upon the childish vanity of mankind and Tompkyns, until I heard a voice. It was not the voice of my neighbour, a querulous, heavy man, who kept trying to begin a sentence which Tompkyns invariably nipped in the bud. (I heard later that he had been the undisputed Ping-Pong Champion of Upper Tooting, and naturally loved to talk about his triumphs.) No, it was an inward voice that I heard. I have heard it before upon great occasions in my life. It said, "Challenge this man Tompkyns to a billiard match. I am weary of his bragging. I guarantee that you shall humiliate him in the dust!" I had every confidence in the voice, but for a moment I hesitated. I knew that it meant well by me, but I fancied that it was making a mistake. For, as a matter of fact, I had never played billiards in my life. I had watched people playing, but my practical experience of the game was nil. I pointed this out to the voice.

I said, "I quite agree with your view of Tompkyns. Tompkyns is a maddening man to listen to. I should like to humiliate him in the dust. But do you think that I'm the man to do it—at billiards?"

The voice quite snapped at me.

"You heard what I said! Do you want me to wash my hands of you?"

"No," I said desperately, "I don't."

It was mollified in a moment. It merely demands implicit obedience, that voice.

"Good for you!" it said quite genially. "Tell him you'll take seventy in a hundred, and play him for a fiver."

I gasped. The voice spoke of a fiver as though it had been a sixpence! But I have a loyal nature.

"Tompkyns," I said rather huskily, "I challenge you to a match this very evening!"

He was telling us about his last break. The interruption amazed him.

"But I thought you didn't play," he said doubtfully.

"I do not as a rule," I answered, with the calm of a great nature. "But something tells me that I am a natural player and that I shall surely beat you. You shall give me seventy in a hundred, and I will play you for a fiver."

"Done with you!" he said quite eagerly, and the Ping-Pong Champion looked at me with a doglike admiration in his sullen eyes.

We adjourned to the billiard-room. It was a bachelor dinner. Tompkyns does not care for women. He finds that they are less patient listeners than men. I preserved a massive outward calm, but I was slightly nervous.

Some instinct impelled me to select the thickest-ended cue that I could find. Perhaps it was the watchful but temporarily silent voice.

Tompkyns conceded a miss to start with, and I did the same. His was intentional.

The score was called one, seventy-one. So far I had contrived to hold my own. But at this point Tompkyns did some juggling with the balls, and when he had finished the score was seventy-one, twenty-six. Something would have to be done.

The red was far away, but his ball was quite near me, and hanging over a pocket. I aimed at his ball and it disappeared. Then I aimed at the red ball, and the score was called twenty-seven, seventy-three.

Tompkyns was at it again. He was forty-three before I had another chance. Both balls were at a great distance, and I aimed at the nearest. It was the other ball that I hit. It vanished, but my ball was still full of heart. It came back and hit the red, and they rushed together towards a pocket. They went into it together, and it seems that the stroke was worth nine. The red was put on the spot, and I conceded another miss. But only by a hair's-breadth. Eighty-two, forty-four.

Tompkyns made twenty, in a fortuitous sort of fashion as I fancied, and for a while I adhered to safety methods. Certainly, in several attempts I only once conceded a three to Tompkyns. This might have happened oftener, if I had chosen to play a more dashing game. Tompkyns replied with a chancy ten, and the score was eighty-two, seventy-seven, in my favour.

Then, nerved by desperation, I did it again. I "worked the balls into position," whatever that may mean. What *I* mean by it is that I gave the heavy cue my full strength, and scored another brilliant nine shot. The break was terminated by a safety miss (by a full two inches, but my foot slipped slightly), and Tompkyns, roused to madness, came out with a lucky thirteen. The scores were level, ninety-one all!

The excitement in the room was painful. In the dead silence you might have almost heard the long rest fall. A lesser man would have thrown up the sponge. Tompkyns grinned fiendishly in anticipation of his triumph. The Ping-Pong Champion was pale and despairing. I gripped my massive cue, and the voice whispered "Courage! And give it plenty of stick!"

I wondered what it meant. It was absurd to be technical at such a moment. But I had to play.

Both balls were dim and distant. They were about six inches apart, and I aimed strongly for the space between. It seemed the best thing to do. I do not expect you to believe what happened. My own explanation is that Providence had been annoyed by the bragging of Tompkyns, and chose me as its unworthy champion. I claim very little credit for it, but it is a fact that once again I had a clear board!

When the mists of triumph cleared from before my eyes, the Ping-Pong Champion was grasping my hand, and they were giving brandy to my opponent.

Thus, and not otherwise, did I beat the man Tompkyns.

WANTED—A FLOWER!

Another Empire Day has come and gone, and the authorities do not yet appear to have discovered or decided upon the symbolic Imperial flower. The claims of the Daisy have been advocated by certain imaginative champions. It is the emblem of modesty and innocence, no doubt, but, unless of the Double Ox-eye variety, it would seem to be somewhat inadequate. Meanwhile we are not without other suggestions (rescued from the waste-paper basket).

A Patriot writes: "Our national animal is still, I believe, the British Lion, unless it is by any chance the humbler and more domestic quadruped that is sometimes fabled to assume the monarch's skin. Allow me, therefore, to propose the Dandelion as a reminder to the weak-kneed."

Little Englander declares that, if he has a Preference, it is for Quaking Grass. Why should, he asks, the fiction of intrepidity be any longer maintained?

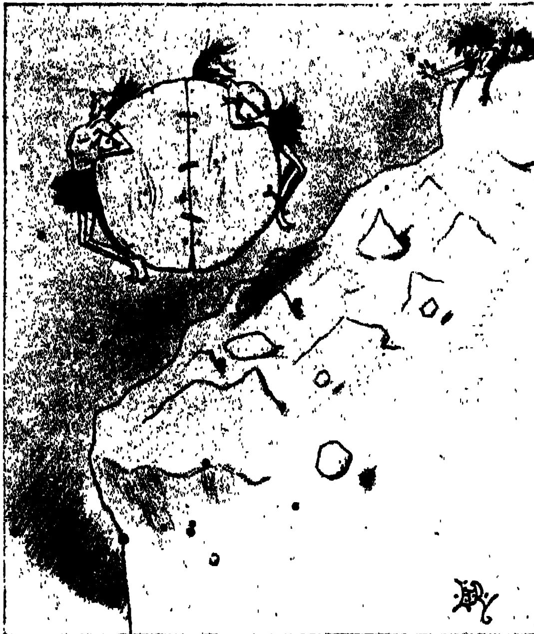
St. George pins his faith to Snapdragon. He holds that it is the mission of the British Empire, and Mr. Haldane in particular, to embark on adventures, to play the knight-errant, and generally pull chestnuts out of the fire.

Socialist says: "I read in *The Language of Flowers* that Candy-tuft signifies indifference. I shall accordingly adopt that plant in future by way of protest against these chauvinistic and uncosmopolitan movements."

A Primrose Leaguer asks: "What's wrong with Disraeli's favourite flower?

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANTS.

Some Suggestions to the Committee of the Coventry Pageant.



Episode I.
The Cycle Industry. The First Free-wheel Tandem constructed at Coventry (Stone Age).



Episode II.
The Cycle Industry. Incursion of the Dhunlwp Welsh. There is a legend that they arrived in "Hand-brakes," then seen for the first time.



Episode III.
Lady Godiva (in her Go-diving-dress). In view of the cold water thrown on the idea of absolute realism in the portrayal of Lady Godiva, why not compromise as above?

We shall be happy to enrol the whole 400 millions on our books of membership.

An Undertaker declares that for a hopeful, cheering and sober token nothing better can be found than the Immortelle.

'Arry votes for the Mistletoe, which he intimates is always in season and completely expresses his feelings.

A New Boer Fellow-subject sends a sprig of the *Wacht-en-bietje* or Wait-a-bit Thorn without further comment than the label.

Colney Hatch is strongly in favour of the Vegetable Marrow, as nobody who sported a twenty-pounder in his button-hole could possibly forget it was Empire Day and all the privileges and duties involved.

Failing these, however, we are inclined to think that the case would best be met by a combination bouquet of the Rose, the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Leek, the Maple-leaf, the Cornstalk, and the Bindweed. Zig-Zag.

"Saying a Good Deal."

"Mr. McKenna is as good a swimmer as he is an oarsman, and that is saying a good deal, for he stroked bow in the Cambridge University Eight of 1887."—*Bystander*.

This comes all the way from Alberta, Canada:—

"Room wanted—by young man of respectable mien, as well as otherwise."

We are glad to hear this, for one cannot be too careful. As the poet says, "Many a respectable mien hides a very different otherwise."

WHAT KIND OF PAPER DOES A MAN LIKE BEST?

GRAND NEW CORRESPONDENCE.

Page 7 of "The Daily Mail," as the Arbiter of Fate.

With a view to getting absolute novelty and maintaining the up-to-date enterprise for which Page 7 is famous, we have employed Mr. Jaw Jar Syms to open this correspondence. Mr. Syms writes in public so seldom, and his opinions are so little known, that anything from his pen has peculiar weight. From time to time other men with views of the utmost gravity on all questions will contribute to this discussion, among them Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Edgar Jepson, and Mr. H. Batchelor Crouch.

THE IDEAL PAPER.

By Jaw Jar Syms.

In an important discussion of this kind it is well to begin by clearing the ground of misconceptions. It is necessary to understand at the very outset what is meant by the word "paper." Is it a daily paper or a weekly paper? An evening paper or a cigarette paper? A wall paper or a fly paper? It would be absurd if all the correspondents of this influential sheet were persuaded that fly papers were under discussion, for such a confusion would tend to decrease the value of their criticism. Let it therefore be said at once in the clearest possible way, that by "paper" is meant a daily paper—a morning paper.

Many of the differences between a morning paper and an evening paper are manifest to every one; but one has need to be a working journalist for many years, like myself, to appreciate the more delicate niceties of divergence. The main differences may be tabulated thus:—

A morning paper comes out in the night; an evening paper comes out in the morning.

A morning paper has one edition only; an evening paper begins with the fourth, and only after many hectic hours reaches its blessed "Final."

A morning paper occasionally tells the truth.

A morning paper is never green and never pink.

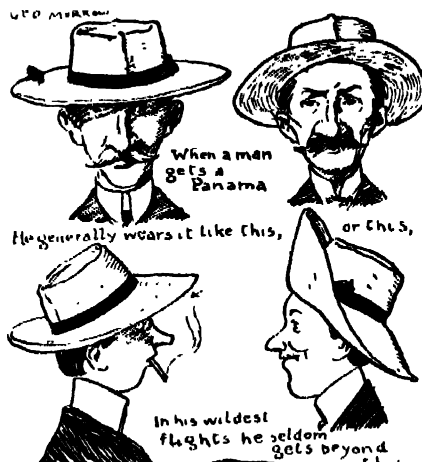
A morning paper is bought at a stall or a shop, and you have to go for it; an evening paper is pushed at you.

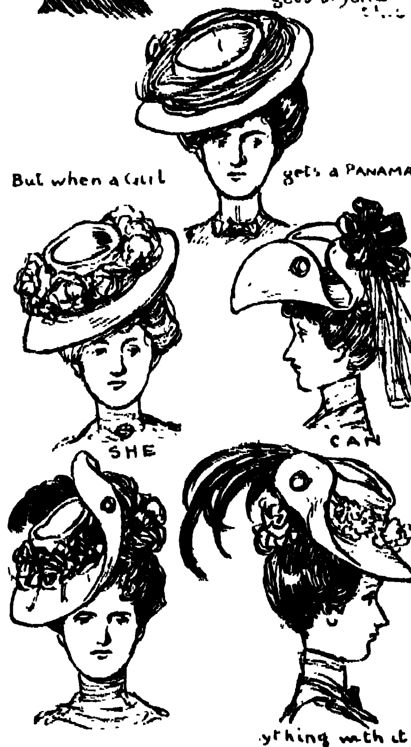
And so forth.

Having said so much, let me return to Opposite-the-Ducks Villa (as I humorously and epigrammatically call my house) and make room for less weary commentators. Jaw Jar Syms.

A Good Judge.

The kind of paper that I like best costs a half-penny, and is not only bright but brainy. It has a new scare every morning, and it asks a lot of questions without giving the answers—such as "Will there be a fine Derby Day?" "Can Yorkshire win?" and





"What kind of grandmother does a man like best?"

Brixton. T. Wilkinson Hodge.

Too Kind.

The kind of paper a sensible man likes best is one that is continually changing its mind. Nothing is so tedious as consistency.

Dulwich. A. B. E.

A Nonagenarian's Little Joke.

Having been born in 1817 I know what I am talking about, and there is no doubt whatever that the paper that a man likes best is the paper of which bank-notes are made.

Ten to a Hundred.

One Who Knows.

I like a paper that understands head-lines so well that you needn't read the article at all. My idea of a good paper is one that keeps the articles under and gives the head-lines a show.

Hove. Surgeon-Major K. N. Pepper.

Not Afraid of his Opinion.

A man, being a reasonable animal with too much boredom in actual life, naturally wants a paper that will continually be giving him thrills. It doesn't matter whether they are well-founded or not; that is immaterial. He would rather have false news than no news at all.

Harrogate. W. Brinsmead Bilson.

Homage to Art.

Before it is too late may I urge upon every reader of your valuable journal to hasten to the Notion Theatre to see Miss Barlow in her charming play, *Young Sandford of Merton.* I do not say it is a wonderful play, but I do say that Miss Barlow is one of the greatest of English actresses in Surbiton. A. L. C.

[This letter got into this column by an error, which was not discovered until it was too late to omit it.—Ed.]

A READER'S GRATITUDE.

(*To the Editor of "Punch."*)

Dear Sir,—I wish to express to you my sincerest thanks. Some time ago out of the kindness of your heart you produced a specimen page of a publication called *Home Chunks.* (Of course you may have been paid for its insertion as an advertisement; but I give you the benefit of the doubt.) My wife and I were immediately struck by its various attractive features; and as a result we have been taking in two or three of the well-known home magazines every week since, finding them to blend instruction and entertainment in a manner truly admirable.

It is from the perusal of the serial fiction that we receive the keenest enjoyment; there is something so original in the incidents and so vigorous in the language. May I quote a few brief passages in support of my statement?

"'Better wear out than rust out,' answered the young man brightly, as he lifted his eyes from the parcel he was tying up to his mother's sweet old face, which now wore a shade of anxiety."

"To her dying day she never forgot that scene. It was burnt in on her memory with the blood-red anguish of love's death-blow."

"Her father was a Russian noble and

married an English girl who died soon after she was born."

"His heart leapt to his mouth as he considered the possibility. But he put it resolutely behind his back."

"It was VIVIAN'S coat! VIVIAN! the only man he had ever felt jealous of hanging in his wife's wardrobe behind her own dresses. Here was the evidence, the foul evidence that was staring him in the face."

"With a short, harsh laugh he thrust his head into his inner pocket and drew out the pocket-book that he had taken from the squire."

In the face of such quotations as these who will say that the possibilities of English literature are exhausted? Certainly not, Sir, Yours gratefully,

A HOME BIRD.

HOW TO READ SMARTLY.

(Reprinted from "The Glass of Fashion.")

THESE notes are not intended to help the literary woman or the student. I leave such to go their own way, for they appear to read for reading's sake, and they are hopelessly unfashionable in their choice of literature. But this is an age in which every girl who enters Society must profess to read, and, what is still more important, *she must possess literary opinions.* Hence there are many of us who do our reading, if I may so put it, as a social duty, and it is to readers of this kind that I desire to give a few valuable hints drawn from my own experience. For many a girl who wishes to be a social success fails because, first, she does not know what books pay best for reading, and secondly, she does not know what she is expected to say about those she has read.

The fundamental principle which the fashionable reader must remember is that it is better, infinitely better, *not to read at all than not to read smartly.* And herein lies a great difficulty. For the fashions of books are even more transitory than those of dress. It is safe to say that the books which are read to-day will assuredly not be read to-morrow. Hence it takes a very clever woman to be really up-to-date. But I will suggest a simple rule. Read any striking book which you hear mentioned within one week of its issue, and never read, or at any rate *mention*, a book which has appeared in a sixpenny edition; for by that time the fashion must have percolated to the lower classes, and it is hopeless for smart use. To take one or two well-known names—BROWNING and TENNYSON, though not published in the cheapest form, are utterly out of date at present. They are too old to be modern, and too modern to be quaint.

You must remember also that a reader's own personal style must be considered. A *petite blonde* with a baby stare should never attempt MEREDITH, though she may look very charming with a dainty Elizabethan Anthology. Anthologies are very useful to those whose purses are not long. They can be made to reappear in a hundred different ways, both for picnics or for evening use. Healthy and athletic girls go well with KIPLING and NEWBOLT. MAETERLINCK needs a very special type of reader—parted lips and spiritual eyes if possible. With HEWLETT you must be very careful. Don't bother about CHESTERTON at all.

SHAKSPEARE is, of course, somewhat *ordinaire*, but there is no doubt that he lends himself conveniently to smart little Reading Circles, at which a *chic* effect can be produced by using single-play volumes bound in colours to match the costumes of the readers. Of course the commoner plays, such as *Hamlet* or *Julius Cæsar*, should not be used; it must always be remembered that SHAKSPEARE after all *is only* SHAKSPEARE and some original feature should be introduced as accessory. It is not bad to say languidly now and then that every time a play of SHAKSPEARE is revived you go and see a new SHAW.

Let me add a few words of advice upon the expression of literary judgments. And here I would most seriously warn all those who wish to excel in literary criticism. *Never dare to express any opinion on any book until you have read one or more reviews upon it.* Your reviews are in fact your fashion-plates. But even so a difficulty may arise. Other people may have recourse to the same review, and nothing is more annoying to a smartly-read woman than to hear a neighbour, possibly quite an inferior person, produce the very criticism which she thought she had made her own. You must try to be in the prevailing fashion, but at the same time contrive, as with dress, to give your views a touch of individuality. This is difficult. I have been lucky enough to get hold of a cheap little woman who once went to Oxford, and who has a university degree, or something I believe they call "an equivalent." She is quite glad to make up all my judgments for me in return for—what do you think? *simply my old cast-off books!* I felt a little nervous at first lest her opinions might be—well, a little too substantial and dull for smart use, but she assures me that she never uses her own personal opinions for me, but that she works up quite different ones to suit my style.

In conclusion I should like to state that I am about to publish a booklet entitled *Labels for Authors*, containing the names of all eligible writers, followed by a list of suitable epithets. These epithets will be revised from time to time in new editions according to the movements in fashion.



SCENE—*Annual Inspection of Volunteer Battalion.*

Inspecting Officer. "AND WHERE, NOW, DOES YOUR DRUMMER STAND WITH YOUR COMPANY ON PARADE?"

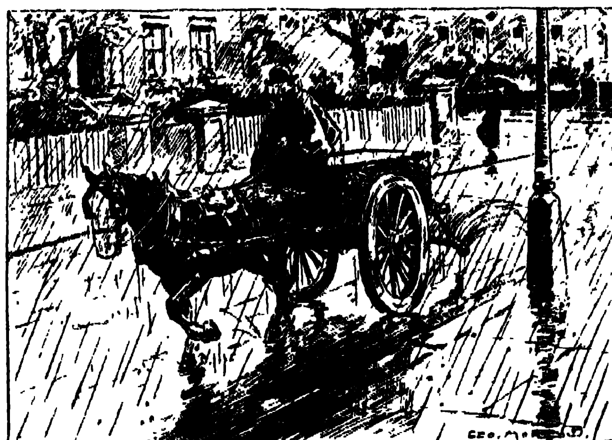
Ignorant and cheerfully casual Junior Sub. (with alacrity). "OH, I ALWAYS GIVE HIM A FREE HAND, SIR." [*Report on Junior Officers, bad.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH that loyalty to his country which is one of the most marked characteristics o Scotsmen, Mr. NEIL MUNRO has selected the Scotch house of BLACKWOOD as the publishers of his Scotch novel *The Daft Days*. And then, also after the manner of his countrymen, Mr. MUNRO has sent his novel south for the benefit of us poor Saxons, just as his heroine, *Bud*, after spending the second half of her childhood in a Scotch village, comes to London, and is seen and conquers as the leading Shakspearean actress of her day. That somewhat commonplace event, however, only takes place in the last chapter. The rest of the book is Scotch all through, and very good Scotch too. The child *Bud* (not to be confused with the "great god Bud") is delightful, and so are the old Scotch aunts with whom she makes her home. Says one of them, "I can get fine cooks that are wanting in the grace of God, and pious girls who couldn't be trusted to bake a Christian scone; it's a choice between two evils." There are many equally pleasant remarks in Mr. MUNRO'S capital book.

The Coward in Eden (HUTCHINSON), by VINCENT BROWN, shows us two brothers and two sisters. ADAM and EVE are, I imagine, represented by the elder brother and the elder sister, who are married, and Eden is evidently the country place where they live. The other brother and sister, so far as I can see, do not strictly correspond to anything in the original Garden. Still, they are engaged to be married, which, perhaps, is sufficiently Paradisial to pass. The serpent, without any doubt, is ADAM'S first wife (compare LILITH of the legend), who, believed to be dead, reappears with many wiles, which have money as their object. Here the Eden idea, which has been getting shaky for some time, ends hopelessly, for the serpent gets drowned at p. 77. EVE, however, has discovered its existence, and she piles up evidence in her mind to connect it with the younger brother. The elder, who is a first-class coward, does his best to foster this notion. Everything comes right in the end—but it is a long, long while about it. There is too much what-a-fine-day-it-is sort of conversation, and the people who indulge in it are not more interesting than they would be in real life. Which is a mistake in a novel.



A WORK OF SUPER-IRRIGATION.

Over the history of Captain COOK there hangs a mist of tradition. Most of us have a pretty decided notion that he circumnavigated the globe, discovered some islands and large tracts of the continent of Australia, and was done to death by the natives in the Sandwich Islands. Several narratives of his life have been written, notably one towards the close of the eighteenth century by Dr. KIPPIS. They are incomplete, frequently inaccurate. It has been left to Mr. ARTHUR KITSON to produce in *Captain James Cook* (MURRAY) a work worthy of his theme. He has made industrious research into all published records, such as the log of the *Endeavour* and COOK'S manuscripts dealing with his second and third voyages, comparing them with logs and diaries written by others, some not hitherto published. The work is, perhaps, distinguished rather for industry than for literary art. Mr. KITSON misses no minute detail about "the ship's sides being freshly caulked and tarred, the ironwork of the tiller overhauled and repaired, more ballast taken on board, the rigging put into thorough good order, and a plentiful supply of wood and water obtained." Reiteration of particulars of this kind is apt to pall. COOK'S story was full of the romance of pathless seas and unknown lands. There is no touch of this in the book, which is nevertheless a valuable, if somewhat stolid, contribution to the biography of the men who made the Empire.

The genuine "Moonraker" believes that no place can possibly equal his native downs; even as "hillmen desire their hills" so he treasures his sudden combes and sea-like rolling plains; also it is his way to wish to keep them to himself and let the stranger go elsewhere. For this reason he may regret that Mr. BRADLEY has written *Round About Wiltshire* (METHUEN), for assuredly no outside reader will be able to resist the peculiar charm of this county so English yet so little known to Englishmen, a charm which his book conveys most admirably. His many historical anecdotes, incisively related, seem more vivid and more easily realised in a country that remains almost unchanged by modern conditions, where the names of the fifteenth century are the familiar names of to-day; and Mr. BRADLEY'S opinion of the rustic will be appreciated by all who know that misunderstood being. Here and there a slight inaccuracy has crept in. The origin of "Try Zideways," in *Mr. Punch's* pages, is connected with West Lavington, not Potterne; a photograph of a Potterne lane has been wrongly assigned to Ramsbury; and, lastly, no Wiltshireman will allow that that best of marching tunes, "*The vly be on the turmut*," should be rendered in any other way than the following:—

> "The vly! The vly!
> The vly be on the turmut,
> It be arl me eye for I to try
> To kip they arf the turmut."

The illustrations are excellent, although the coloured drawings are not so characteristic as the photographs.

There are some people whom Christian Science enrages, some whom it irritates, some whom it merely bores. Many look upon it as the Faith of Faiths, its followers as the salt of the earth, and its prophet, with her "little book," as the first true interpreter of the Scriptures and the riddle of life. Others—the Betwixt-and-Betweens—think, like one of the characters in *The House of Defence* (HEINEMANN), that "these Christian Scientists have got hold of a big truth, but many of them mix such floods of nonsense with it that it is quite dissolved." Mr. E. F. BENSON'S decidedly interesting story, in which the various "claims" of a typhoid-stricken village, a morphomaniac, a *grande dame* whose charity does not begin at home, and an ordinary, sensible Christian woman, are successfully "treated" by a breezy American professor of the faith, holds the balance very evenly between these conflicting views. The moral seems to be that the essence of the faith lies in its Christianity and not in its "Science," and that it can and does deal effectually with moral and nervous affections, but not with compound fractures or organic disease. Somewhat mercifully Mr. BENSON says nothing about the price of Mrs. EDDY'S little book. But MARK TWAIN has said it for him.

FALSE COLOURS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I am that common object of the pavilion, a cricketer with a grievance, and I fancy that you may be able to help me. Briefly I wish you to contradict the erroneous impression which has got abroad as to my abilities with the ball. I wish you to state in your columns, emphatically and on oath, that I am not, never have been, and never shall be, a bowler. Unless you do this, I shall retire from the game altogether; and, *Mr. Punch*, I am sure you would not like me to do that.

But, perhaps, I should explain why I am so anxious to disclaim the reputation which has been thrust upon me; and to do this I must go back to my school-days. At school I got into the eleven as a moderate bat and a keen field; but I was also (if I may say it) the best fifth-change bowler in England. You know, of course, the qualities required of a fifth-change bowler? He goes on when one batsman is eighty-five not out, and the other ninety-one, and his business is to separate them. I used to separate them in two overs. In the first they would complete their centuries; and in the second they would hit out recklessly, and get caught in the deep. I was allowed two overs, because I was supposed to be finding my length in the first one.

My mission accomplished, I would be taken off, in order that the original bowler might get to work on the new-comers. The result of this was that by the end of the season I had taken twenty-five wickets for about twenty runs apiece. Not knowing the facts of the case, an evening paper (I fancy it was *The Globe*) included me next year in a list of promising freshmen, pointing out that I was a "more than useful bowler." It was a lie, but it had its effect. I played in a college match, and to my horror was put on first. First—when I was the best fifth-change bowler in England!

Now, *Mr. Punch*, we come here to the saddest part of the story. I cannot attempt to explain how it happened. Perhaps it was the wind and the new ball which made me swerve. Perhaps it was the extraordinary way in which I changed my pitch without any alteration of action—I could always do that. Possibly the other side too had read *The Globe*, and was nervous. Whatever it was, the fact remains for ever that in the two innings I took ten wickets for thirty runs, and nine of those ten were clean bowled!

The rest of my cricket career at the 'Varsity was one long attempt to live that down. I can lay my hand on my heart and say that I did my best. I never took another wicket of any kind. I never even looked like taking one. Yet in every match the captain put me on for three overs. In the first of these I was finding my length; in the second I had found it; and in the third the batsman had found it too....

"But what is your complaint?" I can hear you ask, *Mr. Punch*. "Nobody objects to bowling for three overs. Most people would be only too glad."

I will tell you. As soon as I began to play cricket I discovered that if I were to enjoy actively any reasonable proportion of a match it would have to be as a fieldsman. The more I played, the more this was borne in upon me, and (consequently) the more keen on fielding I became; until at the time of the awful accident my idea of earthly happiness was an afternoon at cover, on a clear day, with two good men in.

But what happens now? The game starts, and for an hour I roam happily about between point and mid-off. Then the captain remembers that I "used to be rather a bowler." Jones comes off and takes my place at cover. After the three overs Smith goes on. Smith is fielding deep square leg. "*Would* you mind?" says the captain to me. "I expect we shall still want a man there." By-and-by Smith comes off too, but he doesn't return to deep square leg. No, he takes the new bowler's place; while I get shifted round the ropes for the rest of the innings. My whole day's fielding is spoilt.

So there, *Mr. Punch*, is my grievance. I wish to repeat that I cannot bowl. Surely I have given enough evidence of that by now. How many more long hops will it take to convince them? I cannot bowl. I never could. And though I once took ten wickets for thirty runs—

But hush! We mustn't remind of that.



Wife. "Good heavens, John, why don't you *do* something, instead of sitting there comfortably and letting your wife drown?"

CHARIVARIA.

"A bronze coin bearing the inscription 'Claudius Cæsar' has been found at Amberley," says *The Liverpool Echo.* "It is believed to be some 2,000 years old." It is wonderful what some people will believe.

* * *

Varnishing Day is a well-known institution, but Vanishing Day is something new, and Mr. Herbert J. Finn does not like the innovation.

* * *

Meanwhile, we suppose, one must be thankful for small mercies, and, at a time when the only pictures that sell are Old Masters, a live artist must take it as something of a compliment if anyone thinks his paintings worth stealing.

* * *

Says Mr. T. P. O'Connor in *P.T.O.*: "There is no voice in the world which I think so soft with so much of a coo and caress in it—as the Irish voice." We fear, however, that, when the voice of Ireland comes into collision with the voice of the Government, it's usually "bad for the coo."

* * *

Herr Ballin, in an interview with a representative of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, declares that British ships nowadays consist for the most part of second-rate tramps. This has since been explained away, and in any case we do not propose to retort by calling Herr Ballin's Emperor "Weary Willie."

* * *

Prince Edward of Wales is going through his course at the Royal Naval College with absolute simplicity. Even the request of one of our daily papers (conspicuous for its loyalty) that two of its special correspondents should form a *suite* for the Prince was refused.

* * *

Accident, and not necessity, is the mother of invention, declares *The Reader*. When the new Workmen's Compensation Act is in force, invention, we fancy, will not infrequently be found to be the mother of accident.

* * *

"Given the luck that such an aggressive player needs," says *The Sphere* in a cricketing note, "Mr. Hutchings, who is twice as big as he was last year, should a great season." According to paragraph Mr. Hutchings must be well over twenty-two stone, and should certainly need a bit of luck to keep the ball out of his monstrous body.

* * *

Sectional maps for the guidance of visitors are to be placed in prominent positions in the streets of Holborn. It is thought that this will save the police much question-answering. Indeed it has even been proposed that the maps shall be exhibited on the bodies of the more spacious members of the Force. We know at least one rotund inspector admirably adapted for a Map of the World.



"WHOM THE GODS LOVE."

Father (appreciatively). 'Ah! An extremely delicate fish, whitebait!'

Little Girl. "Yes, poor little things! They all seem to have died very young, don't they, father?'

A certain daily paper has been exhibiting in the window of its Fleet Street office twelve baskets filled with letters to represent the number of replies sent by readers to one of its advertisements. We cannot help thinking that the object-lesson would have been more forcible had not the receptacles chosen been waste-paper baskets.

* * *

A convict who is serving a sentence of imprisonment for life at Ypres, Belgium, has married the daughter of his gaoler, and the sentimental residents of the town are now presenting a petition to the authorities asking that the marriage may be considered equivalent to the remainder of the man's sentence.

* * *

At a time when the Temperance movement is undoubtedly making strong headway we are sorry to read that some of the crew of the Cunarder *Campania* saw a sea-serpent off the coast of Ireland last week.

* * *

"Upon perceiving that it was observed," says a local account, "the shy bird took to its eels."

* * *

A huge motor race-course will shortly be opened at Weybridge, and the racing motorist will at last have a chance to "let himself go." Weybridge is within easy distance of the Brookwood Necropolis.

* * *

We hear that some of the English journalists visiting Germany feel hurt that, at Berlin, they should have been received in the Zoological Gardens.

* * *

We cannot help thinking, by-the-by, that Prince Buelow has—not unnaturally, perhaps—formed an exaggerated idea of the credulity of the readers of at least one of our newspapers. Upon being introduced to the representative of *The Daily Express*, he remarked (*The Daily Express* tells us), "Ah, I know your paper well! Tell your readers that everyone in Germany, from the Emperor to the man in the street, is actuated by feelings of friendship for Great Britain."

* * *

At Oxford The "House," having gone head of the river, seems to have celebrated the event by losing its own.

* * *

A loss of £1,519 is shown on the working of the Colchester tramways during the past year. This is considered a very handsome loss for a comparatively small town.

* * *

When, we wonder, shall we have adequate inspection of food? The following gruesome statement appeared last week:—"On the arrival of the one o'clock boat train at Dover yesterday, a frightened and dishevelled cat sprang from beneath one of the carriages. *It belonged to the restaurant at Victoria.*"

A Song of Batsmen.

(For an early season of bad wickets.)

"Here we go gathering noughts in May."



A DEAD CERT.

ARTHUR BALFOUR. "I LAY 33 TO 1 AGAINST *IRISH COUNCIL BILL!*"
WALTER LONG. "JUST BEEN SCRATCHED, GUVNOR."
ARTHUR BALFOUR. "ALL THE BETTER. I MAKE IT 100 TO 1!"

[It is reported that the Albert Hall demonstration against the Irish Council Bill is still to be held, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the measure.]



Tommy Atkins (to Colonel, who has brought him to see a Memorial Brass in the Church to those of their Regiment who fell in a late War). "WELL, SIR, IF I'D A-KNOWN YOUR NAME WEREN'T A-GOING TO BE AMONGST 'EM, BLEST IF I'D HAVE SUBSCRIBED A PENNY TO THE THING!"

CHANSON DU SUD.

(To my Cake of Travelling Soap.)

REFINED companion! Sanitary friend!
  Who, faring with me by the southward boat-train,
Met as we journeyed home your watery end,
  Where Genoa sits enthroned, a sea-girt *haute reine*;
Yours was the simple scent that cheered my nose
  And overpowered Italia's rich afflatus
In regions where the almond-blossom blows,
  But garlic has, in fact, a prior status.

The gilded orange-groves went slipping by;
  The sky, the sea, were blue, but ah, who was it,
When sections of that landscape stung my eye,
  That helped me to remove their dumped deposit?
Who else but you could bring the touch of home
  Or make the tears in grateful optics gather,
When, whiter than the Alps or Asti's foam,
  I sought the solace of your smarting lather?

Your day is passed, you shall not rise again;
  A sacrifice to Albion's homely custom,
Your relics float in many a far-off drain;
  Some foreign basin was your funeral *bustum*;
Successors hold your room at eve and morn,
  But still your shadow lives, a thought of gladness,
Loyal as *Baedeker* in lands forlorn
  That deem our lustral rites a mark of madness!

Here, where the walls are plastered with your praise
  And midnight sees it on our roofs resurgent,
Where no grim mystery, no secret shame,
  Surrounds the saponaceous detergent;
Unthinkingly I clasp your rosy peers;
  In trite though honoured use they perish daily;
But you who passed, the sport of alien jeers,
  To dissolution—*Ave atque vale!*

Twentieth-Century Culture.

(Overheard in the tram.)

He. How are you going to the Fancy Dress to-night?
She. As *Juliet*.
He. There'll be plenty of *Macbeths* after you.

THIS would just have suited SHAKSPEARE's heroine:

"O *Romeo, Romeo!* wherefore art thou *Romeo?*"

Wherefore, for instance, art thou not *Macbeth?*

The Penalties of Fashion.

IT has been often said that the upper classes have cares and anxieties of which the envious middle classes know little or nothing. Here is a cutting from *The Queen*:—

"When one is dining in good company every night the neck and arms have to be considered."

"A BRAVE EFFORT.
A DIFFERENT COMPLEXION PUT ON BY TYLDESLEY."
Liverpool Echo.

WHEN we last saw him, TYLDESLEY was a brunette.

WAGNERIAN HITCHES I HAVE MET.

I ALWAYS feel a sense of loneliness and isolation in my position when I take my place in the assembly of earnest souls at Covent Garden on a Wagner night. I cast my eye over the crowded house in the knowledge that there is no kindred spirit there. For the element in the performance that appeals to me has somehow been overlooked by the rest of the throng. I refer to the sporting element. I am a student of the Wagnerian Hitch.

For me the stage is a battlefield. It is the contest between the Management and the Book that I come to see. I know my stage directions by heart. I come to see them carried out.

Generally speaking, I am full of sympathy for the Management, unless I catch them shirking the more difficult problems. But it must be remembered that I am a collector. Every new Hitch is another scalp at my belt.

I may be asked what constitutes a Hitch. Let me explain.

When the dawn appears in solid red squares, as one has seen it in *Tannhäuser*—it is a Hitch.

When, in the *Flying Dutchman*, the ship rushes madly out to sea with no sails set, and certainly no oars, paddles, turbine, or other visible means of propulsion—it is a serious Hitch.

And when the swan in *Lohengrin* arrives by leaps and bounds—it is a very palpable Hitch.

There is a scene at the close of *Rienzi* where the Last of the Tribunes is discovered at the top of a burning house tenderly embracing his sister (I think it is his sister), while the mob below hurls stones at him. It is a powerful dramatic situation, but on the only occasion on which I was there to see, the effect was sadly marred by a curious and painful incident. It so happened that a stone of gigantic proportions (which must have been flung by a veritable SANDOW) struck *Rienzi* on the side of the head. A thrill of horror ran through the audience, but he merely shook his head—this sturdy tenor—and fell once more on the lady's neck; while the stone dropped—and bounced, noiselessly—upon the stage.

I went home after that. I felt that to hear the rest of the opera, however fine it might be, would but destroy the vivid impression of that great moment.

In the hunting scene, at the end of the First Act of *Tannhäuser*, I remember, in a small provincial theatre, the spoils of the chase, carried in by a host of vocally-gifted beaters, amounted to one hen pheasant—badly stuffed—and a white rabbit. I heard a querulous whisper from a man on my right—"Pheasants in May!"

But it is when one comes to deal with the heavenly bodies that one makes the most delightful and surprising discoveries. How often have I seen the sun in *Tannhäuser* rise and set unblushingly in the same quarter of the heavens! There was a moon also in the *Meistersinger* which came up with astounding rapidity, guiltily conscious of the fact that it was thirty-two bars late in starting; and to return again to *Tannhäuser*, I remember well a fitful evening star which had to be replenished repeatedly during *Wolfram's* impassioned song, to his considerable bewilderment, which must have been increased by the fact that it always appeared in a new place—till it became, in truth, an evening constellation.

But it is not always the scene-shifter or stage-carpenter who is to blame. Singers are sometimes attacked by a glorious spirit of perversity. When the "wood-bird" has fluttered off in a northerly direction, it is the height of inconsistency for *Siegfried* first of all to announce his intention of following whithersoever it may lead, and then to depart due south. And it is pitiable to behold, as I have done, the distracted *Senta* jumping off a low rock into a calm sea, while a large crowd of gaping onlookers make no effort whatsoever to effect a rescue.

But to see the Hitch at its best we must turn to the *Ring*—the never-failing *Ring*. The first problem that confronts us is one of the most complex of all. We find ourselves at the bottom of the Rhine, among nymphs and gnomes, with "the river restlessly streaming from R. to L." The difficulties of this scene are often nobly overcome, though I once, to my great surprise, detected *Alberic*, who should "spring to the central rock and clamber with terrible haste to its summit," furtively ascending through the darkness in a lift!

In *Walküre* we are introduced for the first time to *Grane*, the horse—unless we have already made his acquaintance, as may often be done, at the stage-door between the Acts. He is always a source of anxiety on the stage; in *Götterdämmerung* he may refuse to come out of the boat, or put his foot through something, and *Brünnhilde*, if she be in private life of a timid disposition, is apt to handle him in a gingerly and uncertain manner, as if he were an explosive.

With the close of the First Act of *Siegfried* we come to the Great Sword Hitch—to my mind the most fascinating of all Wagnerian Hitches. It deserves a detailed description. The book tells us that "during the second verse of his song *Siegfried* brandishes the sword and now smites it on the anvil, which splits in half from top to bottom, falling asunder with a loud noise." I once, behind the scenes at Dresden, made a special investigation of the mechanism of the *Siegfried* anvil, and though I have no intention of divulging its secret here, I may say that my discoveries have added a certain zest to my enjoyment of the scene ever since. For now I sit breathless with expectation and excitement while *Siegfried*, sword in air, is shouting out the second verse of his tremendous forging song. Anything may happen. I have seen the anvil refuse to break—I have seen it, on the other hand, "fall asunder with a loud noise" while the sword was still poised in mid-air; and with these two painful episodes I thought I had exhausted the possibilities of the Hitch. But I was destined to find yet a third variant. Only the other day, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw the anvil break the sword.

With Act II. of *Siegfried* we make the acquaintance of that great Father of Hitches, the dragon—"the worm that will not turn." It is needless for me to dwell on him. All the world knows what a long list of freaks and failures lies at his door. The "wood-bird" is always well worth watching. Its flight is erratic and deceptive—not unlike that of the snipe on a windy day.

When finally I think of the *Götterdämmerung* there always recurs to my mind, like the memory of a festival, a certain chaotic performance at Covent Garden in 1898. This was one of the great evenings of my life. It is only fair to say that matters are very different now. One must look elsewhere for Hitches. But it was this cycle in '98 which first induced me to become a collector, for there I gained a new idea of the possibilities of distortion, riot, and disorder which exist in the later music-dramas. The clouds hung above the scene like dank slabs of cold gravy; the funeral march was punctuated by the lusty hammer of the stage-carpenter behind; the stems of trees were seen to sway, and the very rocks rocked upon their bases. One waited in terror for the last great scene—so infinitely complicated at the best of times—and one's apprehensions were fully justified. The roof of the hall collapsed at a moment when no one expected it; scene-shifters and stage-carpenters in pot-hats and shirt-sleeves ran in and out like rabbits in a burrow. NORDICA (the *Brünnhilde*) fled in terror to the foot-lights, and there remained singing bravely to the end, and, as a finishing touch, *Grane*, the horse, got loose and performed a *pas seul* among the *débris*.

I have only indicated a few of the WAGNER Hitches I have known. The careful student will find that every Act

has its own latent possibilities; and as he comes to know them better he will have some share in the pride of the Management—howbeit in his case tempered by a sneaking and unworthy disappointment—when the curtain falls on the performance, literally "without a Hitch."

MEDITATIONS ON MARCUS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Having read a most ingenious series of nine articles by Mr. Arnold Bennett on "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," and gleaning from them that he recommends one to practise concentration during the spare moments of the day by musing vigorously on Marcus Aurelius, I began last night by studying Book V. of the famous Meditations.

My diary of to-day reads:—

7.30. Felt very sleepy on being awakened, but repeated strenuously to myself: "When you are drowsy in a morning, and find a reluctance to getting out of your bed, make this reflection with yourself, 'I must rise to discharge the duties incumbent on me as a man.'" Very soothing.

8.30. Awakened again. Dressed hurriedly, still meditating; cut myself while shaving and tripped over the cat on entering the breakfast-room. But remembering the words, "Rest satisfied with whatever befalls you, as it certainly tends to the welfare of the universe and is agreeable to the will and pleasure of Jupiter himself," repeated them aloud in place of my usual observation. Thought them a little lacking in vim, however.

9.30. During my journey in the train I concentrated on that noble sentiment: "O Jupiter, send us, we beseech thee, send us rain upon *all* the land." Unfortunately left umbrella in the train.

10.30. While meditating hard on my way to the office unluckily skidded in a rain-puddle and was impinged on by a motor-bus.

Felt a little sore about it, but repeated to myself: "Does anyone treat me injuriously? Let him look to it! Such is his peculiar disposition, and he acts accordingly. For my part, I shall endeavour to be such as the nature of things requires me to be; and act suitably to my own nature and present situation." Sentiment admirable, but chilling.

1.30. They were an inordinately long time grilling my steak at lunch, but I remarked to the waiter: "I am resolved to wait with complacency till I am either extinguished or translated to another state of existence." He replied: "Yes, sir?" with a shade of doubt in his voice, it seemed to me.

2.30. On my way back to the office I accidentally meditated into a lamp-post. The lamp-post was fortunately undamaged, and I tried to comfort myself with the sterling sentiment: "That which noways injures the community cannot injure any individual. Under any appearance of injury to yourself, apply the rule: 'If the community is none the worse for it, neither am I.'" Bought a new hat.

5.30. On my way home unfortunately mused on to a banana skin. Meditated as above and bought another hat.

6.30. By the greatest good fortune recovered my umbrella at the Lost Property Office. Concentrated in the train on: "Must you then be a fool because other people are?—Let it suffice that you formerly have been so."

7.30. On arriving home found I had left my umbrella in the train again!

I fear, *Mr. Punch*, that Marcus Aurelius is in some way not quite suitable for present-day use, or that I have failed to carry out aright Mr. Arnold Bennett's prescription. What do you advise?

Yours, etc.,
"Otium cum Dignitate."

[Ed.—Have you tried a keeper?]



"Johnny, doesn't your conscience tell you that you are doing wrong?"
"Yes, Mother, but Father said I wasn't to believe everything I heard."

A Sporting Offer.

"The King and Queen of Spain have the two chief ingredients to complete happiness, viz., a *Baby Boy* and a *Genuine Gramophone*. J. G. *can supply you with the same.*"—*Liverpool Express.*

IN A NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD.

An old hillside estate in Surrey having come into the market has been bought by a speculative builder who is gradually erecting artistic cottages and bungalows all over it, each with an acre or two of garden. Some of these are already occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Boreham-Hack, by Mr. and Mrs. William Boones, by Miss Hitt and Miss Kew, by the Perry-Rises and by Miss Dix.

On the higher edge of the estate is an old Georgian house, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Courtly Dewes, who, while not rich enough to acquire the property against the speculative builder, are yet comfortably off, and although resentful of the injury that is being done to the countryside are yet socially inclined and disposed to be friendly with their new neighbours.

The following letters are chosen from a large number received or written during the past few weeks by Mr. and Mrs. Courtly Dewes.

I.

Mavis Croft.

MISS HITT and MISS KEW present their compliments to MRS. COURTLY DEWES and would be very grateful if she would let them purchase vegetables and milk during the two weeks they are here. Later in the summer they will, of course, make arrangements to acquire these commodities in the ordinary way, but just now it seems hardly worth while to open negotiations with a distant tradesman when MRS. DEWES probably has more than she requires, and might be glad of the opportunity of realising upon them. MISS HITT and MISS KEW would, of course, send a messenger to fetch them.

II.

(*By hand.*) *The Nook.*

DEAR MR. DEWES (may I say DEWES ?)—Happening to meet your man in the lane to-day, I learned from him quite by chance that you do not use all your coach-house. I wonder if you would mind if I stood my motor there for a little while until its own house is ready for it. I expect the architect every day now, and the pit is already begun. It will be very good of you if you will let me do this, and I shall be only too delighted to give you and the wife a run any Sunday. Thanking you in anticipation, I am, yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM BOONES.

III.

(*By hand.*) *Weald View.*

DEAR MRS. COURTLY DEWES,—I hate to ask favours, but I wonder if you would be so very kind as to lend me your mowing-machine for a little while. The grass is badly in need of cutting, and though I have been through *The Exchange and Mart* every number for some time I cannot find a second-hand one within my means. If your man could spare time to run over the lawn once or twice to-day or to-morrow I can promise you he would not go empty away, as I have several old neckties of my brother's to dispose of.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

MOLLIE DIX.

IV.

(*By hand.*) *Orchard Croft.*

MRS. BOREHAM-HACK presents her compliments to MRS. DEWES and begs to know if she would lend her a few books, as she finds that not a single volume was packed with the other things that were moved in to-day. MRS. BOREHAM-HACK is passionately fond of reading, and cannot possibly sleep without an hour or two over a good book. MRS. BOREHAM-HACK does not mind what it is so long as it is good. She has read, she might say, all MISS CORELLI. If MRS. DEWES has *Odd Lengths* or *The Wingless Victory* MRS. BOREHAM-HACK would gladly take them. MRS. BOREHAM-HACK cannot think for the moment of any return she could make for MRS. DEWES'S kindness except perhaps by offering her or her husband a hot bath now and then, as MRS. BOREHAM-HACK has an excellent bath-room at Orchard Croft, and in such old houses as MR. and MRS. DEWES'S there is often no adequate provision for cleanliness.

(*Wait reply.*)

V.

(*By hand.*) *Orchard Croft.*

MRS. BOREHAM-HACK presents her compliments to MRS. DEWES and begs to return the three books that were lent her, none of which is quite to her liking. *The Origin of Species* she has always particularly objected to. MRS. BOREHAM-HACK regrets to say that her bath is already out of order.

VI.

(*By hand.*) *The Homestead.*

DEAR MRS. DEWES,—Having arranged for a large party for this week-end, we have just heard of the arrival in England of my husband's youngest brother, after a long absence in British Columbia, and naturally we want to see him. All our rooms are however more than filled, and I wonder if you would be so very kind as to let him occupy a room at your house to-night and to-morrow. I feel sure you must have many more bedrooms than you use—judging by the number of windows. Awaiting your kind reply, believe me

Yours sincerely,

GWENDOLEN BINNS.

VII.

MR. and MRS. PERRY-RISE request the pleasure of MR. and MRS. COURTLY DEWES' company at a Bridge party at the Yellow House on Sunday evening next. [R.S.V.P.]

VIII.

To Messrs. Ledger and Writs, Estate Agents.

DEAR SIRS,—I shall be glad if you can find me a tenant or purchaser of my house as soon as possible. We are intending to move to a quieter neighbourhood. Yours faithfully,

COURTLY DEWES.

A MONUMENTAL MEMOIR.

THE welcome announcement has been made in the Press that a personal friend of MR. ALGERNON ASHTON'S has undertaken to write a biography of the famous musical mausoleophil. It is with great pleasure that *Mr. Punch* now lays before his readers the following outline of the first volume of the work, which has been supplied him by a trustworthy correspondent at Olney:—

PART I.—Birth. Dispute as to birthplace. Bury, Bury St. Edmunds, Aigues-Mortes, Durham, Tombstone City (Ariz.)—all contend for the honour. Early musical precocity: fondness for the black notes on the piano; insists on putting a mute on his toy violin. Disastrous effect of first visit to the pantomime. Makes a collection of death's-head moths. First appearance in public. Plays the "*Funeral March of a Marionette*" and sings "*The Death of Nelson.*"

Illustrations.—Water-colour drawing of MR. ASHTON'S first perambulator fitted with high C springs. Specimens of MR. ASHTON'S handwriting from early copy-book. Photograph of the Dead Sea. Life-size picture of a death's-head moth from MR. ASHTON'S collection. Ground plan and front elevation of the Memorial Hall.

PART II.—School-days at Highgate. Happy half-holidays at the cemetery. Beginning of lifelong friendship with MR. HAYDEN COFFIN. First cigarette and its consequences. Composes an Elegy and a *Danse Macabre*. Collects postage-stamps and pen-nibs. Death of a favourite guinea-pig. Composes a Requiem. Rebukes a frivolous schoolfellow for whistling out of tune. Runs a dead-heat in the sack-race at school sports. Commended by headmaster at Prize Day for irreproachable decorum, tidiness and kindness to animals. Contributes *facetiæ* under pseudonym of "ARISTOPHANES JUNIOR" to the *Highgate Express*. Spends holidays at Woking. Fondness for the dead languages. Takes lessons in the lapidary style from a monumental mason in the Euston Road.

Illustrations.—Portrait of MR. HAYDEN COFFIN in an Eton jacket. Facsimile of the opening bars of Requiem on favourite guinea-pig. Photograph of sack (reduced size) as worn by MR. ASHTON at school athletic sports. Photograph of the Euston Road.



TOOLING DOWN TO EPSOM.

Coachy (to sportsman with shoe-clicking trotter). "'ULLO, 'AMMER-AND-PINCERS!"
Sportsman with trotter. "'ULLO, SCREW-DRIVER!"

PART. III.—Student days at Leipsic. Mr. ASHTON'S initiation in the mysteries of the *Kneipe.* Wit encounters with prominent professors. A series of duels (1) with Professor PAPPERITZ for stating that Lager Bier was superior to mild Burton; (2) with Professor JADASSOHN for sneering at SHAKSPEARE; (3) with Professor IWAN KNORR for speaking disrespectfully of CHEOPS; (4) with Professor COCCIUS for disputing Mr. ASHTON'S claim to be included in the Ruvigny Roll as a descendant of King EDWARD III. As the result of his prowess is called "The Ever-Victorious Algernon." Composes 76 songs, 5 sonatos, 14 quintets, and 33 funeral marches.

Illustrations.—Photograph of Mr. ASHTON in full duelling kit. Portraits of his principal antagonists, showing the scarifying effects of Mr. ASHTON'S swordsmanship. Facsimile of memorial tablet erected to a Croatian student with an unpronounceable name who was slain by Mr. ASHTON in a combat fought with the legs of a grand piano in the Gewandhaus.

PART IV.—Mr. ASHTON'S return to England. Bonfires at Kensal Green. Joins the staff of the Royal College of Music to correct the notorious levity of the Director. Composes 190 variations on "*In questa tomba,*" and 346 on "*Down among the Dead Men.*" Inaugurates weekly pilgrimages of favourite pupils to the leading cemeteries of the Metropolis. Invited by *The Times* to undertake the supreme control of the Obituary department, but resolves to remain a free-lance. Grief of Mr. MOBERLY BELL and Mr. ARTHUR WALTER, who in their despair decide on the Americanisation of Printing House Square.

Illustrations.—Photograph of the Director of the Royal College of Music promising Mr. ASHTON to endeavour to take life more seriously. Three-colour print of Mr. MOBERLY BELL. Water-colour sketch of the pinetum at Bearwood, with Mr. ARTHUR WALTER in the foreground talking to Mr. HOOPER.

How It is Done.

"Exceedingly interesting are the observations of Sir John Macdonell, who has edited the civil judicial statistics of England and Wales for 1905. He has analysed the dry figures of litigation with shrewd insight, and has brought out their human significance. . . . . Commenting on the divorce petitions, 752 in 1905, compared with 889 in 1902, Sir John points out that a large proportion of the persons had been previously married."—*Daily News.*

Cricket Notes.

GROVE WESLEY are greatly interested in the various new methods of scoring which have been proposed. At present they stand at the bottom of the Smethwick and District Cricket League with (according to the Oldbury *Weekly News*) the following record:—

Played.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Drawn.*	*Pts.*
3	0	4	0	0

This, as Mr. J. B. PAYNE would not hesitate to point out to the *Sportsman,* gives them a minus percentage of 133·333, etc., the actual number of 3's being optional after the decimal point, but the glaring anomaly of it being patent to everybody. We await a pronouncement by "Linesman" or Major TREVOR on the subject.

Fashion Notes.

WOADS FOR WOMEN.

"WEATHER conditions were delightful at Epsom yesterday. Dress is never a feature of this meeting. Lady —— was in dark blue."—*Society Notes.*

FROM the letter of a clerk to his employer: "I have been very bilious all night and it has left me with a frightful bad head. I hope to shake it off to-day."



A WARM CORNER IN BOHEMIA.

The Daily Press speaks of the calamitous experience of Bohemia, where, according to the Report of the Forestry Department, the suppression of the gun licence regulations produced the following statistics:—50 persons killed, 3011 wounded; 24,000 domestic animals killed; while the total head of game accounted for only reached 1814!

THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in announcing that donations received on behalf of the starving children of Samara, Russia, now amount to over £700. Of this sum £500 has been already despatched to Moscow and gratefully acknowledged in a telegram from Prince Lvoff. It will be at once forwarded to the famine districts. A letter of the 16th May has reached *Mr. Punch* from Dr. Kennard in Samara, who says, "I have to-day returned from another village tour amidst the most appalling misery, but I am delighted to find a letter from England that states that you have decided to open a '*Punch*' fund. We shall take immediate steps to be in readiness for the opening of the first '*Punch*' kitchen in the most needy spot."

Mr. Punch makes a very earnest appeal to the generosity and loyalty of his readers to enable him to send out at least another £500, and so help, however inadequately, to lessen these pitiful sufferings for which our own country has happily no parallel.

An inset which accompanies this issue of *Punch* gives a list of contributors up to May 29th. To all of these *Mr. Punch* begs to offer his most sincere thanks for their generosity. The inset further reproduces a letter from Prince Lvoff, in which he acknowledges the first instalment of the *Punch* fund for the children.

A MASTER OF HORSE AND HOUND.

There be two Armours just now in the field. He of Chicago is about to exhibit his horses in the arena of Olympia, and *Punch's* Mr. Armour is already exhibiting his on the walls of the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Mr. G. D. Armour's achievement in black-and-white is familiar enough in these pages; but the charm and delicacy of his colour-work should be more widely known. Since Herring no painter has better understood the niceties of horse-flesh. And Mr. Armour, like the true sportsman he is, has a keen eye for country. But he brings to his work something more than knowledge based on observation; his pictures have a quality of romance which must always make appeal beyond the limited circle of the brotherhood of sport.

It is a sad fact that many people in their search for humorous reading overlook the official "Navy List" altogether. This must not be considered the Editor's fault, for he has now for many years started off with an excellent joke on the first page available—viz. the inside cover. Here he requests "officers and others who may observe errors or omissions to communicate with the Editor at the Admiralty, marking the envelope, *On Her Majesty's Service.*"

"The only lot of any consequence was a drawing by Degas of Carlo Pellegrini smoking a cigarette (23 in. by 12½ in.), which fetched £96."

It must have wanted a lot of drawing.



THE INDIAN SECRETARY BIRD.

Mr. Morley puts his Foot on Sedition in India.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 27.—Benches crowded in anticipation of announcement by C.-B. of intention with respect to Irish Council Bill—that hapless infant of legislative effort, which,

> Called hence by early doom,
> Came but to show how frail a flower
> In Birrell land might bloom.

Enquiry not absolutely confined to this topic. The spirit of interrogation abroad. What about the English Valuation Bill, the Education Bill, the Licensing Bill, and the resolutions respecting the House of Lords????

Hush fell on assembly when C.-B. rose to the first challenge. Glancing weather eye casually over question paper, he begged that the whole batch might be put off for a week.

House gasped with astonishment. The Irish Bill was done to death last Tuesday. Why postpone wake till next Monday? After embarrassing pause, WALTER LONG, in absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, urged PREMIER to satisfy public interest at least with respect to the fate of this one Bill. Ordinarily found ready to oblige, C.-B. was inflexible.

"It is," he remarked, "an invidious thing to pick and choose." Not disposed to hurt sensibilities of the Licensing Bill, or to ruffle *amour propre* of the Education (Special Religious Instruction) Bill, by singling out the Irish Council Bill for special reference.

"I'll do ellythil you like in reasol, M'RIAR; but I will not come 'ome."

Thus, in one of PHIL MAY'S sketches, a festive Saturday night bread-winner reasons with his remonstrant spouse who has run him to earth. In the same considerate, accommodating, yet firm manner, C.-B. replies to WALTER LONG.

"Anything you like in reason. But when you ask me to disclose before Monday next our intention with respect to Irish Bill killed on Tuesday last, I really can't do it."

Loyal Ministerialists murmured applause at the lofty principle governing this reticence. Opposition bitterly laughed.

This was first disappointment. Not having got along very well with Bills hitherto introduced, Ministers resolved to bring in one other, making compulsory transfer of land from big estates to small holders. LOULOU in charge.



"SMALL HOLDINGS."—GREAT WRESTLING MATCH.
J-sse C-ll-ngs comes to grips with Mr. "Loulou" H-rc-rt.

Apart from interest excited by such a measure, Members curious to see how our youngest Cabinet Minister would acquit himself in his first big job. In ordinary course he would have been on his legs by three o'clock in afternoon. Scotch Bill perversely put in forefront. House emptied. Lobbies, Terrace, and Tea Room filled by Members hanging about waiting for LOULOU'S opportunity. Didn't come till twenty minutes past six, by which time many had gone off and all were aweary. In these disadvantageous circumstances LOULOU acquitted himself admirably. His statement of intricate case was delivered with unfailing lucidity.

Has given himself up to new task with characteristic thoroughness. Tells me he thinks of substituting for HARCOURT family motto the legend "Small Holdings and Quick Returns—to the Land."

Business done.—English Small Holdings Bill read a first time.

Tuesday night.—"Attendance of Members, and keenness of interest displayed in our proceedings, are often in inverse ratio to the importance of the business in hand."

'Twas the voice of the MEMBER FOR SARK. I knew he'd complain when he came in and looked round on half-empty benches and listened to the level flow of talk.

In Committee on N. B. HALDANE'S far-reaching scheme of Army Reform. Not more than thirty Members present. By-and-by, when bell rings for division, some three hundred will rush in, and Ministers will have rattling majorities of three to one. Ordinary business folk would manage these things differently. As at Company Meetings half-yearly reports are "taken as read," so these divisions would be taken as walked, and an appreciable period of time saved.

Particular question under discussion is the name to be assigned to His Majesty's Military Forces other than the Regulars. At present, at City Banquets and elsewhere, they are known as the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. The Bill leaves their new style a blank.

"Leave it to me," said NAPOLEON B. "First get your Bill, then organise the territorial forces. I mean to take the business into my own hands, and a suitable name will not be lacking."

GILBERT PARKER throws out suggestion of "Torriers." Why not? We hear of sea-dogs in the Navy. Another suggestion offered was "Haldanes." N. B., blushing, shakes his head. Complimentary, but unthinkable. Besides, this association of a great administrative effort,



LA JOIE DE VIVRE.
[Winston in full swing at Question Time.



"F. E." ON THE WAR-PATH.

(Mr. F. E. Sm-th goes for Mr. H-ld-ne.)

with the personality of a Minister ominously reminiscent of the Brodrick Cap, masterpiece of an earlier administration. In the end the three hundred sound Ministerialists are summoned by clang of bell, and DILKE's amendment, on which controversy arose, is negatived.

Nine out of ten who passed through Division Lobby don't know what is question at issue. But the Whips were at the Lobby doors and the way made clear. At 10.30 P.M. guillotine dragged in and scores of amendments chopped off.

Thus are laws shaped by the hearth of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done. - Consideration of new Army scheme.

Wednesday night. - Colonel KENYON-SLANEY, of whom we don't hear so much as happier Members of the last Parliament were privileged to do, turned up this evening with quite new method of Parliamentary debate. House again considering the financial resolutions providing for the cost of the Army Scheme. DILKE, who turns out to be its most formidable critic, says the figures set forth are almost too good to be true. "The estimate," he added, "reads like a prospectus." Lord CASTLEREAGH, drawing upon long City experiences, gloomily remarked, "It will never go to allotment."

Hereupon KENYON-SLANEY took the field. Confessed himself puzzled with regard to certain details. Proposed to put a series of questions to SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

"Perhaps," he added, in insinuating tones, "the right hon. gentleman will indicate dissent or assent by a motion of the head."

The idea pleased the House, always ready for a fresh game. It would be unparliamentary to bring down a counterfeit resemblance of one of His Majesty's Ministers rigged out in toy fashion with loosely jointed limbs controlled by a string. You pull the string and the right hon. gentleman throws out a loose leg or uplifts a pair of jointless arms. Colonel SLANEY's little game more mannerly and equally effective. Producing pile of manuscript, he recited a question; fixing his eye on the hapless Minister awaited reply. After pause the massive head of N. B. H. nodded assent.

"Very well," said the gallant Colonel. "Now I will ask the right hon. gentleman to explain why——"

Here the SPEAKER interposed with reminder that this was a time for speech-making, not for cross-examination. KENYON-SLANEY of course bowed to the ruling. Nevertheless proceeded to administer his Shorter Catechism. N. B. H., apparently falling into a condition approaching hypnotic trance, alternately shook his head and nodded assent. Performance might have gone on for rest of Sitting had not SPEAKER again intervened, and with increased severity protested against "this new form of debate," which forthwith resumed more ordinary course.

Business done. - Got into Committee on Army Bill.



LORD R-BBL-SD-LE "HEARS VOICES."

"March! March! Out you go, R-bbl-sd-le! All the blue-blooded are over the Border!"

(Lord R-bbl-sd-le resigns his office on account of the more or less imminent Ministerial action against the Lords.)



LIGHT CAVALRY.

(Major Anstr-th-r-Gr-y.)

Thursday night. - Conference this afternoon of Ministerialists interested in Education question. Want to know when Government propose to meet "the growing anxiety of its Nonconformist supporters as to prospects of Educational Reform?" The PRIME MINISTER, carefully holding out pint pot filled to brim, demonstrates difficulty of getting a full quart into it.

"Then," said that irrepressible joker, Sir GEORGE NEWNES, Bart., "you should have been more careful at the beginning in selecting your pints of preference."

Meanwhile Nonconformists and Churchmen alike cherish ANSON's protest against the insufficiency of his successor at the Education Board. Speaking on MCKENNA's statement with respect to secondary schools, Sir WILLIAM said: "I have listened with satisfaction to some of the remarks made by the right hon. Gentleman, and I have listened with considerable disappointment to things which I expected to hear but which were not said."

That beats Banagher. Nearest approach was Mr. REDDY's supplementary question, addressed to WALTER LONG in the last Parliament—

"Arising out of the answer the right hon. Gentleman has not given, I beg to ask," &c.

Business done.—Scotch votes in Committee.

The Government Again.

"Les écoliers, ceux qui demain soutiendront la grandeur britannique sur tous les territoires que couvre l'Union Jack, ont donc aujourd'hui chanté le *God save the King* et le *Home Rule Britannia*, défilant ensuite devant le drapeau."

L'Echo de Paris.

SURELY Mr. CORBETT might ask a question about this.

More Cricket Prophecy.

"IF the first two or three get runs, the total may reach anything."—*The 'Varsity.*



THE PLEASURES OF OTTER HUNTING.

Master (to sportsman, who has been guarding a "stickle" all morning in the east wind). "STAY THERE A BIT, WILL YOU, OLD CHAP. WE'RE JUST GOING DOWN HERE TO GET OUT OF THE WIND FOR LUNCH."

A CHIVALROUS SUGGESTION.

[The pillorying of the gentle sex by members of it still goes merrily on in the Sixpenny Press.]

Dorothy, Dorothy! born to perplex,
Captivate, wheedle, confuse and delight,
Grateful for you I bow down to your sex,
Barring the score or two traitors who write
Newspaper articles chock-full of spite!

This week from three ladies, for instance, I learn
You "haven't a 'palate,'" and cannot discern
Good butter from bad—and you're vulgarly clad—
And, single or not, you'll lie and you'll plot,
Having marked down a suitable maid and a man,
To bring off a match if you possibly can!
Which summed up succinctly is, you are debased,
And wholly deficient in manners and taste!

Dorothy, Dorothy! is it all true?
Are your clothes vulgar and do you tell crams?
Do you eat eggs that are not very new?
Are women nothing but horrible shams—
Man-eating wolves in the guise of ewe-lambs?

O, why do your sisters belabour you thus;
And why don't they turn their attention to us?

Just think of the strings of impertinent things
These ladies could pen of us infamous men,
If only they'd give you a well-deserved rest,
And fall upon us with a furious zest,
Exactly, my love, as they fell upon you—
And saddle us all with the sins of a few!

THOUGH to outward appearances the Chamberlainites and the Balfourites are now lying down together, yet their respective organs, *The Standard* and *The Telegraph*, are hopelessly at variance on one of the most important events of the day. Take these two extracts:—

"In this extremity an hon. member, seated near, pushed a hat into Mr. RAWLINSON'S hands. Mr. RAWLINSON put on the hat amid loud laughter, for it was some sizes too small. It was with some difficulty that Mr. RAWLINSON balanced it upon his head while he put his question to Mr. EMMOTT."
—*Telegraph.*

"Sir ARTHUR BIGNOLD (U., Wick Burghs), however, made his appearance at this moment, and passed his hat to the member for Cambridge University. It was several sizes too large, and the amusement was heightened when it dropped over Mr. RAWLINSON'S ears."—*Standard.*

But, of course, this sort of thing depends so entirely upon the point of view you take.

A CONFIRMED HUSBAND.

The platonic marriage of convenience, and the middle-aged guardian who turns lover, are devices against which no playgoer would dare to bring the extreme charge of novelty. But in *My Wife*, the new adaptation at the Haymarket, there is so natural a gaiety in the



A Cordial Misunderstanding.
Preliminaries of the Duel—French and English style.
Baron Granclos . . . Mr. H. De Lange.
Gerald Eversleigh . . . Mr. Aubrey Smith.

dialogue, and so delightful a freshness in the acting, that the hoariest of pedants should be easily disarmed. We had to swallow a rather large improbability at the beginning (for it is unusual to bequeath half a million, even of francs, to a girl on condition that she marries before she is eighteen) and some rather smaller ones towards the end (for instance, it is hard to believe that (1) a man, (2) his wife, (3) her parents can all travel by the same night express from the Swiss frontier to England and escape one another's notice); but for the rest, though the play hovered on the borderland of farce and threatened more than once to cross the line, it always managed to keep at least one foot on the light comedy side.

All old friends were well suited with their *rôles*. That sterling actor, Mr. Aubrey Smith, played a character less ponderous than usual, and was allowed his fair share of humour. Mr. Matthews, still confined to the limited sphere of which he has made himself absolute monarch, was irresistible in the part of the *Hon. Gibson Gore*. If any situation ran short of piquancy or threatened a lapse into sentiment the god's machine was always within hail, and to "send for *Mr. Gore*" became a recognised resource.

Among the French characters, all of whom spoke excessively good English, with the saving exception of Mlle. Marcelle Chevalier, who had a real French accent, Mr. H. De Lange's amorous Baron bore the palm as a very deftly restrained study in deportment. But the most attractive figure on the stage was always Miss Marie Löhr, whose natural charm of face and manner won an immediate conquest. She made her part look easy enough, but with all its air of ingenuousness it demanded a very nice intelligence, and even a certain subtlety, for the interpretation of its wayward moods. And it is quite difficult, in such a character, to be clever enough but not too clever.

I am sure that Mr. Michael Morton, the adapter, has done an admirable piece of bowdlerising; but the very nature of his scheme made it impossible for him to throw more than a transparent veil over the general suggestiveness of the original. O. S.

AN ODD NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN.

It so happened that Dr. Richter and I entered the Opera House at the same moment, and I suppose that the applause which greeted us went to my head more than a little. Moreover, on my way to Covent Garden I had lingered outside The Aldwych, attracted by a wonderful poster of Mr. Robert Edeson. The result was that, when the curtain rose upon *Venus* and *Tannhäuser*, the first thing which struck me was the extraordinary likeness of Herr Knote to the poster; so I said to myself, "I know what this is. It's *Strongheart*. 'Should Henry K. Tannhäuser marry the girl?'"

When you get an impression of this sort into your head at the very start, you have got to go through with the thing. I looked at *Venus* and said "No," with decision. By-and-by she began to sing, and I said "Yes." *Strongheart* meanwhile was expressing all sorts of emotions with one of the most mobile faces I have met—until even a deaf child could have understood that he wasn't at all sure about it himself, but on the whole thought he wouldn't . . . . and so home.

Back in the sunlight again, *Strongheart* began to forget *Venus* (that was much to forget), and to turn his attention seriously to music. It seemed to me that the story was not followed very closely here; for the translator had left out the football match, and had given us in its place a lyre competition. Instead of the betrayal of the secret signals we had a strong scene in which *Biterolf* complained loudly that *Strongheart* had stolen his score; in consequence he had to play entirely from memory. I cannot say whether the accusation was true or not, but even if it was I was sorry that Henry K. didn't get the medal. He seemed so keen, and kept on popping up with another little piece.

And then the curtain fell and I went out for a cigarette. When I came back I found that the play was over, but that they were filling up the bill with the third act of *Tannhäuser*; and that Mr. Whitehill, a pathetic and dignified *Wolfram*, was singing divinely. M.



Prize Day at the Guildhall School.
Henry Tannhäuser (Herr Knote) learns that he has failed.

Court News.

According to *The Daily Express* the Kaiser has been "presented to" the English journalists. We understand that Mr. Clement Shorter will hold a *levée* during the course of the tour, when reigning sovereigns will be received strictly in order of application.

The Weight of Years.

"An Assistant Matron is wanted for the above. Salary, £40 per annum, and all found, with uniform, increasing annually."—*Scotsman.*

"The Scottish Israel Identification Association meet in the Christian Institute to-morrow night, when Mr. J. D. Reid answers the query, 'Qui Bono?' which, being interpreted, means 'What Good?'"—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

A case of mistaken identity, we fear. Try again.

"Sun and hard turf, the species of weather which urged a great littérateur of other days to yearn for the getting out of his flesh to sit in his bones, those are real cricket conditions."—*Observer.*

Yes; but we know of no conditions which would excuse such a dreadful sentence as this, even when composed by a very small littérateur of these days.

"Professor Calisse, in his monumental history of the place and its port, tells interestingly how Richard Cœur de Lion acted as did the pilgrims of last week. They came in a special train from Civita Vecchia, and in Rome put up at the Hôtel d'Angleterre and Hôtel de Russie."—*Catholic Times.*

We don't believe that Richard did any such thing.



Lady (*to Irish gardener, who "obliges" by the day*). "WELL, DAN, AND WHAT DO I OWE YOU FOR TO-DAY?"
Dan. "SURE, MA'AM, I'D SOONER BE TAKING THE HALF-CROWN YOU'D BE OFFERING ME THAN THE TWO SHILLINGS I'D BE ASKING OF YOU."

MUCH ASSURANCE.

[A certain Office is said to insure against the failure of literary ventures, and against the risk of flirtation ending in marriage. These ideas seem capable of extension.]

LIST, ye who dread Dame Fortune's strange caprices,
  Knowing she loves to build and to destroy,
Conscious on what a very fragile lease is
  Held what we have of comfort and of joy;

Let me invite your very best attention
  To the advantages our House extends;
And I would ask you, if you will, to mention
  Them in the hearing of your many friends.

Are you afraid of anything whatever,
  Baldness or fatness, motor-car or bus?
Lest you grow stupid, or your friends too clever?
  Take an insurance policy with *us*.

Are you a person given to flirtation,
  Yet from dull wedlock anxiously averse?
You can defy that dreaded consummation
  Just by a trifling drain upon your purse.

Are you a maiden, noting, sick at heart, your
  Rapid decline in marriageable looks?
Calmly you 'll scan your beauty's swift departure,
  If you but keep your name upon our books.

Are you a landlord, fearing measures that form
  Parts of the programme of the Labour crew,
Planks (in a word) of Mr. HARDIE'S platform?
  We have the very thing to comfort *you*.

Are you a parson, frightened to distraction
  By the wild schemes of militant Dissent?
Pay us each day a farthing and a fraction,
  And you shall laugh at Disestablishment.

Even a CAMPBELL, if unfortunately
  He to the Old Theology return,
Faces the dire catastrophe sedately,
  Having insured his views in our concern.

Nay, have you writ a drama or a novel,
  School-book, or volume of symbolic tales?
Send to our firm a yearly trifle of £
  S. D., nor worry if the venture fails.

Or is an epic poem your ambition,
  Milton-like, soaring o'er the Æonian hill?
For a quite insignificant commission
  We will take charge of the ensuing bill.

Would you contribute rhymes to *Punch*, but price of
  Ink, stamps, and paper weighs upon your mind?
Send us each year an easily-put-by sov.,
  And you 'll *enjoy* the Editor's "Declined."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

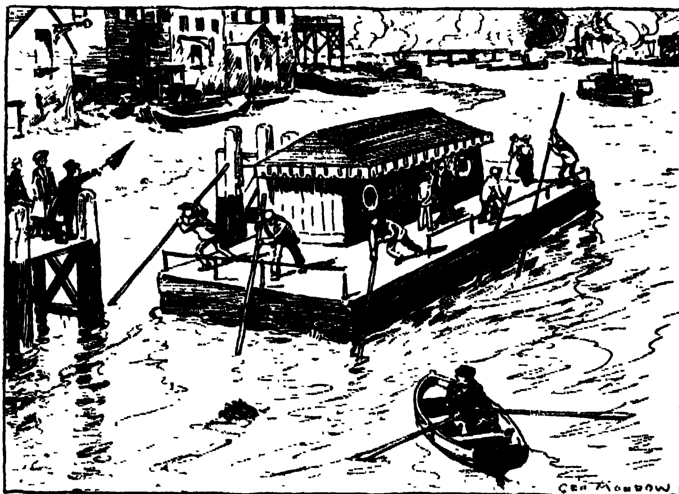
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther* (SMITH, ELDER) we have another of those paper-monologues which bear at least this much resemblance to life—that the woman has the last word, and the first, and all that come between. The man, of course, takes his turn in the correspondence, but has too much tact to publish it. He is indifferently content to appear as the handsome invertebrate prig that she paints him, and does not trouble to give his own version of things. The rapture of the earlier pages suggests a belated parody of *The Love-letters of an Englishwoman;* for it seems incredible that, with all her experience, the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* should at this time of day adopt, for serious ends, a medium so deplorably facile and familiar. But relief soon comes, for after a score of letters *Anstruther* jilts his *Schmidt;* and though the one-handed epistolary form is maintained it is henceforth with the pen of a platonic writer that she prattles dispassionately to him on just whatever occurs to her nice mind—the weather, flowers, English poets, the narrow interior of her home, the manners of a small German provincial town. It is greatly to the credit of her dignity that in the end she sacrifices his friendship, with all the splendid scope it offers for the indulgence of her passion for letter-writing, rather than allow him, at the third time of thinking, to regard her as an eligible quantity.

I hope that the stodginess of the book's title will not go against it; for its matter is nearly always fresh and piquant, though the charm sometimes wears a little thin from sheer garrulity. And, *à propos*, I never understand why the authors of private correspondence books should habitually be more garrulous than any other kind of author, when all the laws of probability protest against this licence. I am not interested in their own manual labour (indeed they probably dictate to a type-writer); it is for the characters in their books, the miserable scribes that are made to write the actual letters, that my heart suffers. Look at poor *Fräulein Schmidt*, sitting down at the end of a day "so violently active," she says, "that every bone I possess is aching," to write a perfectly gratuitous letter of between two and three thousand words. It is an insult either to my intelligence or to my humanity.

The anonymous author of *The Ultramarines* (SMITH, ELDER) has laid the scene of his story in an island of the south, its shores washed by a mighty ocean, its mountains clothed with brightest verdure. "Colonel A." disclaims intention of painting portraits from life, or identifying Ultramarine with any particular colony. This leaves scope for those who have sojourned or visited any of the colonies to guess which one he had in mind. Actually he has achieved a higher purpose than that of recording with embellishments memories of a particular colony. He has created a type by which he effectively presents what will be recognised as a faithful picture. It is the circle revolving round Government House that is dealt with. We get a peep of the ambitions, the jealousies, the plottings that make up daily life. On the scene enters a Special Commissioner, despatched to inquire into the desirability of granting the colonial demand for a loan. He is accompanied by his daughter, a clever masterful young lady, and a poor kinsman who acts as secretary. How these two boss the show, directing the footsteps of the doddering Commissioner, how they cross each other's path, who wins and how, are matters best left to the curiosity of the reader. Incidentally there is a breezy account of a fox hunt, and another of the winning of the Ultramarine Cup.

Yet another American invader in the person of Mr. JUSTUS MILES FORMAN, with WARD, LOCK & Co. as English allies, and *A Modern Ulysses* as his weapon of offence! There are six books or chapters in this Odyssey of a hundred pages, and four Calypsos—the wife of a German-American Baron, the niece of a belted Earl, a Hungarian Princess, and the daughter of the Dalmatian Lord of Torre Dormitor. For each in turn the modern Ulysses conceives a violent passion, which they duly reciprocate, but except that he slays in single combat the husband of the first, and the father (and murderer) of the last, there is, as the saying goes, nothing done. Even when Calypso Number One turns up again in the last chapter and offers to share his wanderings, he elects to continue his Odyssey as a solitary soldier of fortune rather than to enjoy the sweets of matrimony. The remaining two-thirds of Mr. FORMAN'S book consist of short stories of the magazine type which have nothing to do with *Mr. Odysseus McCleod*, though they contain a fair sprinkling of Calypsos. The illustrations by Mr. CLAUDE SHEPPERSON are particularly good work.



IT IS SUGGESTED, IN ORDER TO ENSURE THE PUNCTUALITY OF THE STEAMBOAT SERVICE, THAT THE PIERS SHOULD BE PROVIDED WITH A CREW TO POLE THEM OUT TO MEET THE BOATS HALF-WAY.

If a holiday you 're planning,
 Unaccompanied by kith,
Read *The Art of Caravanning*
 (LONGMANS; author, BERTRAM SMITH).

As a protest 'gainst the scorcher
 You may gipsy be—and snail:
No constabulary torture
 Ever following your trail.

It will grant the joy of leisure
 At a cost extremely small,
Yielding you that roadside treasure
 Motorists know not at all.

Never going any faster
 Than your crockery can stand,
In a century you 'll master
 Quite a little of our land.

Hey for jolting, frying-panning,
 Dusty days with BERTRAM SMITH!
But the *joys* of caravanning—
 May they not be BERTRAM'S myth?

THE SPLENDID PORTER.

As my hansom drew up in the station yard he emerged from some private lair, and in a moment I felt like a storm-tossed sailor who has reached his port. The first half of the drive I had been settling mentally what I should give the cabman, and the second half I had been wondering what he would say when he saw it. This is my invariable habit when I take a cab. The Scotch strain in my blood, although naturally generous enough, makes me decline from a sense of duty to pay more than the strictly legal fare; and the impulsive, cheery Irish half of me makes me detest unpopularity and a scene. I often wish fervently that I was pure Scotch or pure Irish.

But on this occasion there was really no scene—for once. The porter took the one-and-fourpence from my hand and gave it to the cabman. He (the porter) appeared to be a man of about six foot six and generously built to match. He had bright red hair, and in the event of a row I like bright red hair—if it is on my side. This porter was clearly on my side. Therefore I wandered a few paces from the cab and gave myself up to philosophical thought while they settled the matter. I felt that it might well be left in this good porter's hands. Indeed, I had so strong a sense of detachment that, even if I had had any cotton-wool about me, I should not have slipped it in my ears. As it was, I heard the cabman say with mordant irony:

"What is 'e—a missionary or just a blooming phileranthropist?"

My ears began to tingle, but then the porter spoke:

"Never you mind what he is. You ain't worthy to deal with a gentleman like him. Don't let me hear one more word from you agin him!"

The cabman seemed to measure the speaker with his eye, and then he handed down my two bags in a thoughtful silence.

The porter picked them up as though they had been two feathers, and followed me into the booking-office. I took my ticket, and all the way to the train I was wondering how much I should give the man. It was as though two voices were arguing in my ears. One of them had a pronounced Caledonian accent, and it said, "Losh, mon, gie the fellow twapence and hae done wi' it. Ye'll mind that he's paid by this great and prrosperous Company to carry bags."

The other voice had a pleasing Hibernian brogue, which I find some little difficulty in reproducing.

"Sure, ye can't with dacency give him less than sixpence," it said softly. "Begorrah, man, think of the weight of thim two bags, and of how he settled that thafe of a carman!"

I listened to them both, and perceived that there was a certain measure of truth in both their arguments. For myself, I should have liked to obey them both, or at least to compromise. But you know what a Scotchman is in an argument! A dear good fellow, with a keenly logical mind, but just a wee bit impatient of contradiction. I got twopence ready and muttered an apology to the Irish voice.

We came to the train in time, and my porter found me an empty carriage. He put the bags inside, and settled me luxuriously in a corner seat that commanded the window rights, so that if I chose I should be able to make all my fellow-passengers quite miserable without fear of contradiction, and then a little nervously I offered him that twopence.

To my amazement he declined to take it.

"No, no, sir," he said with mellow dignity, "there's no need of that!"

I looked at him sharply to see if he was indulging in sarcasm. One of the voices whispered, "Hoots, mon, gin he's too prood to tak the bawbees, you can e'en stick to them yoursel'!" But the man's voice had been quite pleasant, and he was smiling kindly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, it's like this, sir," he said, "I don't believe in tips! Whilst I have health and strength, and whilst the Company pay me my present generous wage, it don't seem right that I should take them. There's a lot too much of that sort of thing about."

I could only look at him in wonder. At least one half of me was in full agreement with what he said. The other half told me that there was something weird and unnatural about it. Besides, the man had been willing and most respectful.

"Oh, come, you must take it!" I said pleasantly, and in my voice I detected a faint trace of brogue.

"No, sir," he said quite kindly but quite firmly. "It's clean against my principles, although I thank you. I'm trying hard to convert my fellow-workers too; but it's slow work—uncommon slow work. You're off now, Sir. Good day, and thank you!"

There was the screech of a whistle; he stepped back from the window and faded from my view.

* * * * *

I ought perhaps to have said at the start that this is a dream. There was no such porter really, and never has been.



Pat. "The next wan o' they chauffeers as runs over me 'll be sorry for ut."
Thomas. "And why 's that?"
Pat. "I 've got a tin o' nitro-glycerine in me pocket!"

Horticultural Notes.

Great Discovery by the "Tribune."

From an article entitled "Home Topics":—

"Of the various suggestions for keeping flowers in the house, there is nothing better than clean vases or jars and fresh, cool water, changed at least once a day."

HUMOURS OF AN ENGLISH SUMMER.

"Have you forgotten, love, so soon
That day, that filthy day, in June?"
Drawing-room Ballad.

"Wait, little flutterer, till June is come!"
(Thus I addressed my panting heart in Spring);
Wait till the full-fledged woodlands fairly hum
With tuny birds and beetles on the wing;
Then by the river's marge, inside a bower
Latticed to let the blue sky gleam above,
I'd have you pluck the psychologic hour,
And ventilate your love."

Bilious with joy deferred, at last, at last,
I fixed for early June a trysting-place
(Down Taplow way), familiar from a past
Chequered with lively memories of the chase;
Nor had the interval of tarrying hopes
Been wholly wasted; I'd improved the time
Learning my words - a string of sunny tropes
Drawn from the season's prime.

The fateful day arrived - a perfect beast,
Worthy of March when at his lion's tricks.
Dawn, rosy-nosed (the wind was Nor'-Nor'-East),
Ushered a temperature of 46°.
Through icy rain descending like the plague,
Close-furled in Jaeger wool and mackintosh,
Yet whistling "*Doch die Liebe fand den Weg*,"
I sallied forth - splosh, splosh.

We met; we slithered down the oozy bank;
Like a stuck pig the sodden rowlocks screamed;
Her steering, always poor, was simply rank,
And from her picture-hat a torrent streamed;
We found the bower beneath a storm of hail,
Songless save where a husky cuckoo crowed;
And once I thought I heard a nightingale
Curse in the Doric mode.

We crouched below a straining copper beech,
Munching from time to time a camphor pill;
And when I touched on love my flowers of speech
Drooped in an atmosphere forlornly chill;
I cannot blame her answer, which was blunt—
Cold feet will thus affect the nicest girl;—
Besides the damp had disarranged her "front,"
Putting it out of curl.

That night, alone before a blazing log,
And curtained from the cruel leaden skies,
I thanked my stars, above the steaming grog,
For that fiasco which had made me wise;
"Give me no mere fair-weather wife," I said,
But something like a rock that's roughly hewn,
To face with careless front the coarse, ill-bred,
Jibes of an English June. O. S.

Our Sporting Mathematicians.

As has been pointed out before now, cricket is an uncertain game, full of amazing coincidences. Consider what happened on the first day of the Notts and Essex match last week. In the words of *The Sportsman*:—

"There were two curious duplicates in yesterday's figures. Notts, who scored exactly 100 in the first innings, are 100 on, and in making 59 at their second knock made just as many as Essex in their innings."

This second duplicate, coming on top of the first, is indeed extraordinary. Verily, as "Linesman" said twice last month, "Statistics are the raw material."

"THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN."

Mr. Punch hopes in due course to be able to announce a considerable addition to the sum already most generously subscribed by his readers for the establishment of "*Punch*" kitchens for the starving children of Samara, Russia. A letter dated May 28th has reached him from Dr. Kennard, who says: "To-morrow morning I start to tour in company with Count Peter Tolstoy with a view to founding kitchens, and taking the names of several thousand more children in order to have all arranged when you send the next instalment."

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, "*Punch*" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

Many years ago, when I was young and a Cambridge undergraduate, I used to vary the monotony of books and Boats (the capital letter will indicate the relative importance of these pursuits) with boxing. Long before that, when I was quite a small boy, the great Captain Chiosso—or it may have been his understudy—had consented to stoop and punch my head, an indignity I could always resent by punching that of my younger brother, who, being of infinitesimal size, found nothing smaller than himself for the satisfaction of his wounded feelings. Captain Chiosso carried on his fistic vocation in a saloon which presents itself to my memory as having been situated somewhere in the Westbourne Grove. There were solid and almost luxurious fittings. The parallel bars, the dumb-bells and the Indian clubs seemed to imply a balance at the bank; and the boxing-gloves, occasionally in their effects so painful, were not without their suggestions of decent ease. Everything there was done in good order. You learnt how to receive whacks in the face without flinching. It was an honour to be struck, for you felt that you were associated with no common establishment, and that you were become part of one of the great sports which have made Englishmen what they unquestionably are. In those days Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy were much talked about. Their exploits had fired the imaginations of many boys not otherwise ferocious, and when, as sometimes happened, we saw a real prizefighter, we were struck dumb with respect and admiration. The palmy days, however, had gone, and I myself did not, after my experience at Captain Chiosso's, drink delight of battle until I had spent a year or two on the banks of the Cam. Then, as I say, I once more became a boxer.

Jackson—it is a name not without honour in the annals of the ring—was our instructor, or rather (for there were two of them, father and son) the Jacksons were our instructors. The place where we learnt was a parlour of moderate size on the ground-floor off "The Wrestler's Arms" in the Petty Cury. Vanished, I believe, is that parlour, and vanished are the Arms of the Wrestler. Civilization has swallowed them up, and modern needs in I know not what shape have supplanted them. But in those days—I speak of thirty years ago—the parlour was of an afternoon full of lusty life and vigour. Springy steps moved, cat-like and prehensile, over its sawdusted floor, young breasts panted with generous exertion, young eyes glared with an immitigable fierceness; straight blows delivered with a deadly impact by encased fists resounded with a dull thud on young foreheads, cheeks or noses; and rounds of toil and delight sped the moments along. In truth "The Wrestler's Arms" parlour had its crowded hours of glorious life, while the younger Jackson every now and then, if he did not exactly sound the clarion or fill the fife, gave us some admirable *intermezzi* on the cornet-à-pistons, on which he was a very meritorious performer.



THE WICKED UNCLE.

[By the terms of Mr. Haldane's Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill, the Militia and the Yeomanry, as such, disappear.]



AN AWFUL THREAT.

Worried Mother. "Now then, 'Erb, you come 'ere! Look! there go the ladies. So just you keep still, or they'll take you in with them, and you'll see all the operas!"

The old man, Jackson *père*, was the presiding genius of the establishment. Glowing traditions circled about his venerable limbs and body. The inches of his upper arm had once been eighteen; four feet had hardly measured the circuit of his still imposing chest. Feats of strength he had in his youth performed by the score; no weight had daunted him in the lifting; with one terrific blow he had once left a Life-guardsman for dead; his exploits as a defender of women had erst spread terror amongst the more ruffianly. Now, old and robbed of his pith, he was still a tall figure of a man, the shell of what had once been magnificent strength and manly enterprise. It was his duty to teach the novices, and this he did with what I may almost call an old-world courtesy, a gallantry of condescension which tapped without hurting, and guarded so as rather to encourage than to foil. He told me once, when I had aimed at what is known as "the mark" and had struck it, that Bendigo himself would not have disdained the authorship of such a blow, and that, indeed, it had been one of his favourite methods of destruction. We sparred no more that day.

In a more advanced stage we came under the fists of the younger Jackson. A big man he was and a heavy, dark-haired, stalwart and endowed with long and lissom limbs. How remote, how unapproachable was his handsome head! Now it swayed gently in one direction, and the carefully-planned blow fell harmless on his extensive shoulder; now it shifted imperceptibly backwards, and as your fist struck the air your elbow was all but dislocated by the futile jerk; or again it drooped suddenly and your boxing-glove skimmed harmless over his raven locks. He was a fine boxer and a good companion, quiet, manly, respecting himself and always sure of the respect of others. I trust he still lives, a staunch and solid veteran of the gloves, the stick and the foil.

In the intervals between our hard bouts we were permitted to send round to the "Arms" for beer. "Walk round," said the elder Jackson, after we had reached the limits of our muscles and our wind; and then in the twinkling of an eye the beer came in, foam-headed beer in pewter tankards, and "Here's luck!" said the drinkers, and the beer was gone head and all. Then we set to work again.

Some day, when I revisit Cambridge, I shall search in the Petty Cury for the ghost of "The Wrestler's Arms."

The Increasing Alien.

The St. James's Theatre's Programme of Music is "selected from the works of British composers"—a praiseworthy idea which must commend itself to the *National Review*. It is, however, a little unfortunate that the names of the first four composers on the programme in front of us are Auber, Offenbach, Zulueta and Crémieux. Had the play been called anything but *John Glayde's Honour*, we should have had our suspicions.

DIARY OF THE EDITORIAL ENTENTE.

May 25.—Departure of British Editors and Journalists on their Kinloch Cooke's Tour through Germany to establish better relations between the Fatherland and this country. (*Hoch!*)

May 26.—Arrival at Bremen and astonishment of the party to find that even the little children talk German. Mr. SHORTER essaying to do the same to a policeman is arrested for *lèse-majesté*. Nothing but pacific intervention of Mr. SPENDER saves the situation.

May 27.—Visit to the Great Tun of Heidelberg. Illuminated address presented to the custodian by the Editor of *The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, who subsequently disappears in the Tun and is rescued by Mr. BUNTING, the Editor of *The Contemporary Review*.

May 28. The British Editors in Berlin. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER explains to his *confrères* that *unter den Linden* means "under the chestnuts." (*Great enthusiasm.*)

The British Editors visit the office of a Berlin daily. The representative of *The Daily Mail* astonished to find that the leader-writer is expressing the same opinion to-night that the paper held last night. Has to be carried to his hotel in a state of collapse.

May 29.—The British Editors at Potsdam. The Editor of *The Court Journal* and Sir KINLOCH COOKE the only men who feel really at home. *Reynolds's* young man goes heavily into lager.

British Editors received by the EMPEROR. Mr. SIDNEY LOW, on making it clear that he is not Mr. CHARLES LOWE, allowed to come too. The EMPEROR, pirouetting gracefully on his right toe, observes "after all why should we not be gay with BUNTING?" On being introduced to Mr. CHRISTIAN, the EMPEROR said he was always glad to meet anyone of that name, and, turning to Professor KNACKFUSS, "Remind me," he said, "to put this gentleman's portrait into our next allegory."

Grand Review of the troops for the British Editors. Speech of congratulation made by the Editor of *The War Cry*. Mr. SHORTER dons uniform of a Berlin commissionaire.

May 30.—The British Editors at Pilsen. Inspection of a brewery . . . .

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The Editor of *The British Weekly* makes "rambling remarks." Return to England of the Editor of *The Alliance News*.

Visit to Berncastel and morning call of the British Editors on the famous Doctor. Congratulatory speeches by the Editors of *The Lancet* and *The British Medical Journal*. The Editor of *The British Weekly* again rambles.

May 31.—Arrival at Weimar. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER takes snapshots of the back-door of GOETHE'S house and asks the custodian if it was here that the great man wrote *The Robbers*.

The British Editors visit a sausage factory at Essen. Felicitations upon the excellence of the apparatus conveyed to the directorate by the Editors of *The Stable* and *The Kennel*.

June 1.—The British Editors at Kiel. Mr. LOCKER of *The Irish Times* inspects the canal. Mr. SHORTER, playing at Narcissus, falls in and is rescued by the Editor of *The County Gentleman and Land and Water*.

June 2.—Arrival of the British Editors at Dresden. Enormous crowd at the station addressed by the Editors of *The Bootle Free Press* and *The Skibbereen Eagle*. The party then proceed to the Royal Castle, a special elephant, sumptuously caparisoned, having been placed at the disposal of Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER by the Directors of the Zoological Gardens. On their arrival at the Castle the King of SAXONY has the honour of being presented to Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER and his colleagues. In an eloquent speech the KING greets his illustrious guests, and warmly shaking Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER by the hand he compliments him on his influential exertions in allaying the acrimony of international strife by uniting all races on the common ground of their interest in CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S wardrobe. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, moved to tears by this generous tribute, says that it always has been his object to promote the music of the Spheres and presents the KING with a golosh which is believed to have once belonged to PATRICK BRONTË.

June 3.—Arrival of the British Editors at Munich. Reception at the Hercules Hall, where the Regent of BAVARIA has the honour of being presented to Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, and is deeply affected by the condescension of the great English publicist. Gala matinée performance of *Tannhäuser* at the Opera House. Mr. PERCY BUNTING at short notice takes the part of *Venus* and is much admired. Banquet in the Rathhaus. Mr. SATTERTHWAITE of *The Chowbent Mercury* replies on behalf of the British Empire, and congratulates Bavaria on the purity of its beer.

June 4.—Invasion of Frankfort-on-Maine by the British Editors. Unconditional capitulation of the city to General SHORTER. Provisional Government established. Premier, Prince PERCY BUNTING; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Count SIDNEY LOW; Minister of Public Worship, Baron BERTRAM CHRISTIAN.

June 5.—Arrival of the British Editors at Cologne. Grand concert at the Gürzenich Saal. In the absence, through indisposition, of Herr STEINBACH, Mr. CASSIDY, of *The Skibbereen Eagle*, conducts the orchestra with a shillelagh. Great banquet. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER drinks to the pious memory of JOHANN MARIA FARINA and embraces the Governor of the Rhine Province, who faints at the unexpected honour.

June 6.—Departure of the British Editors for Denmark. In mid-channel Mr. SHORTER wittily and wirelessly telegraphs to the KAISER, "Wish our visit had been Longer."

June 8.—Return of British Editors, in a state of terrible satisfaction, surprised to find that England still stands where it did.

"THE ARMCHAIR."

"IT wouldn't have a chance," said A.

"But why not?" B. asked. He was very young. "Why not? It would be decent and leisurely. It would give good reading for the end of the week, by the fire or under a tree."

A. laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" B. asked him.

"Because you are so fond of the inessential," said A. "I thought you wanted the thing to pay."

B., who was very young, sighed.

"What about your Society paragraphs?" said A. "'At another table was Mrs. BLANK, looking beautiful in her all-round tiara. Lord DASH was there with his son, and Lady HYPHEN, in a moiré-antique dream, with her pretty daughters.' Aren't you going to give them anything like that?"

"Certainly not," said B.; "it's bilge."

"What's the matter with bilge?" asked A.

"Everything."

"My dear fellow," said A., "won't you have any personal pars at all? Nothing about the pet pug-dog of the great musical comedy favourite, and its special barber's visits?"

"No."

"Nothing about the incorrigible popularity of Mr. PENN the author, and his habit of breaking an egg on his hair every morning, and his kindness to the parrots at the Zoo?"

"No."

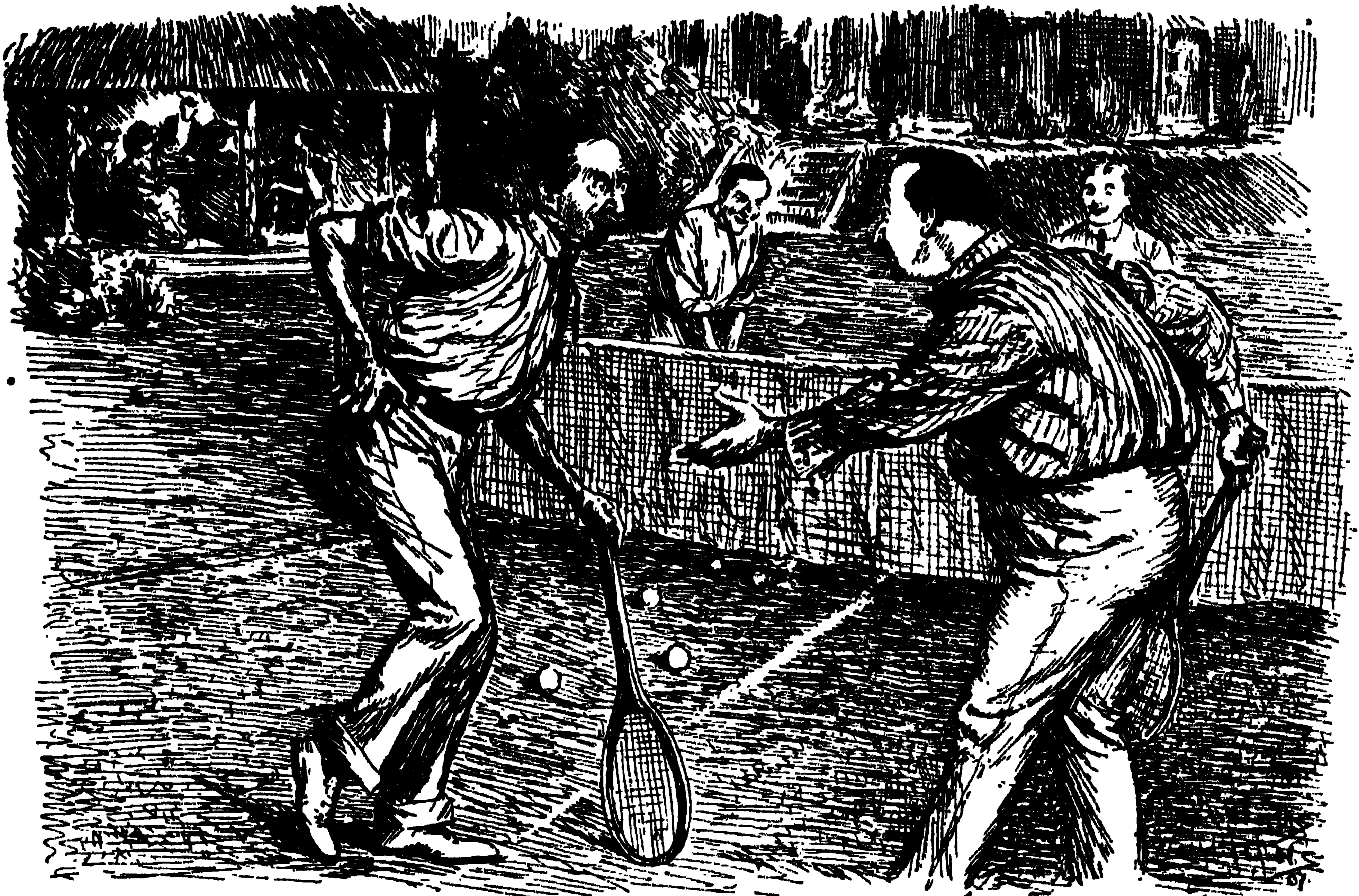
"Nothing about the little Prince's meals—how they are cooked and how many bites he takes to a plover's egg?"

"No."

"No? Then what will you have? How are you going to fill the thing?"

"It will be all genial, all decent. No slime at all. If we have to be critical, we shall; but for the most part we shall just be friendly and readable."

"My poor boy" [B. was very young], "what on earth is the good of that, here and now? It's all over. And *The Armchair* too. What a title! Call it



Irate tennis-player (who has just received resounding blow from his French partner). "HERE—I SAY! WHAT THE——"
French Partner. "HE WAS A WASP AND I KILL HIM!"

The A. C. or Week End Whifflings.
You 're out of date."

"Well, I 'm going to try, anyway."

"On those lines? Being decent and leisurely and all that?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you on your pluck—but you 're a born bankrupt."

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

["Miss EDNA MAY and her millionaire husband are going to live the simple life."—*Daily Mirror.*]

I ALWAYS thought myself
(And always told my wife)
I scorned superfluous pelf
And loved the simple life;
And though my better half
Might laugh,
Still stoutly I insisted
I would not share the load of care
Your millionaire is bound to bear.
In cabs, perhaps, and tipping chaps
I might not be close-fisted,
But on the whole, thought I, no soul
Of simpler tastes existed.
For long I stood alone;
All thought I was possessed
Whenever I made known
The creed that I professed.
But now a kindred mind
I find,
Whose view is mine completely;
I note with glee this devotee
Appears to see the world like me;
With joy I read the Spartan creed
Depicted here so sweetly;
The homely round that she has found
Would suit me very neatly.

The seats of wealth I fly,
Your palaces repel—
In simple manor I
Would much prefer to dwell.
Give me a lawn where blows
The rose
And hollyhocks are present,
A house or two where just a few
Nice orchids do the winter through;
A modest shoot of copse and root
I fancy would be pleasant,
Where I should not refuse to pot
The inexpensive pheasant.

My stables should not lack
Some hunters—four or five—
A trotter and a hack,
A cob or two to drive.
No simple homely sort
Of sport
My modest tastes disparage;
I love the sound of bell-voiced hound
When fox is found and skims the ground;
Nor do I bar the motor-car
When tired of coach and carriage,
And I could do with just a few
Within my humble garage.

Then what can people see
That should their laughter raise
Whene'er I claim to be
A man of simple ways?
I only ask to munch
For lunch
The homeliest kind of victual:
Quite pleased I am with chick or lamb
And just a dram of good, dry cham.
For sumptuous fare I do not care
The smallest jot or tittle—
Upon the whole was ever soul
Content with such a little?

Sporting Candour.

"LIES for dry fly fishing differ from those with which the novice is already acquainted in their build."—*Field.*

THE FATAL JEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to ask you to be good enough to assist an unfortunate friend of mine. To do this will not be so much a matter of favour on your part as a matter of duty. You, being the patron of humour, are morally bound to provide for those who have sacrificed their all on its behalf.

On May the 1st my friend was a doctor with several good appointments, a large private practice, ample family expectations, and a charming *fiancée*. He had had an energetic and a prosperous career, but, though he loved a joke, he had on principle never up to that day made one. On the evening in question he was invited to dine at a restaurant with certain old friends of his college days, the ultimate idea being to attend at Blank's Circus, and there to see a Young Lady (of otherwise modest demeanour) place her head literally inside the lion's mouth.

The dinner was such a sober success as is fitting to middle-aged men who have cheerful dispositions to satisfy but professional reputations to maintain. My friend, not to be behind in contributing to the happiness of the party, determined at whatever cost to make one joke. Sight of the pepper-pot and mention of the lion's mouth suggested the material, and my friend put this rhetorical question to the company: "What if we by some means unknown were to secrete pepper in the hair of this Young Lady, so that when she put her head into the lion's mouth the lion should sneeze?"

I do not ask your opinion on the humour or the originality of this suggestion. I merely inform you that it had been reported *verbatim* at the circus before the party had finished its dinner at the restaurant. It may be that the waiter, once a doctor *in posse* who had been driven out of the field by the superior ability of my friend, bore my friend a grudge and seized this opportunity of doing my friend an injury. Possibly the man at the next table on the right had once been betrothed to the Young Lady, had been jilted by her, still loved her, and had long desired to heap coals of fire on her head (she had probably preferred the pepper) by demonstrating to her that, howsoever badly she had treated him, his first thought was still for her welfare. Overhearing my friend's remark and being a Scotchman, he may have telephoned to the Young Lady, warning her of her awful fate, and adding whatever affectionate reproaches he thought the occasion would stand. Possibly—— But there are a thousand possibilities.

On these successful (even if sober) evenings one forgets one's little jests almost as soon as uttered. My friend had forgotten all about his little indiscretion when he arrived at the door of the circus. Here (a detailed description of his appearance having preceded him) he was refused admittance on the suspicion of carrying pepper with intent. At first he treated the matter as frivolous and raised a prejudice against himself; then he protested and incurred general displeasure for blocking the entrance; insisted on his rights and was frowned on as a brawler; denied and was suspected of a sinister motive; vituperated and was accused of being drunk. At this stage the police assumed control, and my friend threw away his last chance by his own folly. Vituperation, impudent and violent enough, has been known to succeed on similar occasions, but explanations can only make bad worse. My friend tried to explain, and was at once taken into custody. Later he made four other attempts to explain, but only succeeded in convincing his captors by the first of his alcoholism, by the second of his habitual alcoholism, by the third of his insanity arising from habitual alcoholism, by the fourth of his homicidal mania due to insanity arising from habitual alcoholism. Also, he lost:

I. His appointments,
II. His private practice,
III. His family expectations,
IV. His *fiancée*.



Extract from a letter of the Ju-jitsu age.—"DEAR JACK,—I AM PERFECTLY CUT UP. DOT HAS THROWN ME OVER!"

Lastly, owing to further proffered explanations he is now awaiting trial on a charge of attempted murder.

What I ask you to do is to provide for my friend (when at liberty) some honourable and remunerative sinecure in the service of humour. We take for granted his acquittal on the capital charge. His counsel (a particularly shrewd man) is certain that, if my friend will only admit all the facts alleged with all the inferences possible to be drawn from them and will keep his mouth shut, he will be all right on a technical defence. Counsel is, in fact, confident of being able to argue successfully that, in the light of recent events, murder is no longer a crime.

However, you will see that my friend's social and professional ruin is already complete. That being so, I will refrain from pleading further, and will be content to rely on your generosity. Above all things, I ask you not to treat the matter as a joke.

Your humble
PETITIONER.

A PURLOINED PAPER.

[The subjoined fragment was brought to the offices of this paper by an anonymous gentleman without a hat, who demanded half-a-crown for his trouble. If, as we suspect, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has been the victim of a highway robbery we owe him the usual apologies as accessories after the fact. The MS. is considerably frayed at the edges and bears signs of ill-usage, being here and there illegible. Both the beginning and the end are missing. No hint remains as to what may have been the subject of the complete paper.]

. . . . . because the real truth about the average man has never been told. The real truth about the average man is that he does not exist. He belongs, like the gryphon and the phœnix, to the realms of heraldry and romance. We might reasonably expect to find him in the position of keeper in a kind of insane Zoo for blue boars and wyverns and two-headed dragons, but nowhere else. The voice of modern science, however, according to Mr. BLATCHFORD of *The Clarion*, is distinctly against the possibility of two-headed dragons.

In the face of this cosmic fact nothing remains for any sincere and courageous man but to become deliberately a humorist. There is, however, great need for a defence of jokes. Like all simple and elemental things they are commonly misunderstood. The most obvious thing about a good joke is that it is a troublesome and even painful thing to make. The man who makes

good jokes is nearly always a serious person with a bald head. One must be very happy in order to make bad jokes: in other words one must be an optimist. There is, of course, a philosophy of jokes, just as there is a philosophy of buttons. It is part of the sumptuous folly of adolescent manhood to suppose that bad jokes are not worth making. This is admirably shown in that poignant utterance of mediæval realism, the harlequinade. In the harlequinade the two who jest are the middle-aged clown and the senile pantaloon; the harlequin says nothing. The explanation is, as usual, perfectly obvious. For the solemn, masked figure of the harlequin stands for the eternal young man who has made up his mind only to say things that are worth saying. . . . .

The question very naturally arises here, How is one to know when a joke is good and when it is bad? The answer is abysmally simple: one cannot know. There exists no way of trying it on the dog, and in the absence of that cowardly and inhuman expedient there can be no perfectly flawless test. Personally, however, I may say that I try them on myself. If they are good enough for me they are good enough for the . . . . and as it is a daily paper it does not matter so much. When, however, I finally put them into a book I discard the weaker ones.

On the advantages of being a humorist there is much to be said, but from motives of delicacy I shall not say it. There are a large number of humorists in Fleet Street, though on this subject, too, a great amount of misconception exists. Fleet Street is not a place but a state of the soul. On reflection I am astonished to find what an incalculable number of misconceptions exists on all sorts of subjects. It is just as well. Of all the dark and appalling nightmares which have troubled the imagination of man since first he began to dream, none has exceeded, for sinister and blasphemous horror, the conception of a world in which nothing is left to be explained by the superior journalist. . .

There are two, and only two, ways of looking at a subject. You may look at it standing on your heels, or you may look at it standing on your head. If you adopt the common and conventional plan of standing on your heels you will see nothing in a hansom-cab but a two-wheeled vehicle with a number on the back. But if you look at it standing on your head (preferably in the middle of Piccadilly) it will at once become a thing of amazing spiritual import.

This plan has therefore striking advantages; but it has one extraordinary disadvantage: it has the extraordinary disadvantage that it will almost certainly attract the attention of the common policeman. It is a curious result of our complex civilisation that our most spontaneous impulses are apt to be checked by the intervention of the common policeman. In a certain sense he serves to protect us from the tyranny of the individual bad man, but in another and much larger sense he serves to impose upon us the tyranny of the collective good man. The real truth about the common policeman — but I said that about the average man . . . .

In certain conceivable circumstances any one of us might become the object of the common policeman's peculiar care. In other words we are all of us liable, at some supreme moment of our lives, to be arrested on suspicion. This is the simplest expression of the doctrine of original sin. It might happen to an ordinary Dean. But for an ordinary Dean to be arrested on suspicion could only be the result of a silly misunderstanding, for no suspicion can possibly attach to a Dean. A Dean is a man who has parted with almost all the privileges of manhood in exchange for an absolute immunity from slander.

In the book which I am at present reviewing . . . .

(*Here the fragment abruptly ends.*)



Aunty. "Willie, an angel brought your Mamma such a nice new brother for you last night. Wouldn't you like to see the dear little baby?"

Willie. "No; but I'd like to see the angel."

Is a General Election at Hand?

"To be Disposed of, a Private Collection of Minerals and Fossils, with or without fitted cabinet. Parliament Chambers, Westminster, S.W."—*Morning Post.*

The address is certainly rather suggestive.

"Llandilo Council met on Tuesday, when it was agreed to gratefully accept Lord Dynevor's gift of a recreation space for a pathway. His Lordship offered the outer side of the part at 1s. a year."—*South Wales Daily Post.*

We are a little doubtful as to what has happened, but we quite see that it is a great day for Llandilo.



MILITIA TRAINING.

Spartan Mother. "Well, I'm thankful our Bill ain't a-wastin' 'is time like that!"

THE AMERICANISATION OF LONDON.

Now that the public taste has set so strongly towards American plays, it is time that somebody began to bring the dramas of William K. Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon City, Warw., up to date. The fashion of Americanising English successes has come to stay. It appears that we are to have an Americanised version of *The Orchid* shortly. The following is a mere outline, but might be expanded, on reasonable terms, for Histrion Sothern or Histrion Edeson, should either of them commission the adapter.

Hamlet.

Scene—*Battlements at Elsinore. Enter* Jas. P. Hamlet, *son of the Danish President, and* Horatio *and* Marcellus (*of the Elsinore football-team*).

Hamlet. Say, fellers, about this yer spirut. [*Enter* Ghost.

Ghost. Say, Hamlet.

H. Sure?

G. I'm your pop. Your step-pop murdered me.

H. You don't say?

G. Sure. Poured poison in my ear. I was easy fruit. Say, Hamlet, it's up to you.

H. Sure. [*Exit* Ghost.

Scene—*The Palace. Enter* Hamlet, *with* Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern (*sophomores of the Elsinore University*).

Hamlet. Say, fellers.

R. and G. Huh.

H. Guess we'll have some theatricals here. Go and corrall some all-wool stars.

R. and G. Sure. [*Exeunt R. and G.*

H. Guess I'll make step-pop sit up, the pie-faced mut.

Scene—*The Palace. The Players begin their play.*

The Danish President. Say, Hamlet, got a book of the words with you? What's this piece about, anyway?

Hamlet. You'll see quick enough.

The President (*as play proceeds*). Holy Cat! Some gazebo must have been giving these yaps the wise word. This is all about me and the late President. Yes, there I go pouring poison in his ear.

H. Like the play, pop?

The President. Vurry bright, Hamlet, vurry bright. Beats Vaudeville all the way.

H. (*in a sinister manner*). Sure.

Scene—*The Palace. Enter the President, his wife,* Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Laertes, *and all the characters who are left alive after preceding Act.*

Hamlet. And now for a bully old rough-house. (*Stabs President, and poisons President's wife.*) That's the sort of man *I* am.

R. and G. (*giving College yell*). Rah! Rah! Elsinore! Rah! Rah! Rah!

H. (*to Laertes*). Care to fence with poisoned rapiers?

L. Sure. [*They fence.*

H. Got you there. [*Wounds him.*

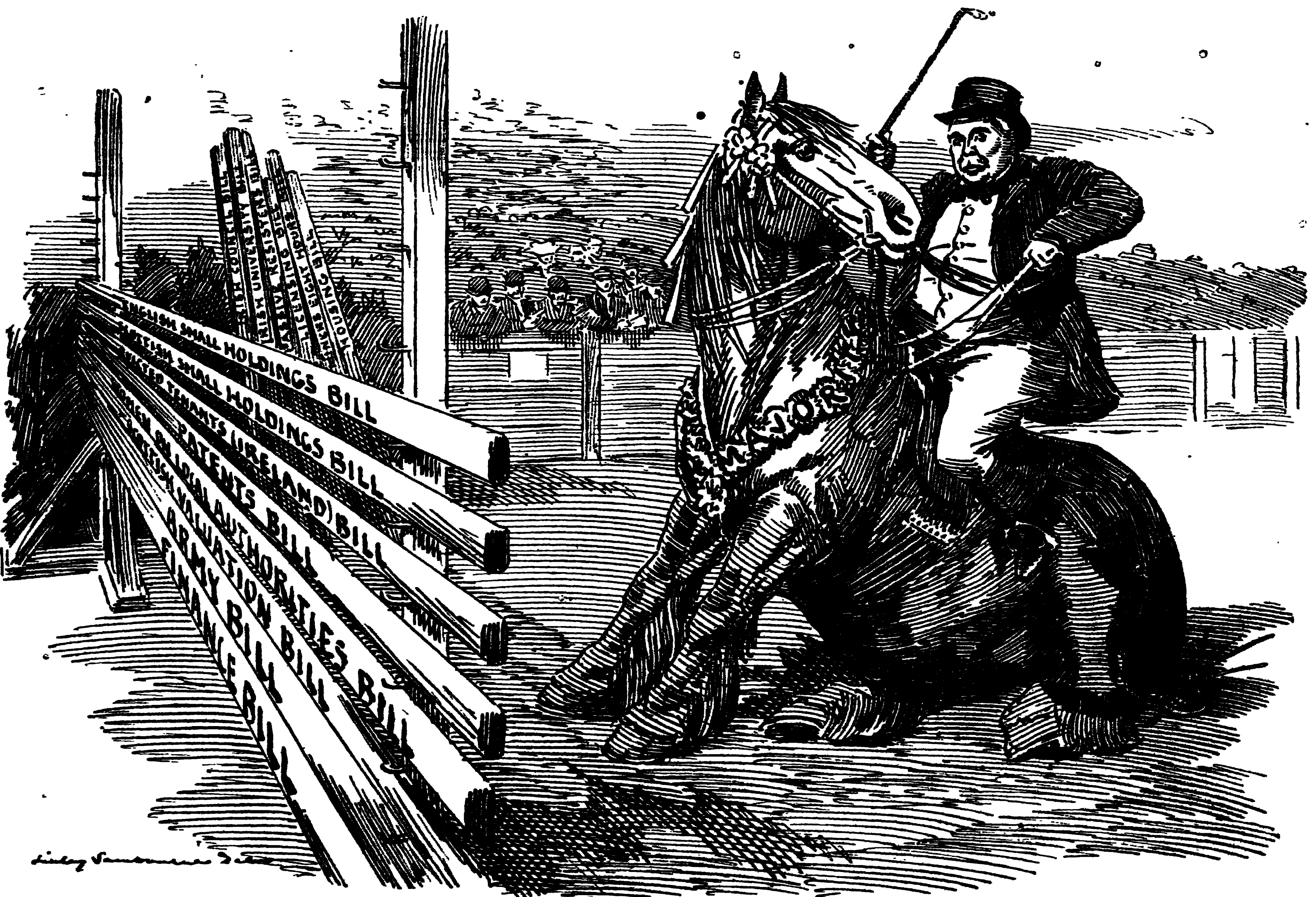
L. Had you then. (*Wounds him.*)

My notice is up. [*Dies.*

H. Me for the golden shore. [*Dies.*

R. and G. Rah! Rah! Elsinore! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Curtain.



THE CHAMPION FLIER.

(At the Great Westminster Horse Show.)

C.-B. "NOW THEN, ORBY, OVER WE GO. I'VE TAKEN DOWN THE TOP HALF-DOZEN BARS!"
PRIZE CART-HORSE. "TAKE DOWN ANOTHER HALF-DOZEN, GUV'NOR, AND I'LL LOOK AT IT. BUT I'M REALLY BEST ON THE FLAT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 3.—Again, as on threshold of last week, a crowded House eager to hear fate of



“This Session—Next Session—Sometime—Never!”
(Sir Henry C.-B.)

Members and measures during what remains of Session. Announcement cannot possibly be further postponed. A faint cheer welcomed C.-B.'s rising to explain. Curiously halting in manner. A good man struggling with the adversity of too many promises given, too little time for their fulfilment. Deadlock, he affably explained, due entirely to Autumn Session and those pesky draftsmen. If the measures promised in KING'S Speech were only ready, Ministers would be delighted to urge them forward. But, like the famous Six Army Corps, they are not yet embodied. Moral, no more Autumn Sessions; whereat House heartily cheered.

Taking KING'S Speech in hand and reciting list of promised measures, C.-B., with pretty coyness, dealt with them after the fashion of the love-sick maiden tearing the rose leaf by leaf with old refrain: “He loves me, he loves me not.”

“Next Session,” said he, plucking the Licensing Bill off the stalk and dropping it on the floor. “This Session,” he continued, tearing off the Army Bill. “Next Session,” Irish University Bill; “This Session,” Small Holdings Bill, and so on to the end. Out of sixteen infant Bills, seven are abandoned by their ruthless parent.

When the halting speech, dragged over three-quarters of an hour, was brought to an end, PRINCE ARTHUR romped in and gleefully battered PREMIER about the head.

“I do not believe,” he said, “that any Government on the 1st of June ever promised so many first-class Bills not yet even introduced, to be passed in the same Session.”

It was not the 1st of June, but the 3rd. That an immaterial detail. Precision in dates or other figures not PRINCE ARTHUR'S speciality. But he made a good fighting speech that roused spirit on Opposition Benches.



“INSATIABLE THIRST FOR INFORMATION.”
(Mr. W-lfr-d Ashl-y.)

House straightway resuming Committee on Army Bill, Members with one consent fled, leaving in possession of field a rear-guard of some score of military men. Complaint made of hardships of the Yeomanry, HOWARD VINCENT, humbly presenting himself as “an Infantry man,” asked Committee to consider other side of the shield. The magnificent uniform of the Yeomen gave them great advantage in, as he delicately put it, “any circle they affected.” The King's Westminsters in their sober garb had no chance with the Yeoman, his plumes waving in the wind, his garments resplendent in the setting sun.



“Prince Arthur romped in.”

This, the nearest approach to poetry reached in Committee, had remarkable effect on subsequent division. The amendment against which the lyric was directed was rejected by a majority of 200, the maximum attainment of the sitting.

Business done.—Army Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—WILFRID ASHLEY'S thirst for information is insatiable. One would think from number and variety of questions he puts down day after day that he knew nothing when, at General Election, he was returned for Blackpool. On the contrary he thinks he knows a great deal. His questions are, in fact, designed rather to give information than to elicit it. The Army Bill now in Committee will be known in history as HALDANE'S. But NAPOLEON B., an honest man, will readily admit that both in debate and at Question



THE OLD SPIRIT.

Shade of Lawrence (to Rt. Hon. John Morley). "Well done Mr. Morley! It's good to find the old dauntless courage still alive at headquarters."

("It would have been absurd for us not to use the weapon given us by the Act of 1818 to prevent such a disaster, and I, for one, have no apology whatever to offer .... British rule in India will continue, ought to continue, and must continue."—*Mr. Morley, June 6.*)

time ASHLEY, who isn't Captain of the Hampshire Militia for nothing, has taught him a thing or two.

To-day ASKLEY—I mean ASHLEY—turned upon STRACHEY, as representing Board of Agriculture, and posed him with sudden presentation of an insoluble problem.

"When," he sternly asked, "does a puppy become a dog?"

STRACHEY lamely answered that, in the eyes of the law, "dog doubtless includes puppy."

In view of this unsatisfactory reply, ASHLEY was tempted to move the adjournment. On reflection he perceived that debate arising thereupon would interfere with Committee stage of Army Bill, and so prevent delivery of one or two little speeches he had prepared for that occasion. The balance of advantage being against his impulse, he resisted it, and there still lacks authoritative judgment on the question, When is a puppy no longer a puppy but a dog?

Business done.—Still pegging away at Army Bill.

Wednesday.—Some uncertainty about case of PAT SMYTH, process server. Captain CRAIG armed him in this afternoon. Through medium of question addressed to CHIEF SECRETARY told a pitiful story. About the hour of 4 o'clock on what should have been a bright May day, PAT, strolling in the leafy lanes that girdle Athenry, was set upon by unknown marauders, cut on the head, "and deprived of a revolver which he was obliged to carry for his own protection."

"What steps are the police taking in the matter?" asked the gallant Captain with a choke in his throat as he thought of stricken PAT.

ST. AUGUSTINE made answer which checked the swelling flood of sympathy. On the afternoon in question, PAT, "who had a slight cut on the head," reported to the police that he had been assaulted by two men. He made no mention of the revolver, but said a stick had been taken from him. Subsequently he added the revolver to the catalogue of plunder. He was not able to identify the assailants.

"PAT SMYTH," the CHIEF SECRETARY sententiously added, "was not sober at the time of the alleged assault."

Here subject dropped; but obviously it cannot be left where it fell. It is not the first time that a difficulty in identifying assailants in a sudden onslaught has cast doubt on a moving story. *Falstaff* had dealings with men in buckram more than three hundred years before PAT SMYTH was cut on the head and "deprived of a revolver" in the precincts of Athenry.

Business done.—Further merry closuring in Committee of Army Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Lord NEWTON, whose activity in respect of reforming Procedure has not been checked by reference of his Bill to Select Committee, offers new suggestion. He thinks that, in view of approach to accomplishment of House of Commons' threat against their partner in legislation, it will be well if the service with which each sitting is opened should be extended. It is now confined to the reading of a prayer. Why not have a hymn also? asks the noble lord.

He finds one appropriate to time and circumstance in the familiar verse beginning:

> "And are we still alive, and see each other's face?"

No one knows what will happen after the 17th, 24th, or whatever be the date when C.-B. introduces his Resolution. Much better sing whilst we can.

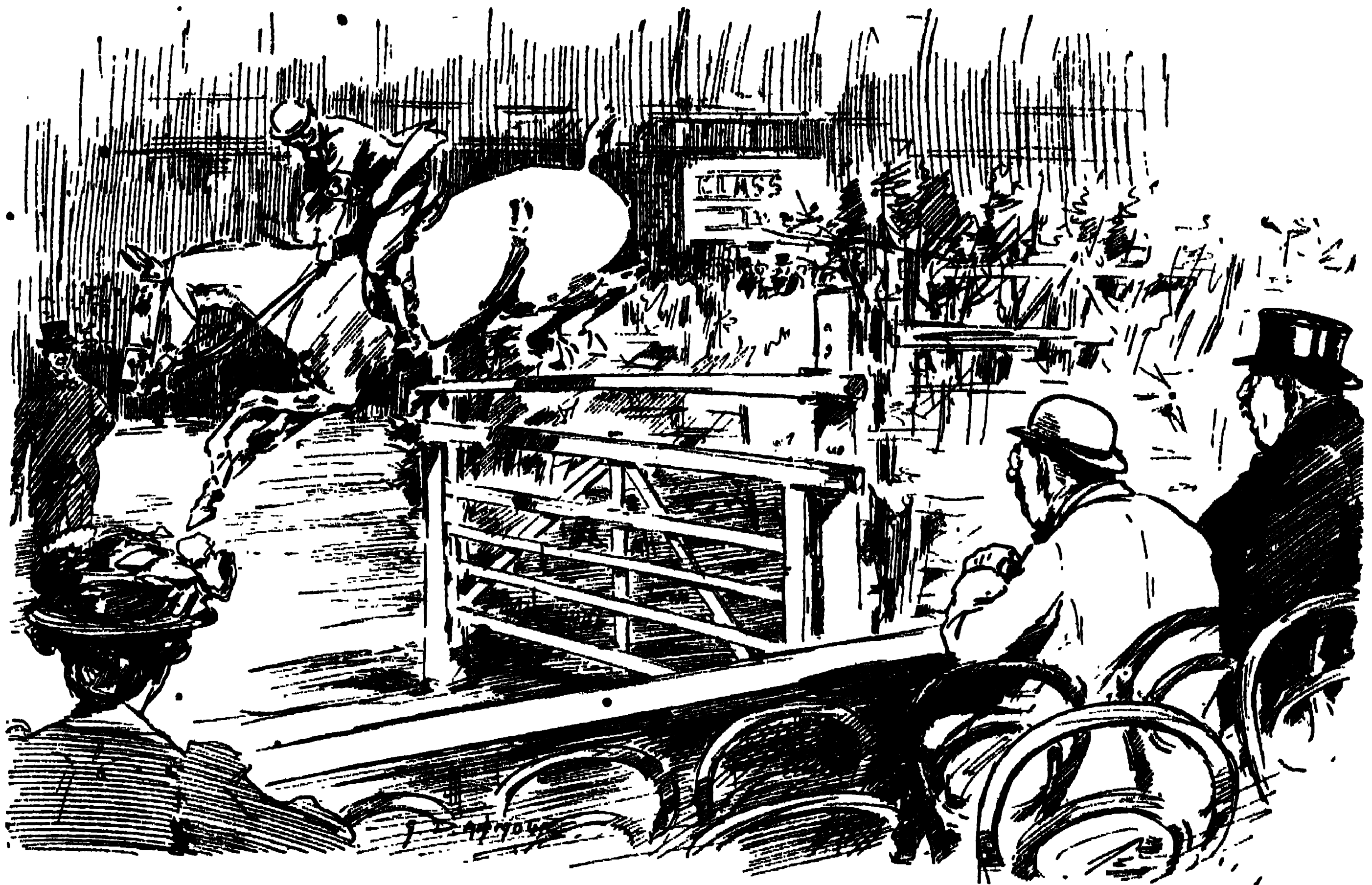
Business done.—Indian Budget introduced in Commons.

House of Commons, Friday.—In opening scene of the play which—in spite of precedent created in analogous case of *The Mikado* and the visit to London of a Japanese Prince—it has been



AN INTERESTING CONSTITUENT.

"Arising out of that lobster, Mr. Speaker."
(Sir G-lb-rt P-rk-r.)



AT OLYMPIA.

First Stout Party. "Well, what do you think of it?"

Second S. P. "Nothing but a circus, I call it. Now, suppose you or I were to buy that horse, you wouldn't catch him jumping gates like that with one of us!"

decided shall not be prohibited during stay of King of Denmark, *Hamlet* recalls series of dread portents happening

> In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell.

Gilbert Parker doesn't want to make too much of what may be a pointless accident. All the same he has felt it his duty to call attention to a singular event happening the other day, in which one of his constituents played a prominent part. Fishing in the Thames below Hole Haven, and meditating upon the accumulated iniquities of the Government, the Constituent, who has always voted straight, caught, not a crab, but a lobster of phenomenal size. Sir Gilbert, who, though a distinguished novelist, never romances, testifies that the monster "measured 28½ inches from the tail to the pincer; the body was 18 inches in length, the claws 16 inches, and the weight 7 pounds."

If this doesn't mean that C.-B. and his lot will be bundled out of office next year, Gravesend would like to know what other explanation there is of the portent.

Business done. — Consideration of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

THE NEW LEAF.

(On reading some Advice on Health in almost any daily paper.)

My Lubin, now we 're up in years,
At times, I think, we grow reflective,
And glimpse with no unmanly fears
The Darkness in the dim perspective;
But still, with half our candle burnt
(Or thereabouts), in sober quiet
We take our wine, nor yet have learnt
To quarrel with our wonted diet.

But if as yet with even beat
Our pulses throb, if still we step it
With some assurance in the street,
The wonder grows we 're not decrepit.
For why? The door on health he shuts
(See letters to a morning journal)
Who fails to make his lunch off nuts,
With forty bites to every kernel.

And (*ibid.*) we, if we aspire
To go about no longer fearful
Of wild bacilli, must acquire
The mulish mind that *will* be cheerful.
So let us smile, and smile again,
And, when the cogs of life want oiling,
Draw ichor from the water-main,
And drink a jugful—nearly boiling.

Then, should we learn to share the view
That climbing trees has tonic virtue,
Be 't yours each morn to mount my yew
(The araucaria's spikes might hurt you);
While I, remembering happier dawns
That found my head upon the pillow,
Will hie me to riparian lawns
And, pensive, climb the mournful willow.

And we will practise, now and then,
A wholesome discipline, commended
For helping growth—not mental—when
Our evening meal of nuts is ended.
Each sideways seated on his chair
Shall exercise the lumbar muscles
By bending backwards till his hair
Sweep once again the well-swept Brussels.

Then come, my Lubin, let 's eschew
Old ways, old wine, and common raiment
(For which, if half one reads be true,
Time will exact an awful payment);
Thus shall we grow more hale and strong—
At least, Hygeia's pundits deem so;
Thus shall our span of life be long—
At any rate it 's bound to seem so.

BACHELOR DAYS.

III.—MEDES AND PERSIANS.

I HAVE already said that I am not afraid of my housekeeper, so there is no need for me to say it again. There are other motives than fear which prevent a man from arguing with housekeepers; dislike of conversation with his intellectual inferiors may be one, the sporting instinct is certainly another. If one is to play "Medes and Persians" properly one must be a sportsman about it. Of course I could say right out to her, "Do this," and she would do it. Or she could say right out to me, "Do that," and I would reply, "Don't be absurd." But that wouldn't be the game.

As I play it, a "Mede" is a law which *she* lays down, and to which (after many a struggle) in the end I submit; a "Persian" is a law which *I* lay down, and to which . . . after many a struggle . . . in the end . . . (when it is too late) . . . Well, there are many Medes, but so far I have only scored one Persian of note.

The first Mede was established last winter. For many weeks I had opened my bedroom door of a morning to find a small jug of cold water on the mat outside. The thing puzzled me. What do I want with a small jug of cold water, I asked myself, when I have quite enough in the bath as it is? Various happy thoughts occurred to me—as that it was lucky, that it collected the germs, or (who knows?) indicated a wife with five thousand a year—but it was a month before the real solution flashed across my mind. "Perhaps," I said, "it was hot once. But," I added, "it must have been a long time ago."

The discovery upset me a good deal. In the first place it is annoying suddenly to have all one's hopes of a rich wife and protection from disease dashed to the ground; in the second, I object to anybody but a relation interfering with my moral character. Here was a comparative stranger trying to instil the habits of early rising into me by leaving shaving-water outside the door at 3 A.M. Was this a thing to be taken lying down?

Decidedly. So I stayed in bed and ignored the water-jug; save that each morning, as I left my rooms, I gave it a parting sneer. It was gone by the evening, but turned up again all right next day. After a month I began to get angry. My housekeeper was defying me; very well, we would see who could last the longer.

But after two months it was a Mede. Yet I have this triumph over her. That though I take the water in I . . . pour it into the bath and slip back into bed again. I don't think she knows that.

Since then there have been many Medes. Little ones as to the position of the chairs; bigger ones as to the number of blankets on the bed. You mustn't think, though, that I always submit so easily. Sometimes I am firm. In the matter of "AFRICA JOE" I have been very firm. Here, I know, I have right on my side.

A year ago I was presented with a model of an Irish jolting car (with horse and driver complete), which had been cut out of some sort of black wood. The thing used to stand over my fireplace. Later on I acquired, at different times, a grey hippopotamus (in china) and a black elephant. These I harnessed on in front of the horse; and the whole affair made a very pretty scene, which was known to my friends as "Sunday in the Forest: AFRICA JOE drives his family to church." Besides all these I had yet another animal—a green frog climbing a cardboard ladder. I leant this against the clock. One had the illusion that the frog was climbing up in order to look at the works—which was particularly pleasing because the clock didn't go.

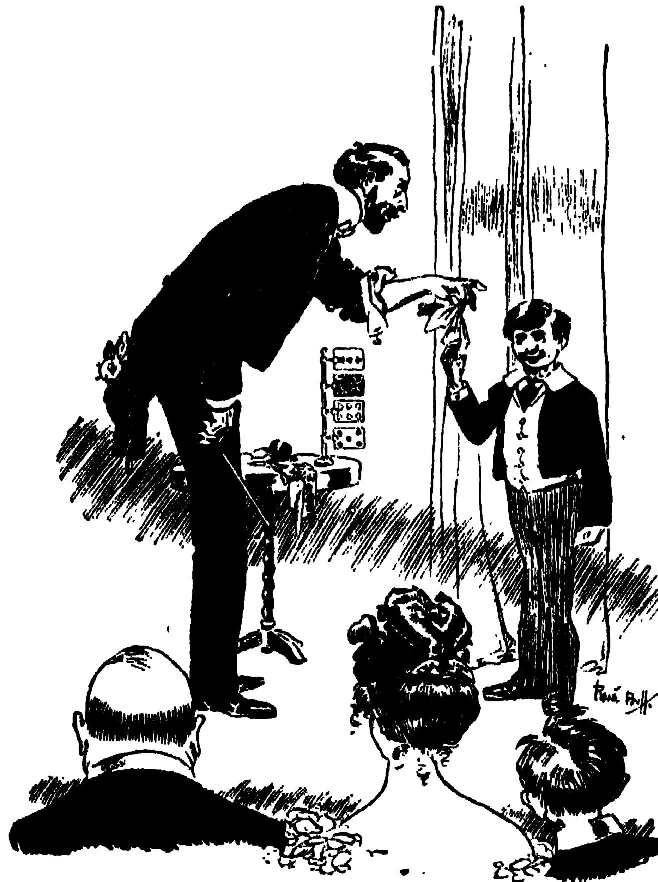
Very well. You have the two scenes on the same mantel-board. One, the frog as Bond Street watchmaker and jeweller, and the other (such is Empire), AFRICA JOE in the heart of the forest. And what does the housekeeper do? If you will believe me, she takes the frog down from the clock and props him up behind the car, just as though he were getting on to it in order to go to church with the others!

Now I do put it to you that this is simply spoiling the picture altogether. Here we have a pleasant domestic episode, such as must occur frequently in the African forests. BLACK JOE harnesses his horse, elephant, hippopotamus or what not, and drives his family to the 11 o'clock service. And into this scene of rural simplicity a mere housekeeper elbows her way with irrelevant frogs and ladders!

It is a mystery to me that she cannot see how absurd her contribution is. To begin with, the family is in black (save the hippopotamus, who is in a quiet grey), so is it likely that they would tolerate the presence of a garish green-and-yellow stranger? (More than likely JOE is churchwarden, and has not only himself to think of.) Then, again, consider the title of the scene: "AFRICA JOE *drives* his family . . ." not "AFRICA JOE about to drive." The horse is trotting, the elephant has one leg uplifted, and even the hippopotamus is not in a position of rest. How then could the frog put a ladder up against a moving cart, and climb in? No; here anyhow was a Mede that must be resisted at all costs. On the question of AFRICA JOE I would not be dictated to.

But, after re-emphasising my position daily for three weeks, I saw that there was only one thing to do. The frog must be sacrificed to the idea of Empire. So I burnt him.

But it is time I mentioned my one



"YOU SAW ME PUT YOUR WATCH IN YOUR HANDKERCHIEF?" "YES." "YOU CAN FEEL IT STILL IN THE HANDKERCHIEF?" "YES." "YOU CAN HEAR IT TICKING?" "YES, BUT ——" "YES, BUT WHAT?"
"*MY* WATCH HASN'T BEEN GOING SINCE I TOOK THE WORKS OUT AT SCHOOL."

Persian. It was this way. In the winter I used always to dry myself after the bath in front of my sitting-room fire. Now I know all about refraction, and the difficulty of seeing into a room from outside, and so forth, but this particular room is unusually light, having six large windows along one of its sides. I thought it proper, therefore, to draw down the three end blinds by the fireplace; more especially as the building directly opposite belonged to the Public House Reform Association. In the fierce light which beats from Reform Associations one cannot be too careful. (Incidentally, this building is labelled "P.R.H.A.," which looks, from the order of the letters, as though somebody connected with the association had at least a working knowledge of his subject.)

Little things like blinds are apt to escape my memory, and it was obvious that it would be much pleasanter if the housekeeper could be trained always to leave the end three down. The "training," needless to say, followed its usual course.

Every morning I found the blinds up, and every morning I drew them down and left them there. After a month it seemed impossible that I could ever establish my Persian. But then she forgot somehow; and one day I woke up to find the three blinds down.

By a real stroke of genius I drew them up as soon as my dressing was over. Next morning they were down again. I bathed, dried, dressed and drew them up. She thought it was a Mede, and pulled them down.

But it was a Persian, and, as I pulled them up, I knew that I had scored.

Yet, after all, I am not so sure. For it is now the summer, and I have no fire, and I do not want the blinds left down. And when I pull them up every morning, I really want to find them up next morning. But I find them down. So perhaps it really *is* a Mede. To tell the truth, the distinction between the two is not so clear as it ought to be. I must try to come to some arrangement with the housekeeper about it.

"Mr. Dan Relyat, who has been absent from the cast at the Apollo Theatre for the last two days owing to indisposition, will re-appear as Bernard Partridge to-morrow."—*Observer.*

THIS is the first *Mr. Punch* has heard of his new cartoonist.



Dentist. "MY CHARGE FOR AN EXTRACTION IS HALF-A-CROWN. FIVE SHILLINGS EXTRA IF YOU HAVE GAS."

Farmer Giles (who knows all about the price of gas). "GOOD LOR, SIR, SHALL I WANT TWO THOUSAND FEET?"

CHARIVARIA.

AN Imperial Irade has been promulgated at Constantinople approving the project for a German loan to Turkey. This confirms the view held by many that the KAISER's interest in Turkey is not so much paternal as avuncular.

* * *

According to the *Mittag Zeitung* (whose statement has since been denied) there was considerable dissension among the English journalists in Germany. Indeed, one of them, it is said, threatened to return to England—though whether it was England that was threatened, or Germany, did not transpire.

* * *

A reference in *The Daily News* last week to the two German philosophers "HÄCKEL and HEAGLE" shows that the representative of that journal did not go to Germany a moment too soon.

* * *

At a time when so many persons are working to bring about a better understanding between this country and Germany we think it regrettable that one of our daily papers should have published some reproductions of drawings and paintings made by his Imperial Majesty the KAISER.

* * *

The difficulties of the Government increase day by day. It has been decided that Mr. AUBERON THOMAS HERBERT is entitled to be summoned to Parliament as Baron LUCAS OF CRUDWELL. This means that there is now an additional peer to abolish.

* * *

Mr. JOHN BRINSMEAD celebrated the 70th anniversary of his marriage last week, and has now entered on his 93rd year. *Mr. Punch* respectfully presents him with the following motto:—*Chi va piano, va sano.*

* * *

By-the-by, owing to a pardonable confusion of ideas, a sporting paper referred to the happy couple as "Derby and June."

* * *

At the New Bailey last week a Mr. JOHN SMITH was convicted of picture-stealing. Two thousand five hundred and sixty-three protests have already been received pointing out that the prisoner is not *the* Mr. JOHN SMITH.

* * *

A writer in a contemporary is of the opinion that the average person does not take sufficient care of his teeth. But there are certainly exceptions. We know one old gentleman who locks his up in his safe every night.

* * *

For smuggling a puppy, which he brought ashore in his travelling rug, a man was fined £1 9*s.* 6*d.* at Dover last week, and the puppy was ordered to be kept in quarantine for six months. In canine circles the latter part of the sentence is considered a flagrant miscarriage of justice, seeing that the puppy undoubtedly acted under duress.

* * *

The Public Prosecutor having stated in the great American Labour Trial at Boise, Idaho, that the "Inner Circle" was responsible for the deaths of fourteen persons who were blown up at a railway station, our Metropolitan Railway is said to be considering the advisability of issuing a disclaimer.

* * *

While we are no admirers of LAJPAT RAI, the deported agitator, we must protest against Sir HENRY COTTON calling him "The Dr. CLIFFORD of India." This hitting a man when he is down is un-English.

The Pink of Propriety.

WE have an instinctive respect for the Mayor of COVENTRY, and consequently we find it difficult to believe that the *Star* has done him justice in the following:

"Instructions have been sent to La Milo that the costume is to be pink fleshings, with loose drapery, and long flaxen hair. . . . It is stated that the Mayor of Coventry threatens that *unless the fleshings and transparent gauze are abandoned* he will sever his connection with the whole proceedings."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Invader (HEINEMANN) is the story of a girl with two personalities. *Milly* was as good as gold; she always did what she was told. Also she worked very hard to get a first in Greats, and generally was obedient to her kind teacher. But at intervals the spirit of an eighteenth-century ancestor would occupy *Milly's* body. Exit *Milly* the good. Enter *Mildred* the wild and altogether charming woman, who shocked the neighbours. Now I don't mind believing this at all. It explains a lot about women which I have never been able to understand. But if I accept Mrs. WOODS's premises I do think that she ought to do something for me in return. (My "personality" from Aberdeen is speaking here.) She ought to have given me a serious treatise on re-incarnations which would appeal to the personality which has just been elected a member of the Psychical Research Society; or else a roaring farce to amuse one of my more commonplace personalities. But this tale about uninteresting people is neither one nor the other, but a mixture of the two. It is full of farcical situations which take themselves seriously. So none of me is satisfied .... Stay! What about the personality which belongs to *The Times* Book Club? "Three hundred and eleven pages, five inches by four, and neatly bound; look very nice in any gentleman's bookcase." Yes, *he*'s happy enough.



"THE COMPLAINT OF PHILOMEL."

THE COMPLAINT WHICH IS JUST NOW DECIMATING OUR YOUNG NIGHTINGALES IS KNOWN AS GALLOPING CATARRH. IT HAS BEEN CAUSED BY THE RECENT SEVERITY OF OUR SUMMER. SUCH A CONDITION OF THINGS WAS OF COURSE NEVER CONTEMPLATED BY KEATS WHEN HE ASSERTED, IN HIS ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE":

"THOU WAST NOT BORN FOR DEATH, IMMORTAL BIRD!"

The Enlightenment of Olivia (LONGMANS) was brought about in four months and fifteen chapters by a young Oxford professor who mildly flirted with her in her Surrey garden while her bluff, good-natured husband was in the City or shooting grouse. "Once he took her by the arm. *Olivia* drew it away, and walked on the other side of the path." A day or two afterwards he called her "a most perfect and finished conception of nature." This was too much. She rose and left him. "What more could she have done?" What indeed! "To have flared up and made a fuss would have been impossible, simply impossible," even though she felt that his remark was "a transgression, such as his touch upon her had been." Poor *Olivia*. She was not nearly such a bad lot as she seemed to herself and Mrs. L. B. WALFORD. But then Mrs. WALFORD is not at her best when she tackles sex-problems. She fails as Sir EDWARD POYNTER would fail if he set himself to paint one of Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE's allegorical banalities. In describing *Olivia's* gradual realisation of her husband's worth and her own selfishness she is much more at home, and much more like the Mrs. WALFORD who three-and-thirty years ago gave us the inimitable *Mr. Smith.*

It is a long time since I read a book which held my interest so well as Mr. PAUL GWYNNE'S *Dr. Pons* (CONSTABLE). From the start you are attracted by a lavish presentment of the peculiar mixture of tongues and nationalities which compose Mexico city, and almost from the start you are mystified by the Doctor. The mystification grows as you read on. He seems to do such unaccountable things, and though Mr. GWYNNE is free with his psychological analysis—almost too free—you do not understand the Doctor's motives (unless you are cleverer than I) till the end reveals them. As an epilogue the author adds a chapter to prove that the story is practically true. I am always sorry to hear this kind of thing; it makes one lose all faith in fiction. I cannot think why Mr. GWYNNE should have given his own story away like that. If an enemy had done it I could have understood. I mean the kind of man who listens to your best anecdote and at the end says, "So I believe."

If the story which Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE calls, prettily, *The Crimson Azaleas* (UNWIN) had been set in England, or in any other commonplace neighbourhood, instead of in Japan, it would have been a very ordinary affair. Or at least it would not have been out of the ordinary, as it is now, though I think Mr. STACPOOLE would have told it well enough in any circumstances to make it readable. The dry skeleton of it is just that trite arrangement of the woman who is married to the wrong man, and the right man who tries to deaden memory with other interests. Mr. STACPOOLE has invested this old scheme with a new charm by the simple device of bringing the "right" man to Japan, and letting him adopt a Japanese girl as his daughter. The atmosphere is coloured and fragrant with flowers (though I don't believe he mentions chrysanthemums once) and there is that undertone of poetic, almost childlike, mysticism which is the real spirit of Japan, not yet shouted down by the brazen tongues of Western "civilization."

Not the least valuable, because the rarest, form of fiction is the good short story. Few possess the art of concentration combined with the gift of imagination necessary to present in a dozen or score of pages a complete and vital episode. This art and gift Miss FRANCIS possesses in rare degree. They are displayed in many phases in the fourteen stories grouped under the title *Stepping Westward* (METHUEN). I have read the book through, and, whilst naturally preferring some chapters to others, find pathos and humour abounding.

The Cautious Scot.

"His life extended from 1750, the year of his birth, till 1824, when he died."—*Scotsman.*

The Origin of Species.

"DIGGING in the parks for children."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*



Gladys (at her first violin recital). "WHICH IS IT THAT MAKES THE NOISE, THE VIOLIN OR THE BOW?"

THE LAY OF A LIBERAL.

WHEN I read about the crimes that *The Standard* or *The Times*
 Are so cruel as to say that we commit,
And am told that all the fads of the Labourites and Rads
 Plainly prove that they are mentally unfit,
Then a feeling of unrest permeates my anxious breast,
 And my confidence in WINSTON is upset,
And I tremble at the knees till my mind is put at ease
 By the pages of *The Westminster Gazette.*

When *The Telegraph* dilates on the Navy Estimates
 And laments our lack of patriotic fears,
And *The Mail* and *Globe* unite in denouncing with delight
 Any scheme for the extinction of the Peers,
When they urge the obvious fact that M'KENNA's want of tact
 Would disgrace a pugilistic Suffragette,
Then I get a pain inside till I see their views defied
 In the columns of *The Westminster Gazette.*

When I see a hostile Press in a passion effervesce
 O'er our manners in a House of Commons scene,
And declare without a doubt it was solely brought about
 By Sir HENRY, who could not restrain his spleen,
It 's refreshing to be told, in a type that 's large and bold,
 'Twas PRINCE ARTHUR who was fuming in a pet,
And my joyous spirit laughs at the caustic paragraphs
 Which reprove him in *The Westminster Gazette.*

A DIVIDED HEART.

"I HATE garden parties," he began; "but I came because I knew I should meet you."

"I like them," she answered brightly but rather breathlessly; "and this garden is perfectly sweet, isn't it?"

"Is it?" he replied; "I haven't noticed. Do you know you have never looked at me all the afternoon?" It was true, but she had known his exact whereabouts all the same. "And it always seems to me," he continued, "ever since I 've known you, that you 've managed things so that we never get more than a spasmodic ten minutes together."

"Oh, no, I don't!" she answered; "but there are so many people one has to talk to."

"People who are much more interesting than I am?"

"It's getting late," she said unsteadily, and half rose.

"No! Wait!" he exclaimed. "You *must* hear me—even if it 's the last time—I must tell you; nothing can stop me now! Oh, GLADYS, I——" He broke off, for he had caught sight of the figure of a late arrival, a little distance away, who had looked in on his way from town.

"Well?" he shouted to him.

"Lancashire all out 171, Kent 61 for 4," was the prompt response.

A quick spasm of pain crossed the lover's face. "Let me see!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet and seizing the evening paper. "Ah!—MASON and HUTCHINGS not out—they 'll pull it off all right." He heaved a great breath of relief and returned to the seat.

It was empty.

THE LICENCE OF THE MOTOR-CABBY.

Scene—HYDE PARK CORNER.

ALONG the kerb they slumbered in a queue,
These motor-landaus—London's new delight;
But when I peered in every forrard pew
Searching for chauffeurs, there was none in sight;
Which for a while I bore,
Then tentatively tapped upon the shelter's door.

Intruding with apologetic feet,
I faltered, "Who will drive me to the Strand?"
A few in lofty tones declined to treat,
Pleading defects or softer jobs in hand;
The rest made no replies,
But stared at vacancy with stony, callous eyes.

For I was clearly sober and alone,
And they preferred a more elated fare
Bound for a spot beyond the four-mile zone
Where distances are measureless, and where
Time passes swift in sport
With Amaryllis at a place like Hampton Court.

Then all my manhood leaped into my face,
And in the style that stamps the Junior Bar
I hailed a copper, saying, "Kindly place
Its proper chauffeur on the foremost car.
This you will do, or I
Will certainly investigate the reason why."

The cabby came reluctant. From behind,
I cast on him a withering regard,
And shouted, "I have rearranged my mind;
Our destination now is Scotland Yard;
There they shall fix the doom
Of this intolerable licence you assume."

O. S.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

IT was in the person of GALPIN that I next came upon the foundations of life physical strength and hard knocks. GALPIN had in youth been a Guardsman. I forget at this moment whether the Grenadiers or the Coldstreams or the Scots had rejoiced in the temporary possession of his warlike energy and his indefatigable muscles, but I incline to the Scots, chiefly for the reason that GALPIN himself was an Englishman. At any rate, having served, not without honour, in one of these famous regiments, GALPIN had afterwards become a master-at-arms, and in that capacity he had taught the youth of Eton something of the mysteries that cluster about a boxing-glove, a foil and a singlestick. Still later he had established himself at Cambridge, not as a permanent inhabitant, but as a frequent fighting visitor. He was, I suppose, a rival to the JACKSONS, of whom I have already made mention; but there was room for all of them amongst the pugnacious young men who dwelt upon the banks of the Cam.

I myself met GALPIN, confronted him, that is to say, in a fistic arena, after my days at Cambridge were done. I had succeeded in carrying off the middle-weight and heavy-weight cups that used to serve as the annual guerdons of our prowess at that university, but much still remained to be suffered and learnt before I could hope to qualify for the ranks of those genuine boxers who can hold their own in any riotous society without apprehension. These lessons and that suffering were to be conferred upon me by GALPIN in a covered and asphalted back-yard behind a London house, and in those assaults of arms in London and elsewhere in which we afterwards made exhibition of our skill, our temper, and our endurance.

Twenty-five years ago, when I first saw him and became a target for his blows, GALPIN was a splendid type of manhood. Six feet two inches he stood, straight as a dart, quick and active as a cat, staunch, solid and dauntless as a rock in the midst of encompassing waves. There was a compactness about him that defied attack; his alertness baffled calculation. His right arm seemed in one swift movement to render a blow harmless and to crash his great fist full into the opposing face. His left flew straight as an arrow. His feet never faltered. For all the turns and chances of the game his body was of a balance so perfect that Jove himself, we thought, could not have disturbed him with a thunderbolt. A round of three minutes with him tested the very basis of one's being. Panting and tiring you were still faced with that agile bulk and that unchanging calmness. Your blows began to droop; his were still frequent, and still with unwavering precision and deadliness they travelled to the appointed spot. Yet his temper was imperturbable. He seemed to welcome, as, indeed, he always applauded, a well-planned and cunningly delivered blow when, as sometimes happened, his pupil had caught him at a disadvantage and had flattened his nose or made the teeth rattle in his head. On such occasions he used to refer gleefully to a mysterious body known as "they" who were sure to be discomfited and crushed by this progress in skill and energy.

"Well done, sir," he would say, while his sinister and much-enduring nose slowly resumed its original shape. "Well done! They'll never stand up against you if you go on like that." Thereupon the avenging blow would come, and you might thank your stars if you escaped its terrible impact. Glorious and delightful is the memory of these scenes.

But GALPIN was something more than a boxer. He could fence with grace and effect. His play, perhaps, was not of the snake-like and enveloping rapidity that the French masters display, but it was a fine and inspiring performance nevertheless. One dreadful parry and return he had. I can still feel the point of his foil under my right arm-pit, after I had attacked him in vain. With the sticks he was the authentic champion of Great Britain. A frayed extract from a newspaper, which he used to produce for our wonder, told the sanguinary story of the conflict in which he won his title. A challenge, it appeared, had long been open from one SHAW, who was, as might be expected from his name, a Lifeguardsman. GALPIN had trained in secret, and had then accepted the gage. In the fight that followed for the best of a hundred hits he had, I think, received twenty, but his opponent had collapsed as GALPIN'S stick slashed him for the fiftieth time. "We fought in our shirts," said GALPIN. "They couldn't find SHAW'S when I had done with him, and they had to wash mine off me with hot water." I must ask pardon of the more delicate of my readers for shocking their susceptibilities by recalling this incident. It had left no trace upon the good temper and chivalrous manners of GALPIN.

Once, more than twenty years ago, we took GALPIN with us to Scotland, where the spirit of the rain often makes shooting impossible. When the "haar" was drenching everything without, we stayed within and boxed and fenced. On finer days, when we shot, GALPIN went with us, bearing many cartridge-bags, and commissioned also to take charge of a St. Bernard dog whose aptitudes for the work of retrieving were smaller than his ambitions. Sometimes GALPIN prevailed, at other times the dog. I have seen them fly, dog first, like a meteor across a field and scrape headlong over a stone wall when a hare had started. Our keeper was a rough and powerful man, confident in his brute strength, but unskilled in the use of his hands. The countryside feared him, and one evening he defied our boxer, of whose deeds he knew nothing. His bruised face and the purple circles round his eyes told us, on the following morning, all we could desire to know about the issue of the conflict. GALPIN was unscathed, the under-keeper chuckled, and the



THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

The Lulu-Bird (*persuasively*). "DON'T-GO-PLEASE! DON'T-GO-PLEASE!"

[The object of Mr. Lulu Harcourt's Small Holdings (England) Bill is, in his own words, "to stem the townward stream of humanity."]



Mrs. Greenby. "I'M GLAD WE PUT ON OUR BEST CLOTHES, JOSIAH. I DON'T LIKE TO LOOK DIFFERENT FROM THE BEST O' PEOPLE."

battered keeper wore an air of melancholy dignity. We departed on that day, and the story had no sequel.

So much, then, for GALPIN. Many years have passed since I saw him, more since I felt his difficult and ravaging hand, if I may use the words in which JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS describes the hand of RANDALL. I believe he travelled to the Yukon in pursuit of a golden dream. Wherever he lives I salute him as the type and exemplar of the British boxer of these later days.

THE LOVE CHARM AUX LÉGUMES.

[An eminent scientist has maintained that asparagin, the alkaloid of asparagus, develops the sense of form in the human brain.]

AMANDA, when the menu's rolling stream
Had passed its flood-tide with the minted mutton
(That point where portly diners tend to beam,
And disregard dull care, or only deem
The hazard worth a button)—

When Fate in mufti brought the season's pride,
Asperges au beurre, if for a time I missed your
Inimitable small-talk, do not chide;
It takes some tact to get those stems inside
The proper facial fissure.

And think not it was greed that made me crop
The juicy frondage with that air of fervour,
Coaxing it softly upwards top by top,
All carefully in case the pendant drop
Should chance to be a swerver.

How much more poignant was my inward thought!
I browsed, AMANDA, from a sense of duty,
Knowing that every tender tuft was fraught
With power to make me relish as I ought
Your iridescent beauty.

You noticed (at the soup) my sullen mood:
With cynic fork around the fish I dallied:
But when that vegetable interlude
Had filled me with its rare romantic food
How splendidly I rallied!

'Twas after that we joined in whispered talks;
'Twas then I wooed your heart with honied wheedlings,
And found you fairer than the day by chalks,
Or ever THOMAS had removed the stalks
Of those delicious seedlings!

"A seal bearing the date 1538 has been picked up in the sea near St. Ives. It is in very good condition, and bears an impression of the head of Queen Elizabeth."—*Daily Chronicle.*

WE do not believe this. In the first place Queen ELIZABETH was born in 1533, and though five is no doubt an impressionable age, yet it is extremely unlikely that a child of such tender years would have been allowed near a seal. In the second place a seal born in 1538 would hardly be in good condition to-day.

"*The Daily Mail* Ideal Domestic Servants' Policy."
TARIFF Reform, we presume.

EX. NIHILO FIT MULTUM.

I should like to explain just what happened to the ball. In the first place it was of an irreproachable length, and broke very sharply and cleverly from the leg. (The bowler, I am sure, will bear me out in this.) Also it rose with great suddenness .... and, before I had time to perfect any adequate system of defence, took me on the knee, and from there rolled on to the off-stump. There was a considerable amount of applause on the part of the field, due no doubt to the feeling that a dangerous batsman had been dismissed without scoring. I need hardly add that I did not resent this appreciation.

What I really wished to say to the wicket-keeper was (i) that it was the first fast wicket I had played on this summer; (ii) that it was my first nought this season, and, hang it, even Fry made nought sometimes; and (iii) that personally I always felt that it didn't matter what one made oneself so long as one's side was victorious. What I actually said was shorter; but I expect the wicket-keeper understood just as well. He seemed an intelligent fellow.

After that I walked nine miles back to the pavilion.

The next man was brushing his hair in the dressing-room.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said truthfully.

"But you're out, aren't you?"

"I meant that nothing had eventuated—accrued, as it were."

"Blob? Bad luck. Is my parting straight?"

"It curls a bit from leg up at the top, but it will do. Mind you make some. I always feel that so long as one's side is victorious——"

But he was gone. I brushed my own hair very carefully, lit a cigarette, and went outside to the others. I always think that a nought itself is nothing—the way one carries it off is everything. A disaster, not only to himself, but also to his side, should not make a man indifferent to his personal appearance.

"Bad luck," said somebody. "Did it come back?"

"Very quickly. We both did."

"He wasn't breaking much when I was in," said some tactless idiot.

"Then why did you get out?" I retorted.

"L.b.w."

I moved quickly away from him, and sat next to a man who had yet to go in.

"Bad luck," he said. "Second ball, wasn't it? I expect I shall do the same."

I thought for a moment.

"What makes you think you will have a second?" I asked.

"To judge from the easy way in which those two are knocking the bowling about I shan't even have a first," he smiled.

I moved on again.

"Hallo," said a voice, "I saw you get out. How many did you make?"

"None," I said wearily.

"How many?"

I went and sat down next to him.

"Guess," I said.

"Oh, I can't."

"Well, think of a number."

"Yes."

"Double it. Divide by two. Take away the number you first thought of. What's that?"

"A hundred."

"You must have done it wrong," I said suspiciously.

"No, I'm sure I didn't. . . . No, it still comes to a hundred."

"Well then, I must have made a hundred," I said excitedly. "Are you *sure* you haven't made a mistake?"

"Quite."

"Then I'd better go and tell the scorer. He put me down a blob—silly ass."

"He's a bad scorer, I know."

"By the way," I said, as I got up, "what number did you think of?"

"Well, it's like this. When you asked me to guess what you'd made I instinctively thought of blob, only I didn't like to say so. Then when we began that number game I started with a hundred—it's such an easy number. Double—two hundred. Divide by two—one hundred. Take away the number you first thought of—that's blob—and you have a hundred left. Wasn't that right?"

"You idiot!" I said angrily. "Of course it wasn't."

"Well, don't get sick about it. We all make mistakes."

"Sick, I'm not sick. Only, just for the moment .... I really thought .... Well, I shall never be so near a century again."

At lunch I sat next to one of their side.

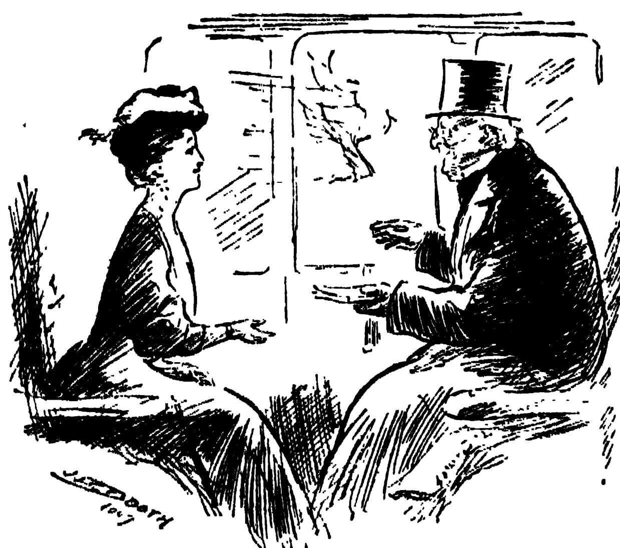
"How many did you make?" he asked.

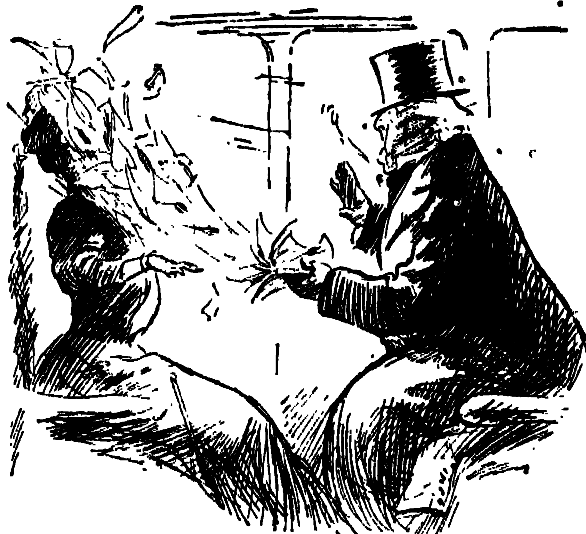
"Not very many," I said.

"How many?"

"Oh, hardly any. None at all, practically."

"How many actually?"





Affable Old Gentleman. "Would you care to look at my magazine? I'll just take out the——— loose advertisements"!

"*And* actually," I said.

After lunch a strange man happened to be talking to me.

"And why did *you* get out?" he asked.

It was a silly question and deserved a silly answer. Besides, I was sick of it all by this time.

"Point's moustache put me off," I said.

"What was wrong with Point's moustache?"

"It swerved the wrong way."

"I was fielding point," he said.

"I'm very sorry. But if you had recognised me you wouldn't have asked why I got out, and if I had recognised you I shouldn't have told you. So let's forgive and forget."

I hoped that the subject was really closed this time. Of course I knew that kind friends and relations would ask me on the morrow how many I had made, but for that day I wanted no more of it. Yet, as it happened, I reopened the subject myself.

For with five minutes to play their ninth wicket fell. Mid-off sauntered over towards me.

"Just as well we didn't stay in any longer."

"That's *just* what I thought," I said triumphantly. "All along."



Singer (singing popular song). "Ring down the curtain! I can't sing to-night!"

[*Loud cheering from the gallery.*

CHARIVARIA.

The record rush of American millionaires to this country is said to be due to the knowledge that a desirable riverside mansion at present known as the House of Lords may shortly come into the market.

***

The Premier continues to make really capital jokes. It seems a pity that the Lord Chancellor cannot be persuaded to make him a judge now that some additional ones are promised. Judges may not interfere in politics.

***

Several papers have published elaborate details relating to Lady Arthur Grosvenor's caravan tour, and one of these journals mentions that her wanderings are a secret, as she does not wish to excite the attention of intrusive people.

***

We are glad to see Mark Twain taking part in the campaign against the owner of the Congo Free State. Mark II. is ammunition which has done good service in the past.

***

A misprint in one of our newspapers threw the entire Swiss Republic into a ferment of excitement last week. It was reported that General Botha had expressed the confident hope that Switzerland would soon form part of the Transvaal. The word should, of course, have been Swaziland.

***

Those persons who are being reproached with the magnificence of the Hammersmith Workhouse draw attention to the fact that some of the American cart-horses at Olympia were stalled in plush and chiffon.

***

Those who are interested in the English language may be glad to note the appearance of the expression "Cricketiana Notelets" in the *Liverpool Echo*. The pretty word "Notelets" is, we take it, of the neuter gender, as in no other way can we account for the use of the neuter plural of the well-known Latin adjective "Cricketianus."

***

"Soil for Summer Salads" is the title of an item in some "Gardening Notes" which attracted our attention last week. We had often wondered what the gritty substance was which we have occasionally come across in restaurant salads, offering such a marked contrast to the gentle and luscious caterpillar.

***

From New York comes the news that an American artist has just completed the largest miniature ever painted. It measures 5 by 6 feet.

***

"Mr. Gladstone once said," declared the Premier the other day, "that a man shaving himself in the morning made a judicious use of his time by attending to the edge of his razor before undertaking that operation. Let us see to our razor." This looks as if the leader

of the Liberal Party anticipated some close shaves.

***

There was an absurd rumour in the City last week to the effect that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was about to be terminated. This was due to the playing of airs from the *Mikado* by a Japanese band in total disregard of our feelings as the allies of Japan.

***

During the rain at the Royal Review, after the signal "March past!" was given, it was remarked, "Yes; but when will April be over?"

***

Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth is now proprietor of *The Globe*. We hope that this will not lead to friction with his brother, who owns *The World*.

CONCERTS.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS.

Under the gracious patronage of The Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., and the Army Council.

NATHALIE BUMPOFF. Aged 13.

Bessarabian pianist. Pianoforte Recital Thursday Next, at 3.15 p.m.

Assisted by

Ödön Bumpoff (Dulcimer).

Boris Bumpoff (Xylophone).

Pepi Bumpoff (Gyroscope).

NATHALIE BUMPOFF.

Weight, 11 stone 9 lbs.

Sandow's Favourite Pupil.

NATHALIE BUMPOFF, will play

Perpetuum Automobile...Levassor.

Sonata in modo contagioso ... ... } Scarlattini.

749 Variations on a Manchurian Air... } Donald Tovey.

N.B. It is requested that the audience will be punctual as the doors will not be opened during the non-stop Manchurian Variations, which last 1½ hours.

Krupp's Bomb-proof Grand Pianoforte, Fitted with sandbags and Bessemer steel Conning Tower.

Tickets at the War Office and all Gunmakers.

Concert-Direction Eli Hotchkiss.

DORIAN HALL.

Saturday Next at 8.30 p.m.

TALISKER GAMBRINUS (Hydropathic Tenor).

Only Song Recital.

TALISKER GAMBRINUS will sing

"Ariston men Hudor"... } Pindar-Gambrinus.

Gerstentrank-Lieder... } Hildebrand Bilger.

Zitronenmelodie ... Eustace Miles.

Kohlensäures Wasserlied... } Rosbach-Perrier.

Tickets at all Chemists and the Pharmaceutical Hall.

Concert-Direction Joshua Bamberger.

EMPIRE HALL.

Under the Patronage of all the Crowned Heads of the Civilized World.

MINIMA CARTA. To-morrow at 3.

MINIMA CARTA.

The Petrifying Infant Prodigy.

N.B.—The Italian Ambassador has kindly consented to turn over, and the Editor of the *Times* will present a wreath during the interval.

Tickets, £2 2*s.* and £1 10*s.* 6*d.*; to be had at the Italian Embassy.

Some Italian Criticisms of MINIMA CARTA.

"Pyramidal" (Viareggio). "This divine imp of coruscating mentality" (Ravenna). "She exhales genius at every pore" (Fiesole). "Poor old Paderewski!" (Pozzuoli). "Cosmic mysticism allied to daemonic force" (Palermo). "Compared with her Sgambati is a fraud and Busoni an impostor" (Piacenza). "The frenzied audience had to be restrained by the carabinieri from committing wholesale hara-kiri" (Verona). "Banzai! Opoponax!! Ototoi!!!" (Livorno).

BLUTHSTEIN HALL.

Friday Evening at 8 p.m.

MESSALINA SKRIMSHANKS. (Pupil of Porpora.)

Vocal Recital.

MESSALINA SKRIMSHANKS.

A Voice from the Past.

Kindly assisted by

Signora Gugeli Bosio,

Mr. Desmond Pangofflin,

and

Mlle. Oowana Stropp.

At the Piano—

M. Igor Goluchowski.

Concert-Direction Ludwig Mendelssohn.

Some Press Opinions on Madame MESSALINA SKRIMSHANKS.

(Porpora's Pupil.)

The Ballybunnion Herald:

"Such singing has never been heard in North Kerry before. That Madame Skrimshanks is fully qualified to shine in London concert-rooms none will deny."

The Machrihanish Free Press.

"Reminds one of the delicious mezzo-sopranos of fifty years ago. The Mull of Kintyre is the richer for her presence."

The Bacup Sentinel:

"Madame Skrimshanks is said to be the only surviving pupil of the great Porpora. We can well believe it. Her voice is in a state of wonderful preservation."

The Canterbury Clarion:

"Madame's trill is a truly delirious tremolo, and the Signora uses the break in her voice with the skill of a South African trundler."

HOBO TUFF. Tuesday Next.

Third and Last

Biophone Recital.

HOBO TUFF. Last Recital.

Tuesday Evening Next at 8.30.

HOBO TUFF. Tuesday Next.

Kindly assisted by

Stanleyette Bultitude,

Otis Cortelyou

and

Mamie Shyster.

Admission and refreshments free. Prizes for those who stay to the end.

Concert-Direction David Schunck.

ORPHEUS HALL.

Friday Evening at 8.30 p.m.

CYRIL WOOF.

Voiceless Contortionist.

Evening Concert.

CYRIL WOOF will improvise grimaces with accompaniment of lute.

(Old Croatian Lute, 1648.)

Kindly assisted by

Mr. Chickering Chipp, Mr. Hickory Brumfit, Professor Basil Pott, and Madame Lydia Gulp.

Tickets, 21*s.*, 15*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*, from Cyril Woof, The Gazebo, Putney Heath.

WALTON HALL.

Under the Patronage of Sir Rennell Rodd and Sir William Lyne.

MONDAY at 3 p.m.

MARMADUKE MIMRAM.

MARMADUKE MIMRAM will sing

Die Forelle ... ... Schubert.

Salmo Feroce ... ... Gluckstein.

Old Finnish Minnow-lied Arr. by R. Roche.

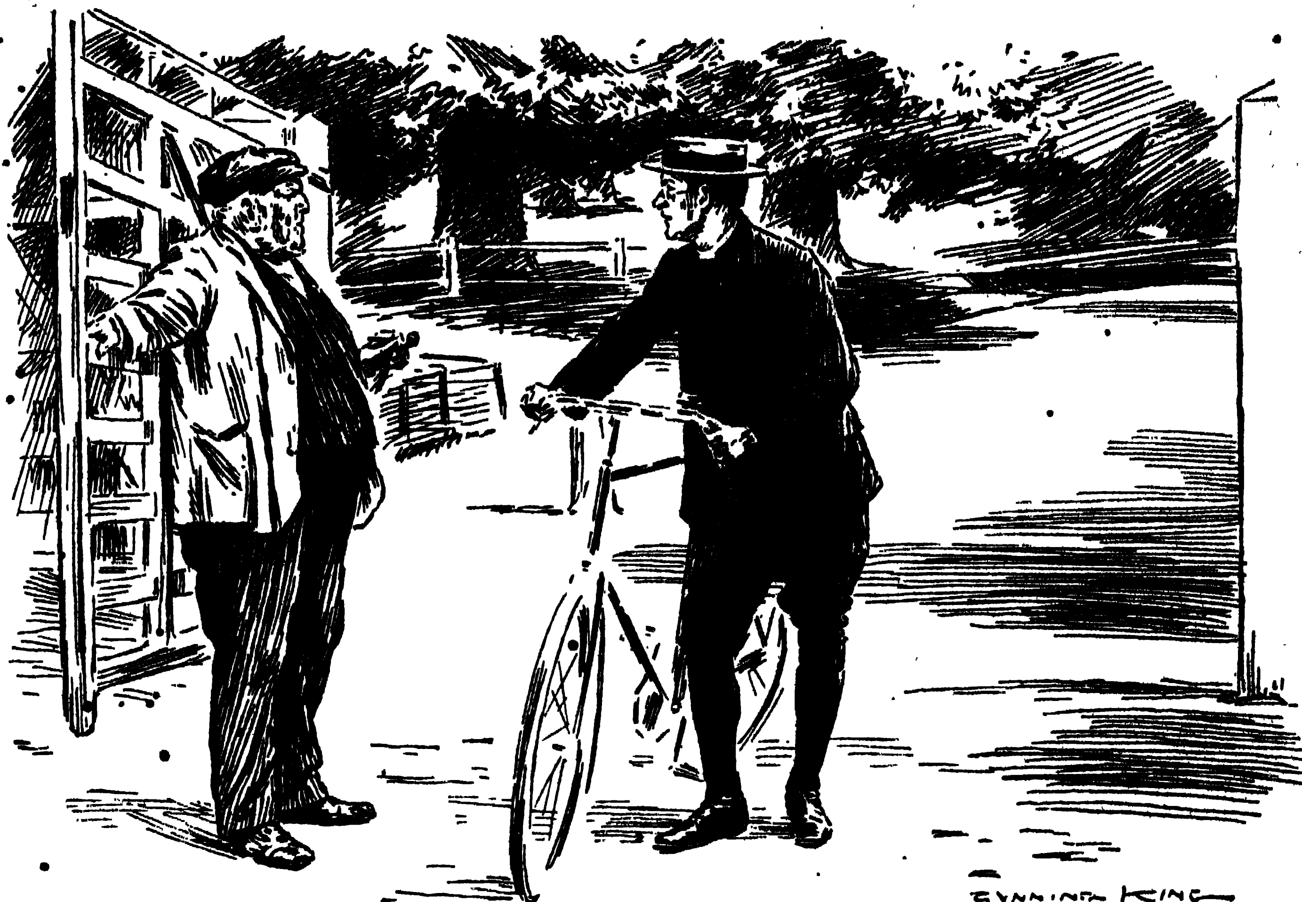
At the Piano—Miss Stockbridge, who will play the Overture of "The Dry Flying Dutchman."

Tickets, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* Half price at 4 p.m.

Concert-Direction Isaac Fischbacher.

From the Orders for the Day:—

"Destructive Insects and Pests Bill (*Lords*)."



AN UNFORTUNATE AMBIGUITY.

Parson. "Where is the other man who used to be here as keeper?" *Park Gate-keeper.* "He's dead, Sir."
Parson (with feeling). "Dead! Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh?"
Park Gate-keeper. "Oh, I wouldn't like to say that, Sir. He was a good enough man as far as I know."

THE TOBACCO TEST OF GENIUS.

[A writer is quoted by *The Evening Standard* as stating that men of ability—especially authors—cannot keep their pipes alight when at work, and that a genius may therefore be recognised by the barrier of lucifers and vestas with which he has surrounded himself.]

A smoker of no common clay,
I feel I'm born for something higher,
Although my slender means to-day
Don't run beyond a shilling briar.

A meerschaum bowl six inches deep
I may not nurse in Teuton fashion,
Nor strive the sacred fire to keep
Ever alive with all its ash on.

Not mine to pass romantic hours
Aboard a Levantine felucca
And conjure dreams of djinns and giaours
From out a grave, judicious hookah!

No Persian narghilé is mine
Nor calumet nor hubble-bubble;
For such devices to repine
I think 'twere scarcely worth the trouble.

But there's a test whereby the bard
Among the Genii is reckoned:
While deathless odes he's scribbling hard
He lets his pipe out every second.

That's just *my* foible—all the time
I sit inditing purple patches,
For ev'ry page of prose or rhyme
I smoke—about ten gross of matches!

Ergo, I must be one inspired!
Why else this heap of used tand-stickors?
My Lady Nicotine has fired
The lot!—and there the last one flickers!

And with it disappears the Muse;
So, if my brilliant output ceases,
The Editor will please excuse
This sudden aposiopesis.

There is no paper like the *Telegraph* for following a thought out. Here is a felicitous example:—

"A hundred *Warspite* boys who made the round voyage to Australia in the four-masted barque *Port Jackson* seem to have done very well. Not a single one of them has thrown up the sea after the first taste of salt water."

Tonsorial Notes.

"Ernest Tilbury, the well-known tenor, has a turn of exceptional interest, his rendering of *Singe Me to Sleep*, finely illustrated, being received with marked favour."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Lord Ashton has set a fashion, which we commend to the municipal authorities of London and other great centres, in providing that a statue which he has presented to the town of Lancaster shall be unveiled in the dead of the night. We have not seen this particular statue, which we have no doubt is excellent in every way, but we would gladly supply a list of effigies, existing within a radius of two miles from the *Punch* office, which we think might, in the interests of art, be unveiled in the dead of night—and kept veiled by day.

Musical Note.

We understand that Mr. Horace Potts, the singing tram-conductor of Wakefield, is to play a small part in *Carmen*.



Motorist. "I SAY, I'M AWFULLY SORRY! YOU MUST LET ME SETTLE FOR THIS, AS IT WAS REALLY MY FAULT. WHAT SHALL I PAY YOU?"
Irate Farmer. "WHAT D'YE *USUALLY* PAY?"

"AND A GOOD JUDGE TOO."

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor . . . . .
Mente quatit solida.

No scarlet robes or ermine deck
His unpretentious frame;
He has no chain about his neck,
Nor handle to his name;
And yet no Judge upon the Bench,
No magistrate alive,
Would for a moment seek to trench
On his prerogative.

He need not be supremely wise;
He need not care a straw
For points where differences arise
'Twixt Equity and Law,
So he be upright, cool and strong,
And quick with facts to deal;
For from his sentence, right or wrong,
None ever may appeal.

From his "Ne exeat" for Writ
Of Error who can sue?
Upon "In qua re impedit"
Who dares impeach his view?
What "Quo warranto" tests the right
By which, though no one fails
To make surrender, over-night
He still entreats the bails?

No written judgments vex his soul;
A nod, a lifted hand—
And in a flash the tapes unroll
His verdict through the land.
His one short word of letters three
Resolves the most acute
Colonial crisis. His decree
Is always absolute.

To his injunctions partnerships
By dissolution yield;
The centuries hang upon his lips;
His *dicta* hold the field;
And yet his sole insignia are
White coat and white straw hat;
And all the pleadings at his bar
The simple words—"How 's that?"

The Passion for Publicity.

AN advertisement in the *Morning Post* announces in the most brazen way that

"The First Kiss (229th Thousand), by the Marquis De Leuville, will be repeated by Mlle. Varelli."

Cricket Notes.

IN an account of the Leicestershire Agricultural Show in the *Leicester Daily Mercury*, we read:—

"Couple of ducks of 1907, Sir A. G. Hazlerigg, Bart., Noseley Hall, Leicester."

This occurred against the South Africans, it will be remembered.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—With reference to the "Living Statuary" agitation which is at present occupying the attention of various sections of the public, I should like to ask, Sir, if the Bishop of LONDON is aware that Southwark Cathedral is without any Close?

I ask this question because I think that before interfering with the Music Halls he should set his brother-prelate's house in order. Yours, etc., SHOCKED.

FROM a Publisher's puff: "The two waifs are innocent, good girls, although their adventures should appeal to every lover of true romance."

"Although" is a happy touch.



A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

C.-B. (*as Bottom, in the "Ercles vein"*). "LET ME PLAY THE LION . . . . I WILL ROAR, THAT I WILL MAKE THE DUKES SAY, 'LET HIM ROAR AGAIN, LET HIM ROAR AGAIN!'"

Midsummer Night's Dream.—Act I. Sc. 2.

[The Prime Minister's recently published resolution dealing with the House of Lords is promised for the 24th of June, being Midsummer Day.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



OLD-WORLD COURTESIES.

The Rt. Hon. Lulu Harcourt and the Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin go in for elaborate salute and compliment before drawing swords.

House of Lords, Monday, June 10.—Good deal of idle talk about disinclination of Lords to adopt reform. Habitually pictured as drags on the legislative cart, prejudiced persons who think that nothing new is good. This alleged infirmity much to the fore just now in connection with strained relations between two Houses. C.-B. is going to do something dreadful to the Lords with avowed intention of bringing them into line with the Commons.

To-night aspersion rebuked. Action not the less effective because it was carried out without beat of drum or note of preparation. YOUNG WEMYSS, as usual when any modernity is introduced in Lords, set the ball a-rolling. As is generally known, custom exists in both Houses of Members putting questions and Ministers answering them. Why this clumsy contrivance, this waste of power, this assigning to two men what one can accomplish? If blessed be the man who makes two blades of grass grow where formerly one flourished, what beatitude is reserved for him who makes one man do the work of two?

Six weeks ago YOUNG WEMYSS addressed to UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR certain questions relating to the unsubstantial Territorial Army which lives only in fervid imagination of N. B. HALDANE. As usual when cornered by a man of superior information, the Minister evaded the essential and most awkward clauses of the catechism. An ordinary Peer would have submitted to a fate common by reason of its daily recurrence. He might, had he been of choleric cast, have made protest, and there the matter would end.

YOUNG WEMYSS not that kind of person. He straightway placed on paper notice of intention to return to the subject and to "give the answers to the questions to which the UNDER-SECRETARY failed to reply." For fuller disgruntling of the peccant Minister, he left notice on paper since early day in May. Every morning when PORTSMOUTH, seating himself at the breakfast-table preparatory to flooding his Harbour (so to speak) with tea and toast, took up the Orders of the Day there stared him in the face this ominous threat.

Tripping down to House to-day, YOUNG WEMYSS put it into execution. PORTSMOUTH, the unwonted pallor of whose face indicated something of the sufferings of the past five weeks, petulantly complained that noble Lord had failed to accomplish his avowed intention of answering his own questions. But the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR, though meaning well, is naturally prejudiced. The point raised is, moreover, an immaterial detail in comparison with the important far-reaching reform of Parliamentary procedure established. If the example set be followed in both Houses, the saving of time will be equivalent to at least three full weeks of the Session.

Thing in its infancy; literally born only to-day. Its development will be watched with interest. Reasonable to

expect it may reach its logical conclusion. Members undertaking to answer their own questions will, in course of time, find it convenient to do so before leaving home or on their way down to the House.

Without desire to detract from originality of YOUNG WEMYSS, the Member for SARK points out that the basis of the idea is found in the practice of *Florence Dombey's* admirer, who, when still a pupil at *Dr. Blimber's* academy, occupied much of his time in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed, "P. TOOTS, Esq., Brighton, Sussex."

Meanwhile, in the Commons, Army scheme comes up for last time in Committee. Appearance of House as usual dolorous in extreme. HALDANE sits on Treasury Bench whence all but he had fled. On Bench opposite ARNOLD-FORSTER *seul*, in the ultimate stage of mental and physical depression. Only HOWARD VINCENT triumphant over distressful influence of the prolonged discussion. For a moment he succeeded in rousing the select gathering from the depths of somnolence. Demonstrating once more the doom of Volunteers extinguished by N.B.H.'s scheme, he illustrated his remarks by picturesque pointed incident. In honour of visit to City of King of DENMARK he this morning bought himself brand-new hat. On rising to speak for tenth time, carefully placed it on Bench behind, out of reach of careless Members passing to and fro. Putting finishing touch to lurid picture of hapless England bereft of the protection of the Queen's Westminsters, he cried aloud, "If, Mr. EMMOTT, the special contingent proposals in this Bill are carried, *esprit de corps* among the men will be shattered."

Some orators would have been content to leave there the forceful phrase. Not so the gallant Colonel. As he spoke there flashed upon his mind the possibility of a dramatic echo of his words. The sacrifice would be costly. But what is 10*s.* 6*d.* weighed in the balance against the safety of the Empire? Without a moment's hesitation, with the terrible word "shattered" still throbbing through the House, HOWARD VINCENT sat down on his hat, which flattened out with a moaning cry of anguish almost human in its intensity.

Business done.—In Commons Army Bill finally carried through Committee.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Personally NAPOLEON B. HALDANE is a favourite in both camps. Admiration for his military gifts universal. To-night in Committee of Supply an audience, few but fit, sat spell-bound whilst out of profound depths of knowledge he expounded the mysteries of cordite.



IN THE CAUSE OF EMPIRE.
"Howard Vincent sat down on his hat."

Old Members may recall a lecture delivered from same side of the table by LYON PLAYFAIR. Topic was Margarine, a substance just then dawning on the British butter market. For the better elucidation of his theme, PLAYFAIR produced from his coat-tail pockets and other receptacles an assortment of jars containing specimens of the compound. These he spread on the table before him, handling them with a familiarity that almost paralysed the ignorant throng addressed.

In deference to vulgar prejudice, N. B. H. abandoned earlier intention of bringing down a few ounces of selected cordite and letting them off under the Front Opposition Bench. So lucid was the explanation that their assistance was hardly missed. The particular passage he desired to illuminate was that in which he described the preliminaries of explosion.

"In nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton," he said, "the atoms of oxygen and carbon lie together in one complex molecule. The oxygen is in an unstable combination with the nitrogen, and being in the same molecule it can rush quickly to the carbon and produce a tre-mendous explosion."

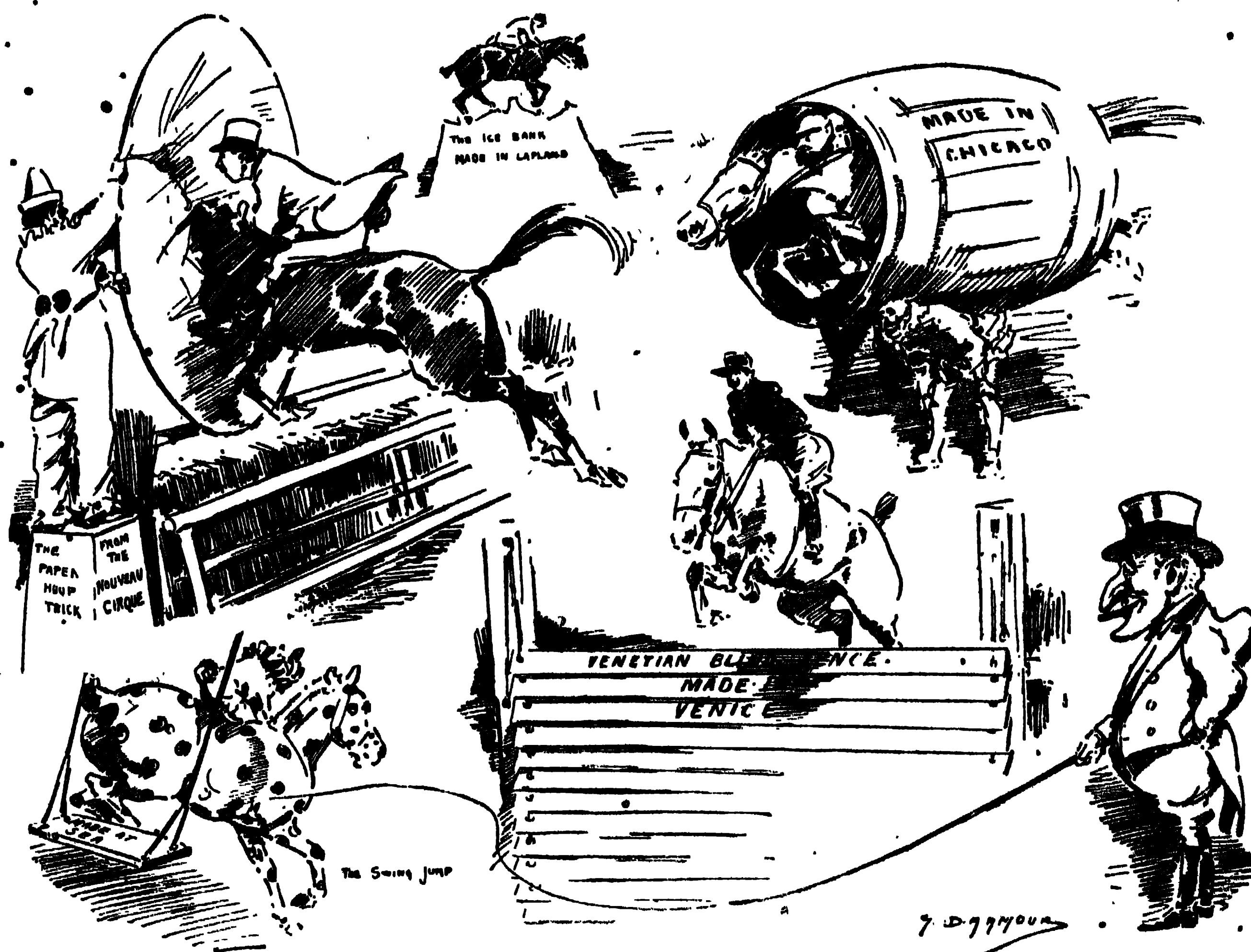
Here he had meant to work off the bit of cordite deposited beneath the Bench opposite, as nearly as possible under the place where HARRY CHAPLIN is accustomed to sit. However, though absolutely safe, there exists a certain objection to this sort of thing. On reflection he gave it up.

Not disposed altogether to sacrifice opportunity of giving House a wholesome shock. Apart from physical graces, he shares with the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* the desire to make your flesh creep. Yielding to this, he admitted the possession of a walking-stick made of cordite; confessed he had been accustomed to bring it down to the House and leave it in charge of unsuspecting guardian of cloak-room. Members shuddered as they reflected on the risks they had run. No period mentioned locating observance of the genial habit. At that very moment, for all they knew, this diabolical instrument might be standing bolt-upright in the midst of their sticks and umbrellas downstairs.

General feeling that N. B., in his blind devotion to science, has overdone it. With a man of his erudition and resources, no one can say how far zeal for the distribution of knowledge may carry him. When it comes to possibility of concurrent distribution of arms and legs consequent on the walking stick "going off," Members agree



THE PECCANT UNDER-SECRETARY.
(Lord P-rtsm-th.)



A HINT FOR FUTURE HORSE SHOWS.

IF YOU CAN'T HAVE ENGLISH JUMPS, WHY NOT MAKE YOUR CHOICE OF OBSTACLES FAIRLY INTERNATIONAL?

that reasonable limits have been overstepped.

Business done.—In Supply on Army Estimates.

Thursday.—ST. AUGUSTINE and HOME SECRETARY share the burden of the breakage of the union of hearts effected in connection with Irish Council Bill. Unmuzzled after prolonged period of discipline, Irish Members are making up for lost time. Question hour is prolonged by pertinacious inquiry "arising out of that answer."

HERBERT GLADSTONE bombarded with questions implying conspiracy to prevent honest Irishmen from earning a weekly wage by compounding illegal explosives. ST. AUGUSTINE stands between two fires. The Ulster Members accuse him of truckling to sedition in Ireland; Nationalists regard with suspicion his dealings with landlords.

And yet neither Minister is quite happy.

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill read second time.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE G.O.M.

By the Rev. Jasper Littlehale.

I HAVE been asked by my dear wife, fortified in her request by my son-in-law, the respected Town Clerk of Hoo, and other members of my family (not to omit little golden-haired ALICE, who is at this moment on my knee—the sweetest bud of femininity ever seen), to set down, while yet my memory is faithful and my mind robust, my recollections of the late WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Gladly do I respond to this invitation, believing as I do that there is no form of literature more valuable than trustworthy accounts of great men.

To begin, then, it was in 1877, when I was a young student fresh from college and full of the joy of life and firm belief in my vocation—a belief in which I have never wavered—that I first saw the G.O.M., although I may remark that those endearing initials had not then been conferred upon him by a nation's affection and respect. I was at Chester, whither I had come on a walking tour with my cousin, since deceased, a youth of undoubted genius who, like myself, was trained for the Ministry, and would, had he lived, have beyond question been a second SPURGEON. However, he died.

Well, we were in a second-hand bookseller's shop turning over some dusty volumes, when a gentleman entered and at once engaged the shopman, who was a well-read intelligent fellow, on the subject of church architecture. This not being a theme in which I am much interested, I went on rummaging among the books and succeeded at last in finding something I had long wanted to read—MUNDY'S *Needwood Forest*, to be exact—when the gentleman left. It was then that the shopkeeper turned to me and said, "Do you know who that was?" "No," I replied. "That," said he, "is Mr. GLADSTONE."

Years passed and I saw him again. This time it was in Scotland, just outside Edinburgh, in the year 1880, or possibly 1881. My dear wife and I had been

spending a few days with her aunt, a most gifted maiden lady with one of the best private libraries I ever saw (I remember it had a complete set, all first editions, of the novels of Mrs. HENRY WOOD), and conversation to match. On this occasion we had been for a walk on the hills, and on returning a carriage passed us at a rapid pace. It was a dusty day and I could not see very well, but through a fortunate break in the clouds that followed the rolling wheels I distinctly discerned the features of the Grand Old Man—familiar then from photographs in all the shops and pictures in the papers. At first my wife could not believe it was he; but on the day following we read in the papers that he had been driving in that direction on the previous afternoon, and then she was completely satisfied and happy.

The third time I saw him was in the Lyceum Theatre, in the days of Sir HENRY IRVING. I am not a playgoer, although I do not indiscriminately reprehend the practice in others; but on this occasion I could not very well stay away, since the expedition had been made on behalf of an aged uncle whose one wish was to see Sir HENRY, and who could not well go alone. I therefore accompanied him to the pit, and a very enjoyable evening I must say we had.

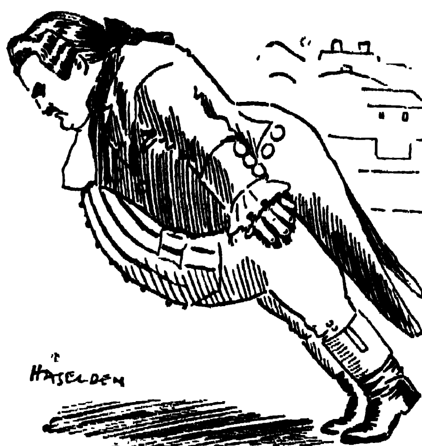
But with me, I will confess, the chief interest was not the play, although it was one of SHAKSPEARE'S, but the middle box on the left (as one looked at the stage), for in that, I was told by a very civil man sitting next to me, were Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE and a party of friends. It is no exaggeration to say that I did not take my eyes off that box the whole evening. I was rewarded now and then by a glimpse of white hair, as the G.O.M. leaned a little more forward in his excitement; but that was all. It was, however, in the highest degree gratifying to me, and I have been a firm Home Ruler since that night.

Once more, and only once, did I see Mr. GLADSTONE. It was at Kettering station in 1888. I had been down to Kettering to assist a brother minister at the opening of his new church; and on the next day, after a most agreeable evening among the more intellectual section of Kettering society, in which my friend was a shining light, he having a wonderful gift for reading aloud, I was waiting for my train to take me back to London, when I noticed a large crowd on the opposite platform. On inquiry I learned that the G.O.M. was passing through to the North and was expected to make a short speech while the train stopped. I need hardly say that I hurried to the other side, and with as little rudeness as possible edged my way to the front. At last the train came, but through some misunderstanding it did not stop, but rushed through. I had, however, a fleeting glimpse at a window of a spare figure surmounted by a grand leonine head crowned with white hair—and no more.

That was the last time I saw the G.O.M.

IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

THE event of the operatic week has been the re-entry of Mme. GIACHETTI in *La Tosca*. You have to be in the front of the house to appreciate the work of the only great *tragédienne* we ever see in Italian Opera. At the back of the auditorium her delicate facial play is lost, especially when, in the Second Act, the 4-candle power illumination of the Farnese Palace is reduced to a dim religious light of 2-c.p. As for Signor CARUSO, the farther off from him you are the better. His *Cavaradossi* was a peculiarly portly figure, and nearly brought down the Attavanti chapel-gates when he had to squeeze himself through them. A pity that his experience in the torture-chamber could not have taken the form of severe body-massage. But he sang nobly in the famous solo *E lucevan le stelle*, finishing up with one of those sob-cracks which have become so popular a feature with the gallery. Still one missed the personal appeal of Signor ZENATELLO. Signor SCOTTI was at his happiest, being far better served with the part of *Scarpia* than with that of stodgy *Giorgio Germont* in *La Traviata*.



"ECCO UN ARTISTA!"
The shooting of *Cavaradossi*.
(Signor Caruso.)

I hope that when *Cavalleria* is repeated a more effective cast may be provided. As *Turiddu* Mr. WHEATLEY, the young American, had only one attitude, and his voice, though nicely trained in the Italian manner, could not find its way through an orchestra which Signor CAMPANINI permitted to play with relentless violence. Mlle. SCALAR was sonorous enough, but lacked variety. Nor could I quite make out why Miss GLEESON-WHITE looked so pleased with things in general. *Cavalleria* is not an opera that can afford to be indifferently sung. At best it only presents the tail-end of a tragedy, and even within its narrow limits contains a lot of matter inserted for its own sake and contributing nothing to the main design. It is so easy for these detached passages to become hackneyed—a fate that can never befall *Carmen*, however familiar its melodies, because every note of it is essential to the whole dramatic organism. In contrast with *Cavalleria*, and gaining something by juxtaposition, *Pagliacci*—that other tragedy in miniature—remains unstaled by custom. This (with full allowance for the devastating labours of the barrel-organ, from which Signor MASCAGNI'S work has been the worse sufferer) is largely due to the originality of its design, and its more dramatic concentration. And it certainly enjoyed, the other night, a much better rendering. Fräulein DESTINN was, as always, a pure delight. *Silvio* might assume proprietary airs and speak of "*il mio destin*," but the whole House has long ago taken her to its heart. Signor SAMMARCO sang *Tonio's* Prologue like the fine artist he is, and had a great triumph all to himself. Signor BASSI'S ovation (largely supplied by the gallery) was more protracted and not nearly so well deserved. Signor SCANDIANI, who took a part in each opera, was not ideal, either as an injured husband or as a prospective co-respondent.

Finally, I hope the stage-management will in future remember that when, as in *Pagliacci*, you have a play within a play, you also have an audience in front of an audience; and the spectators on the stage need to be carefully kept under. Carried away with natural excitement, they rose to their feet and got right in my line of vision just as the scuffle began. O.S.

MR. PUNCH'S theatrical representative regrets that, in his review of *My Wife*, he confused the character of *M. Valboure*, played by Mr. ATHOL STEWART, with that of *Baron Granclos*, played by Mr. H. DE LANGE. It was Mr. ATHOL STEWART who ought to have received the critic's compliments for "a very deftly restrained study in deportment," and to have had his own name under the portrait of himself.

"Getting out of control, a motor-bus tore up a tree on the pavement in St. George's Road, Camberwell."—*Evening News*.

BUT if you put aniseed on the ground they always come down after it.

A COVENTRY TALE.

[As *Mr. Punch's* readers already know, the Mayor of Coventry, in expressing his disapproval of the costume which LA MILO has been instructed to wear at the forthcoming pageant, is reported to have threatened to sever his connection with the whole proceedings "unless the fleshings and transparent gauze are abandoned."]

WHAN that chill June with sleet and icy shoures
Hath frozen all the sap in summers floures,
And cuckoo, waxing wrooth, with irous din
Cries out that winter is icumen in,
Whan on the hearth-stone smokes the ruddy ember
That thrifty wyves meant for drere December—
Then longen folk to maken pageantrye;
And specially the men of Coventrye
Will think of hir that for hir folkes sake
A task of wonder love did undertake,
And through the streets did ryde full semely
Y-clad in noght but love and modesty.
And for to celebrate this ladye swete
The burghers of this toun did hold it mete
That they in memory of hir should goon
Through Coventrye in hy processioun.
Bifel that as they spake of the manere
Of this great pageant, soon there gan appeare
A litel cloud, no more than mannes hand,
That grew until it covered all the land.
Ther came a ladye, fair as any Greek,
Fresh from some gilded Palace of Musyk:
Parfit she was in form, and her figure—
There never was noon swich, ye may be sure,
Since Venus turned to marble in Milo—
Herself she said it, and she shoulde know.
This ladye, for to show the world her grace,
In the processioun would take her place
As fayre GODIVA, clad in no more dress
Than fleshyngs since she mighte wear no less.
Then was ther much ado in Coventrye;
Quod some, "We trow that this ne shoulde be.
In very sooth, great shame it will us doon
If that this wenche cometh to our toon
And in swich shameless nakedness arises
To ryde our streets so as she now devyses,
And we shall bear with mochel care and wo
The worlde's scorn. What nedeth wordes mo?"
But others sayde, "Honour, not shame 'twill bring.
In all the world ther nis noon swich fayre thing
As mannes form, but that it be a maides,
And of them all most parfit is this ladyes.
Pitye it were to hide with cloke of silk
A skin more fayre and whyt than morne milk.
If that ye fear ye may be ledde astray,
Remembre, *pura puris omnia*,
Quod good seynt Paul. Ther nis namo to seye."
A Maire ther was, and that a worthy man,
None worthier fro the time the world bigan:
His wordes all were ful of hy sentence
Fit to ben holden digne of reverence;
In sooth ther was noon might with him compare—
He was a verray parfit gentil Maire.
Whan that he herde how thinge mighte be,
This worthy Maire did wax ful wrooth, pardee.
His counsel was nat longe for to seche;
Souninge in moral vertu was his speche.
"Lordinges," quod he, "a worde I woulde seyn;
This is the poynt, to spoken short and pleyn:
This wenche must hir fleshings abandoun
Whan that she goth in this processioun;
Elles I will nat let mine eyen stray
To look on hir. Ther nis namo to seye."



IN THE WEST COUNTREE.

Farmer Trepolpen. "TWO TO LOOE." *Booking Clerk.* "PIP, PIP!"

Sauve qui Peut.

"THEATRE PANIC.
RUNNERS AND BETTING."
Star Poster.

THIS is a sufficiently grim comment on human nature, showing at once its cowardice and callousness.

THERE is always something going on in Jamaica. In the Jamaica *Daily Telegraph* the eye is arrested by the following headlines:—

"COMET FALLS INTO THE SEA AT MONTEGO BAY
AND TWO MEN FLOGGED IN JAIL YARD FOR STEALING BANANAS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

WHAT is an "unconscious" historian? Miss MARJORIE BOWEN thinks that he is the only one who may be trusted, and that history is seldom just in either her evidence or her verdict. Dear! Dear! These be brave words. But, my good Miss BOWEN, if you will "consciously" read your book and its preface once again, you will see that the correction of history (even in fiction) is not such a simple matter as it looks. In your preface to *The Glen o' Weeping* (ALSTON RIVERS) you tell us that the impartial inquirer can absolve Scotland and England of the crime known as the Massacre of Glencoe, and that the tale which defamed Lord STAIR was pure invention. Yet in your story you show clearly that STAIR deliberately planned to "extirpate ta vipers," even after he knew that they had taken the oath of fealty. "It shall make no difference. I will make an example of them." And once more, when CAMPBELL OF GLENLYON came to "rout out your cursed den of murderers, and to slay every MACDONALD under seventy," it was "by the command of Scotland and the King." So that when sweet seventeen sits in judgment on the "conscious" historians of the past, and only succeeds in contradicting herself, it seems to be rather a case of unconscious humour than of unconscious history. Undoubtedly your fairy godmother bestowed upon you the gift of story-telling. But, in all humility I suggest it, would it not be a good thing to grow a year or two older before you tell us another?

The Four Gastronomists would have been a more suitable title for Mr. JEPSON'S *Four Philanthropists* (UNWIN). For, though this altruistic quartette starts out with the virtuous resolve of "removing" fraudulent financiers and other objectionable characters by the simple expedient of murder, their indomitable perseverance in lunching and dining at a certain restaurant-de-luxe is by far the most noticeable feature of the book; indeed the writer can hardly escape the suspicion of being a propagandist with a personal bias against the managements of rival restaurants. In off-hours, however, a plot (which owes a trifle, perhaps, to Mr. J. M. BARRIE'S *Better Dead*) is sustained with some ingenuity, and, despite the use of sandbags and chloroform-nooses, passes off without actual bloodshed. Wicked and unsavoury gentlemen in the City are treated much as the Four Musketeers treated RICHELIEU and MAZARIN; and (to disarm criticism) the proceeds in blackmail go to an orphan asylum. The idea is ingenious and might excuse such farcical improbabilities as a hero handicapped by the name of *Chelubai*, or a heroine who resides in the rooms of a gentleman at the Temple (as his sister) for nearly three hundred pages. Unfortunately the author takes his situations and characters much too seriously; they ought to have gone at a gallop, in the manner, say, of Mr. HICHENS' *Londoners*. The interest is, however, well maintained by some smart financial operations which culminate in the scoop of a granite quarry, and the complete discomfiture of the heaviest villain. Incidentally I don't see why a young woman should be called anybody's innamorato, and Carlsbad, despite the excellence of its plums, is surely better without a terminal "t."



The Lion. "WHAT! MORE LIVING STATUARY? THIS IS A QUESTION OF TASTE ON WHICH I MUST PROMPTLY DECIDE!"

In *On the Wall*, by RICHARD FREE—
  Sketches, from LANE of the Bodley Head—
I read of the kind of folk there be
(Amphibious largely) in London, E.,
Where Father Thames rolls in from the sea
  And creeps to his dock-lipped bed.

As though by a parson's hand it's writ
  Who lives in the place, and it's so designed
That humour, pathos, something of wit
Go to the excellent make of it,
But chief in the texture is deftly knit
  A knowledge of human kind.

In *My Life as an Indian* (JOHN MURRAY), Mr. SCHULTZ records how he came to live and love and marry among the Black Feet Indians. It is solemnly averred in an editorial note that the story is not a romance but a matter-of-fact account of veritable incidents. A difficulty in the way of accepting this assurance is found on every page, where we come upon bloodthirsty raids of Indians on the war-path, with scalping and other cheerful concomitants. The state of things described as happening within the personal experience of folk still alive is, in brief, exactly the same as it was in days when FENIMORE COOPER wrote. There are, for example, as many herds of buffalo roaming the prairies as when *Leatherstocking* was out with his gun. That is, however, a detail. The play is the thing, and, like buffaloes, it abounds on the plains where Mr. SCHULTZ successfully passed as an Indian born and bred. The narrative originally appeared in serial form, to which it is perhaps best adapted. In succeeding episodes running through a dozen or twenty pages there is, necessarily, a tendency to monotony. This may be easily averted by taking a dose daily. It will be found refreshing and invigorating.

Mr. CHARLES G. HARPER has done it again. This time it is called *Rural Nooks round London*, and is published by CHAPMAN AND HALL. The idea of writing a volume about rural nooks near a great city (even supposing one could pass a word like nook) is a mistake. You should not let the public into the secret of these charming solitudes, or they are solitudes no longer. Assignations, cloaked and booted, at Ealing Town Hall become the object of general remark. I know a man who used to run down (figuratively) every week to the Market Place, Uxbridge, there to commune with Nature. I suppose that Mr. HARPER discovered him there one day; anyhow he comes out with a large photograph of it. The result is that the mystery is gone, and thousands now will flock down of a Saturday to disturb my friend's meditations. On his behalf, on behalf of all lovers of solitude, I utter my protest.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following conundrum to *The Waterford Evening News*:—

"Can any of your valuable journal say when the term 'Brish Island' was applied to the two islands Britain and Ireland?"

We cannot specify the exact date, but we believe that the term "Brish Island" was first employed during an Irish wake.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that all the delegates of the South American Republics to the Peace Conference have received instructions on no account to consent to any proposal which would deprive them of their Revolutions. It is generally realised that the peoples of those countries would languish if they were deprived of their only healthy recreation.

* * *

The Observer makes a shocking revelation as to overcrowding in London. It declares on excellent authority that last week the town was so full that several millionaires from America had to sleep in Bloomsbury.

* * *

We are informed that a certain well-known novelist looks upon the Advertisements Regulation Bill as an unwarranted attempt to interfere with the rights of individuals.

* * *

It is rumoured that MARK TWAIN has received a communication from the King of the BELGIANS offering to defray the entire expense of the obsequies referred to by the American humourist upon his arrival in this country. The only condition that HIS MAJESTY makes is that the funeral shall take place at once.

* * *

The fact that the visit of the LORD MAYOR to Berlin should have been a success, although he did not take with him the Lord Mayor's Coachman, is a matter of some surprise to the Lord Mayor's Coachman.

* * *

The announcement that the new Admiralty dry dock at Hong Kong, which has just been completed, was flooded one day last week leads an indignant tax-payer to express the hope that no pains will be spared to discover who is responsible for this.

* * *

The Puritan Party has received a setback. Hounds kept for sporting purposes are to be allowed to run about in a state of nudity. It has been decided that the Dogs Order, prescribing a minimum of dress in the form of a collar, does not apply to them.

Since the announcement was made that the Tuppenny Tube was to become the Threppenny Tube, the line has been crowded with bargain-hunters enjoying the cheap ride while it is possible.

* * *

The holiday season will soon be on us, and those who are on the look out for some light reading will be glad to hear that Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. have at last published "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Tertiary Vertebrates of the Fayum." This book confirms what many of us must have vaguely felt for some time past, viz. that Elephants are derived from an early type of generalised Ungulate known as the *Mœritherium*, while the *Sirenia* develop from very much the same stock, and both groups seem to have been connected in their origin with the Hyraxes.

* * *

A new edition of LORD MONTAGU'S *The Art of Driving a Motor-Car* has just appeared. Among many useful cautions we notice the following:—"Allowance must always be made for the unexpected in the shape of animals." This is, of course, very true. We have known a horse of such unexpected shape that a motor-car has shied on catching sight of it.

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Apparently the fashion of huge hats for ladies is about to spread to the other sex. Among Messrs. MACMILLAN'S announcements we notice a work by G. W. BELDAM and C. B. FRY entitled *Great Bowlers*.

* * *

GUÉRIN, it is said, has written a play. It needed only this to convince us that his banishment to the Devil's Island was justifiable.

* * *

We have to record the discovery of yet another new disease. "At the end of next month," says the *Daily News*, "the benefice of Luffincott will become void by sequestration under the Pluralitis Act." We can only imagine that Pluralitis is the ailment from which persons suffer who show a marked aversion to remaining single.

* * *

The increasing cash value of Limericks is said to be causing considerable satisfaction in Ireland.

* * *

Mr. WILLIAM WRIGHT, the mysterious American aeronaut, was in Paris last week, and several interviewers made him fly.

OUR readers may remember that in the number of May 1st we ventured to extract from *The Cork Constitution* an account of a remarkable race in Australia between POSTLE and a whippet. The race, according to our authority, was over 100 yards, POSTLE being in receipt of 313 yards start; the dog, however, won by a foot in 6¼ seconds. We felt at the time that the performance was an extraordinary one, and it appears now that the details were not quite accurate. According to the latest version in *The Portsmouth Evening News*,

"The contest was over 10 yards, POSTLE being in receipt of 31 yards start."

We have come to take a great interest in POSTLE; and any further information about him will be very welcome.



DAY DREAMS.

First Sportsman (rising from his siesta). "OH, BILL, I'VE HAD A LOVELY DREAM! DREAMT IT WAS ME WHAT PINCHED THE GOLD CUP AT ASCOT—HAD IT MELTED DOWN AND TURNED INTO SOVEREIGNS BY TUESDAY NIGHT, AND PUT THE WHOLE LOT ON THE WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON!"

Second Sportsman. "DON'T, SAM, DON'T! YOU KNOW I'VE GOT A WEAK HEART!"

CURIOSITIES OF CRICKET.

[From the report of the Yorkshire v. Sussex match:—"DENTON was out in a curious manner, hitting the top of the middle stump and bringing it forward to a sharp angle without disturbing the other two, in so strange a manner that FRY had the wicket photographed —doubtless for a forthcoming number of his magazine."]

FROM *The Sporting Man* of the day after to-morrow:—While stealing a short run in the Middlesex v. Surrey match last week, Mr. P. F. WARNER was so unfortunate as to lose his balance, and fall. Before the game was restarted, Mr. WARNER dictated an article for *The Westminster Gazette* on "Hard v. Soft Wickets: why I prefer the latter." The time thus occupied undoubtedly went far towards enabling Middlesex to draw the game.

An interesting ceremony delayed the progress of the second day's cricket between Leicester and Warwick. Coming in ninth wicket Sir A. HAZELRIGG, playing a fine, forcing game, speedily hit up three before falling a victim to an insidious long-hop from HARGREAVE. A magnificent display of fireworks and an impromptu country dance were given to celebrate the popular skipper's triumph. This is one of the Leicester Captain's highest scores in first-class cricket. Possibly the faster ground suits him. Yet even on a slow pitch, *versus* Lancashire, he made two in excellent style before he was run out.

Old-fashioned sportsmen are complaining that it was unnecessary for the match between Northants and Notts to be interrupted for a protracted period while the Northants team were photographed singly and collectively in characteristic attitudes. For ourselves we yield to none in our respect for the rigour of the game; but it must be remembered that this was the second time in one month that Northants had reached double figures in a single innings, and we think that latitude may be allowed to the natural excitement consequent on the success of the plucky little county.

Playing for Bampstead Wanderers *v.* Army and Navy Stores "A" at Acton last Saturday, B. W. BULGER, who heads the Wanderers' averages this year with 8·03, remarked to the umpire who gave him out l.b.w., "I think your decision quite just. The ball pitched on the off-stump, and would have taken the middle but for my leg being in the way. If all umpires had your honesty and judgment, cricket would be a different game." At the umpire's request the match was stopped while Mr. BULGER repeated his remark into a gramophone. Batsman and official then shook hands, and after three ringing cheers had been given by the fieldsmen Mr. BULGER retired to the scoring-bench.

In the Chickenham *v.* Pigbury annual match on the latter's ground, Farmer JENKINS, umpiring for the former team, twice gave SAM GILES, the Pigbury crack, not out, on appeals for "caught at the wicket" and "run out." It was only after the hat had been sent round and its contents and an illuminated address presented to Mr. JENKINS by the spectators and the rest of the home team that the match could be resumed.

THE NOISE NUISANCE;

AND HOW TO CURE IT.

By Caspar Jellyby, D.Sc.

THE best way, of course, of escaping the plague of noise is to live, or, at any rate, to sleep, out of London. But this for over four million of the inhabitants is a counsel of perfection. We are thus driven back upon the adoption of such measures as may mitigate the deleterious influence of din upon the nerve centres of the human organism.

Undoubtedly in the first rank of these preventive measures is the employment of artificial ear-lids. Dr. SALEEBY, in one of his luminous articles, recently deplored the lamentable lack of consideration shown by Nature in depriving us of this inestimable prophylactic. All he could say in her defence was:—"If our mothers had been able to exclude our infantine cries, where should we be?" Where indeed would Dr. SALEEBY? Still, if we cannot grow ear-lids, we can at least provide artificial substitutes. The late Mr. HERBERT SPENCER found a simple wad of cotton-wool invaluable as a means of shutting off the stream of vapid talk. But a pair of ear-lids in box-cloth, crocodile, or moleskin, would not only be much more effectual in shielding the tympanum, but present a really stylish and decorative appearance. Indeed, when worn with motor goggles, they attract considerable attention, besides rendering the wearer, if a tender-hearted person, absolutely immune to the disturbance caused by the groans and cries of any live-stock which may happen to be run over. The ear-lids are kept in position by ear-rings, and are further secured by a dainty strip of Tussore silk bound round the head.

Second, we come to the resources which science places at our disposal for the damping of the sound-vibrations inseparable from urban life. Some of the most acute of these are associated with the matutinal visits of useful but obstreperous individuals engaged in the retail branches of the milk trade. The clattering of milk-cans between 6 and 7.30 A.M. can be obviated to a considerable extent by providing the cans with rubber cases, but for silencing the piercing cry with which the milkman signals his advent there is nothing so efficacious as an air-gun. Indeed, Dr. SALEEBY, who is a crack shot, reports that in one month he has raised the death-rate amongst the employés of the Maida Vale dairies by 78 per cent. Mr. BYLES, M.P., on the other hand, being averse to the employment of lethal weapons, recommends chloroform hand-grenades as more humane and equally effective. As he puts it, "Milkmen, though *hostes humani generis*, are still men and brothers. To deport them being out of the question, temporary asphyxiation is the only effective remedy."

Sensitive people, and invalids in particular, often find striking clocks a curse. Here a well-directed lump of coal, a boot-tree, or a heavy paper-weight will reduce the offending mechanism to silence. Church clocks present greater difficulties, but judicious inquiries and the outlay of an occasional sovereign on venal officials can generally be relied on to secure the desired result.

Finally, there remains the question of domestic animals. Dr. SALEEBY, in the luminous article already referred to, declares his unhesitating belief that the keeping of dogs in a city cannot be justified either on humanitarian or hygienic grounds, and in view of his immense influence this declaration points to a speedy abatement of the canine nuisance. In regard to cats the great scientist refrains from a dogmatic pronouncement, but something may be expected from education. Failing that, it should not be forgotten that in South America, not to mention other varieties, there is said to be a race of cats which do not "caterwaul" at nights; and the late Professor MIVART justly remarks that "it is to be wished that this breed could be introduced into our country."

More Living Statuary.

Lloyd's News on the St. Albans Pageant:—

"In the earlier episode of the pageant the deeply religious tone which characterised the 'nude forefathers' of the ancient borough has been carefully accentuated."

"When the octopus is in proximity to a rock, it holds on to this base of support with three or four hundred of its suckered arms, and then it can use the remaining arms with irresistible power."—*Glasgow News.*

HENCE the name "octopus."

"Wanted at once, six ex-cavalry men accustomed to ride."—*Evening News.*

IT is extraordinary what good all-round handy fellows some of these cavalry men are.



TO A MASTER OF HIS ART.

Mr. Punch (*to* Mark Twain). "SIR, I HONOUR MYSELF BY DRINKING YOUR HEALTH. LONG LIFE TO YOU—AND HAPPINESS—AND PERPETUAL YOUTH!"

A VENETIAN GAIETY GIRL.

If we have had to wait patiently for a Covent Garden revival of PONCHIELLI'S *La Gioconda* we were well repaid last week by a remarkable performance, which was a triumph alike for the cast, the orchestra, the scene painters and the stage-management.

The tragedy—which does not move to its end quite so quickly as *La Tosca*, but then its issues are more complex—centres in the personality of the Venetian singing-girl. Except for a moment's ecstasy in the First Act, she steadily belies her name of *La Gioconda*. Her dear heart is always being divided between alternating spasms of human jealousy and heavenly self-sacrifice, till finally the angel in her comes out top. Time after time she saves her rival by sea and land: once from the injured husband's pursuing galleys; once from his phial of poison; and twice, on second thoughts, from her own violence. When, at last, she has got her faithless lover out of his dungeon and seen the couple safely off in a gondola on their elopement (receiving no reward but a very loud and enthusiastic *addio*), she has heavy work to do on her own account. She has to circumvent the vile advances of the spy *Barnaba*, whom she can only escape by a hasty retreat into another world. It was a very busy time for Fräulein DESTINN, but from every ordeal she emerged triumphant.



Both together. "Don't listen to the other chap. I can sing much louder than he can."

Barnaba .. Signor Sammarco.
Enzo .... Signor Bassi.

Signor SAMMARCO, who is never happy unless he is playing the villain, was a very perfect *Barnaba*, but had much less to do, and even that little was reduced by the curtailing of his admirable address to the Doges' Palace, with its *pozzi* below and its *piombi* above. Signor BASSI as *Enzo* sang well, but was perhaps more interested in himself than in his surroundings, and certainly spoiled an admirable exit by coming back to bow acknowledgments—a stupid trick which SAMMARCO, the better artist, would not have permitted himself. In less exacting parts—but all demanding high qualities for their accomplishment—Mmes. KIRKBY LUNN and EDNA THORNTON and M. JOURNET earned fresh distinction. The chorus—variously disguised as the Venetian populace *en fête*, as sailor boys, and as stately ball-room guests—were admirably responsive to Signor CAMPANINI'S brilliant conduct of some extremely difficult music.

There are many gruesome touches in the opera; that moment of the festivities at the House of Gold when the curtain is withdrawn to discover *Laura* on her bier; the cry of the distant gondolier: "There are corpses in the Orfano Canal"; the brutal shout of *Barnaba* in the ear of the dead *Gioconda*: "Last night thy mother offended me: I have strangled her"; yet the grimness of the main tragedy, if accentuated by the contrast, is also tempered by the prevailing gaiety of its environment, its revels and dances and unseen serenades; as well as by passages of exquisite beauty, such as the duet for *Gioconda* and her blind mother—*Tu canti agli angeli*; or that of the lovers—*Laggiù nelle nebbie remote*; or *Enzo's* noble air as he gazes across the lagoon—*Cielo e mar!*

Venice of the 17th century was delightfully reproduced in scenery and costume; but she was badly served in the matter of gondolas. They came on and off jerkily, with a thin pretence of being propelled by oars employed as paddles or punt-poles—a thing that would never be tolerated even at "Venice in London."

This was really the only flaw, if we except a little slip made by Fräulein DESTINN. She forgot to place upon the table the empty phial from which *Laura* was supposed to have drunk the draught of poison; and when the murderous husband returns, and, according to the stage instructions, "observes the flask empty on the table," he really did nothing of the kind, though he was polite enough to say that he did. On his exit, Fräulein DESTINN re-entered and placed it half-heartedly in position; but it was too late. O. S.

A Middlesexagenarian Recruit.

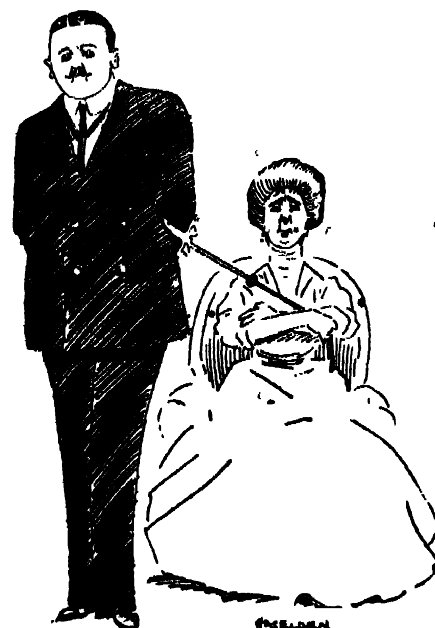
THE day of the youthful cricketer is over; experience is the thing now. The Metropolitan County, always on the look-out for suitable strangers, seems to have made a good find down in Kent last week. According to the *Yorkshire Evening Post*:—

"As the result of an innings apiece at Tonbridge yesterday, Middlesex possessed themselves of a lad of 62."

A PLAY WITH A PAST.

The revival of *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*—a Farce in three Acts by F. C. BURNAND—was a happy thought on the part of Messrs. GATTI, and I feel that I owe them not only my thanks but also an apology. One may be forgiven, perhaps, for dreading revivals of farces, seeing that fashions in humour are changing so constantly; and I confess that I went to the Vaudeville wondering how it was that the management had failed to realise this all-important fact . . . And at the end of the First Act I had collapsed hopelessly with laughter.

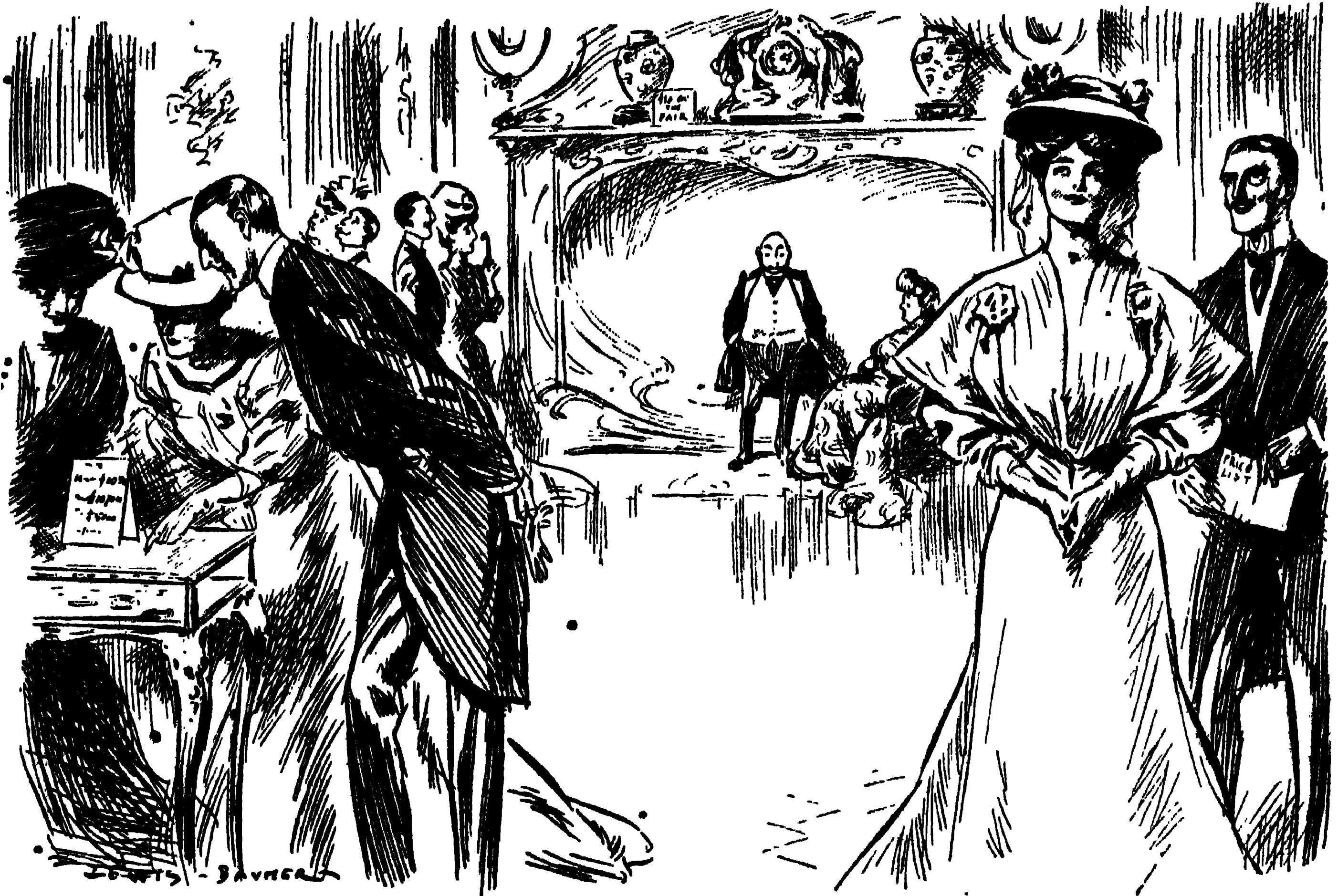
The First Act is very much the best of the three. There is plenty of fun, of course, in the other two, but after the First Act you are in such a helpless state that you would laugh at anything. By that time you are in good humour with everybody on the stage, and also (ridiculous as it sounds) with the people on your own side of the footlights. The girl on the right, who shrieked three seconds late every time; the party behind who repeated every speech to themselves, or whispered loudly, "Did you hear that?" "No; what did he say?"; even the impossible Dowager next to me who summed it all up as "Absolute nonsense, of course, but very clever nonsense"—I was friends with them all. But most of all I loved *Matthew Ponderbury*—Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.



MARIE HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Matthew Ponderbury .. Mr. Charles Hawtrey.
Mrs. Ponderbury .... Miss Marie Illington.

He has his moustache on again—borrowed possibly, but I don't mind about that. Mr. HAWTREY, with his moustache on again, reciting "The Story of the Knife"—that must be seen



INVITATIONS WITH AN OBJECT.

In these strenuous times people refuse to accept invitations unless they know exactly what they are being asked for. Realising this tendency, a Society leader has issued cards in the following terms:—"Mrs. Oofy-Goldberg at Home, Wednesday, June 26, 4.30–7. Blumenfeinheim, Park Lane. *Recent Purchases.*"

by everybody. Miss Billie Burke, too, as a music-hall star, is delightfully herself; and Miss Marie Illington has the perfect Marie Illington part. It is impossible to realise that it was all written—how many years ago? If *Mr. Punch's* late Editor does not mind having his past raked up like this, let us hope that some other manager will be tempted to do it again. There must be lots more where this came from.

Mrs. Ponderbury's Past was preceded by *The Anonymous Letter.* (In real life, I suppose, it would be the other way round.) At the close of this, the Dowager said, "After all, one must have *something* for a *lever de rideau.*" Now this is serious. One can adopt a tone with a mere curtain-raiser which one would never dare to use towards a *lever de rideau. Levers de rideau* must be treated with gravity. Let me say, then, that I do not think that Mr. G. S. Street's duologue justifies its presence on the stage, since it can gain nothing in the playing. But, "I should rather like to read this," I kept saying to myself, while *Charles* and *Constance Mannington* were having their little explanation. It would have been a "feature" in any magazine. M.

GASTROLOGICAL INEXACTITUDES.

The Vegetarian Federal Union held its Annual Congress last week at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, and the Eustace Miles Restaurant. We understand that next year the title of the gathering is to be slightly modified, and will be announced thenceforward as the "Herbivores' Annual Compress." This, indeed, is borne out by the *menu* as published, which contains a lot of fine confused feeding, necessary to make up for the horse-power which would otherwise, and in more concentrated fashion, be provided by animal diet. We note, also, the prevalence of "mock" dishes—mock hams, mock soles, and mock turtle. This last item would seem to appeal insidiously to carnivorous tastes, being usually made of calf's-head; and the real imitation, therefore, should be served to the faithful as "mock mock-turtle." Perhaps, in future, if the illusion of flesh-eating is to be maintained by the Federated Vegetarians, some fresh variations on this theme might be tried. The changes could be rung on "misteaks," "pig's counter-feet," "poissons d'avril," "pseudo-sausages" (not, of course, as horse d'œuvres), and many other titillating botanical confections in masquerade. We shall then come nearer realising the truth of the saying that all flesh is grass.

Aquatic Notes.

"When at Oxford the Bishop of London took a great deal of interest in boating. Being of a light weight he frequently coached his College eight."—*Craven Herald.*

The Happy Metaphor.

"It is not one class of business only that has suffered .... even barbers have been forced to throw up the sponge."—*Manchester Evening News.*

SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

WHEN I went to Cannes in the early spring of 1878 I certainly had no hope of meeting M. E. GIÉ, for I had then no knowledge of his amiable existence. Severe and protracted suffering during the course of a Tripos examination at Cambridge had urged me to seek relief in the balmy air of the Riviera, where my people had established themselves, and where I was thus sure of an inexpensive convalescent home. To distract my mind from brooding uselessly over the plentiful crop of "howlers" provided by the still recent Tripos, and in order to add to my stock of strength and agility, I determined, while in Cannes, to take fencing lessons, and thus I became a friend and pupil of M. GIÉ. He was at that time Professor of Fencing at the Cercle Nautique of Cannes. In earlier life he had been a Zouave, and had risen to be the chief Maître d'Armes to that celebrated regiment. The Cercle itself, in the Salle d'Armes of which M. GIÉ held rule, was but little frequented of a morning. In the afternoons and evenings it woke to a feverish activity of baccarat; but with that part of its functions M. GIÉ had no concern. For feats of bodily skill the members of the Cercle seemed to have small inclination, and for the most part, as I remember, M. GIÉ and I had the Salle—I think it was situated in the basement—entirely to ourselves.

It was in M. GIÉ's person that the delightful qualities of the genuine French sportsman—and, in truth, nature provides no more attractive type—were first revealed to me. We do not as a rule say aloud, we British, that there are no sportsmen out of Great Britain, but deep down in our minds that silent conviction exists, and it is good for us to be brought face to face occasionally with men born and trained in foreign lands who can shatter our insular exclusion by their vigour, their courage, and the amenity of their manners. What, after all, is a sportsman? As I understand the breed he is one who has not merely braced his muscles and developed his endurance by the exercise of some great sport, but has in the pursuit of that exercise learnt to control his anger, to be considerate to his fellow-men, to take no mean advantage, to resent as a dishonour the very suspicion of trickery, to bear aloft a cheerful countenance under disappointment, and never to own himself defeated until the last breath is out of his body. The existence of such men is not confined to the space of earth between Land's End and John o' Groat's House: you will find them throughout the world, and M. GIÉ was unquestionably one of them.

In his person M. GIÉ was small, but of beautiful proportions. He may have stood at the utmost some five feet six inches in height; but the great NAPOLEON stood no more, and in the due management of the sword mere height goes for nothing. His face was weather-beaten, and was set off with a rakish little imperial beard which gave him his military air. The eyes were in repose somewhat dim, but when he took his foil in hand or was induced to talk of his battles they lit up with a wonderful brilliant fire. His gestures were quick and precise; his whole being seemed to be instinct with vigilance and alertness. A surprising grace ruled all his movements. At one moment he stood, a study for a sculptor, balanced on feet that seemed immovable, his left arm rounded in the air behind him, his left hand poised where art and nature had appointed, his sword lightly held in a true line in his right. Then, paff! in a flash something had happened—had happened so swiftly that the eye of the studious observer had been unable to follow it, and, lo! M. GIÉ was extended—*allongez le bras; fendez-vous!*—his point had penetrated an imaginary heart; his left leg was out and rigid behind him; his body was settled low, but still gracefully erect; his head was defiant; and in another flash, without an effort, he was back in his original position. I describe an elementary matter; but it is in the elements that the genuine fencer shows himself. The fingers of M. GIÉ's right hand were light on his handle, but his wrist was not, I think, made of human bones and sinews. Rather had it been forged and adjusted of magic steel in some heroic smithy where the demi-gods were wont to buy their weapons. No human assault, I believe, could have beaten it away or tired it out.

Not less charming than M. GIÉ's gallantry of bearing in mask and fencing jacket were the modesty of his general demeanour and the vivacity of his conversation. He had frequently fought and conquered with the sword of real combat, but I never knew him to boast of his victories. There was something paternal and caressing in his address; he did not confine his interest in me to my progress in fencing, but he spoke sometimes of the serious affairs of life, which he urged me not to neglect. When, after I had returned to Cambridge, I wrote to him, announcing a success in boxing, he sent me the following reply, which I treasure as a model of high courtesy and chivalrous friendship:—

23 *Juillet*, '78. Cannes.

MON CHER ÉLÈVE,—J'ai reçu votre aimable lettre. Merci d'avoir pensé à votre professeur d'armes, merci également de votre portrait, qui est très ressemblant. Je vous félicite de votre succès dans votre assaut de Boxe, cela est fort joli d'avoir remporté un prix surtout à Cambridge où il-y-a de forts amateurs. Pour l'escrime, mon cher ami, j'espère finir ce que vous avez si bien commencé, et vous serez à hauteur de prendre part dans un assaut d'armes car vous avez de très bonnes dispositions. En attendant n'oubliez pas les coups les plus simples. Je veux dire: - la feinte de tirer droit, tirer droit un battement de quarte dégagé en tierce, idem de tierce. Rappelez-vous que la septième enveloppe tous les coups qui peuvent être portés quand cette parade est faite avec tact.

Cher Monsieur R., continuez toujours à travailler dans vos études sérieuses pour défendre un jour la veuve et l'orphelin, un des premiers devoirs de l'humanité.

Je vous prie de me rappeler au bon souvenir de votre aimable famille.

Recevez, cher élève, mes salutations empressées et une bonne poignée de main.

E. GIÉ,
Professeur d'Escrime au Cercle Nautique de Cannes, Ex-1er Maître d'Armes du Regiment des Zouaves.

P.S.—Il ne faut pas que je compte faire un voyage à Cambridge. Mes moyens ne me le permettent pas pour le moment.

In that letter you have the man, simple, serious and gallant, conscious that life is not all a *tic-tac* of the foils, and that there are depths in it from which he who is devoted to humanity and has studied the laws may rescue the widow and the orphan.

THE rumour that the Ascot Gold Cup was lifted by Sir THOMAS LIPTON is without any sort of foundation. Interviewed on the subject the genial Baronet concluded by saying, "May the best horse win!"

THERE must surely be a misprint in the report that the minority of 121 who voted against Mr. CORBETT's Bill for the inspection of monastic and conventual institutions compromised 77 Liberals. For "compromised" read "comprised."

Commercial Candour.

"'R. A.'—price 12/6—equal to any guinea racket on the market.

"'R. A. Special'—price 21/-." [Advt. in *Daily Mirror*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 17.—Affecting scene between PRINCE ARTHUR and Our Only War Minister. House further considering report stage of Army Bill. Harping on proposal which Opposition insist practically means abolition of Militia. Last week PRINCE ARTHUR threw out hint that if concession were made on this matter it would have material effect on progress of Bill.

"You mean that?" said NAPOLEON B.

"Yes," said PRINCE ARTHUR, nodding.

"Honest Injun?" persisted the wary soldier.

"You bet."

Here the subject dropped as far as public debate was concerned. For N. B. H. it formed subject of meditation through the watches of the night. Can see as far through a ladder as the average civilian. If he insisted on forcing his Bill through Commons with provisions relating to Militia already approved in Committee, the majority would stand by him. It would be different with the Lords, who would certainly reinstate the Militia. Has not YOUNG WEMYSS already given notice of such intention? By yielding on this point he would not only pacify Opposition in Commons but would square the Lords.

Accordingly announced capitulation.

Pretty to watch PRINCE ARTHUR'S reception of statement. A personal triumph for him. At last moment had carried position long assailed, obdurately held. Some eminent men in similar circumstances would have raised Party cheer by taunting master of legions with enforced concession. PRINCE ARTHUR avowed himself "most grateful to the right hon. gentleman for the modification of his scheme." Even went further, protesting his belief that it had been in N. B.'s mind for some time, only awaiting gentle influence of Parliamentary corkscrew to extract it.

War Minister affected almost to tears. PRINCE ARTHUR suggested the necessity of verbal amendments to carry out new proposal. NAPOLEON B. said they were not necessary.

"But," he added, "the right hon. gentleman has met me in so handsome a manner and so admirable a spirit that I am almost anxious to make amendments if merely for the purpose of showing my goodwill."

House deeply moved. ARNOLD-FORSTER suspiciously mopped his eyes. HOWARD VINCENT, holding up his supplementary new hat so as to hide his emotion, remarked, "Hear, hear," in a broken voice. GEORGE WYNDHAM'S lips quivered as he inconsequently "inquired whether the House might assume that 300,000 in round numbers is to be the establishment of the territorial force?"



Napoleon H-ld-ne grants Full-Private B-lf-r the favour he asks, and tweaks his ear "if merely for the purpose of showing his goodwill."



Mr. B-l-s talks of "prattling boys of fourteen and "post-prandial scoffers."

A touching scene. Testified to the fact that the House of Commons is, after all, almost human.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears.

Wave of emotion thus raised influenced sitting throughout. Swept off his feet that uncompromising Roundhead, BYLES of Bradford. Just before House rose question of cadet battalions came under consideration. CRAIK moved amendment broadening basis of financial assistance to school corps. BYLES of Bradford protested against teaching the young idea how to shoot with real rifles. Forgetful of N. B. HALDANE'S present domestic circumstances, he fixed him with stern regard as he asked:

"How would you like to see a prattling boy of fourteen of your own with a lethal weapon in his hand, being taught to hate his fellow-men?"

Hon. gentlemen opposite laughed at this idea of the non-existent little HALDANE at odds with a supposititious father.

"Post-prandial scoffers!" exclaimed BYLES of Bradford, regarding merry throng with angered countenance.

Some authorities doubt whether this was Parliamentary. Certainly one of the things which, put differently, would have called forth stern reproach from the Chair. As it stood, much might be read between the lines. SPEAKER, however, took no notice. BYLES of Bradford resumed his seat, conscious of having stamped on controversy a picture the finger of Time will not efface—a prattling boy of fourteen with a lethal weapon in his hand, the conscience-stricken parent wondering whether 'twere wise to teach him to hate his fellow-men and slay them with a blank cartridge.

Business done.—Army Bill further advanced.

Tuesday.—Revival of old custom of unrestrained Supplementary Questions led this afternoon to recrudescence of once familiar scene. On the Paper appeared customary half-dozen short speeches addressed to SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, containing, under guise of enquiry so transparent that it would not offend sensibilities of Mayor of Coventry, grave accusations against Government of India just now grappling with seething sedition. JOHN MORLEY, having had the advantage of preparing reply in advance, answered these with



"OH! OH!! OH!!! MR. SPEAKER!!"

Stern advocates of reticence and self-restraint (in other people). Mr. Sw-ft M-cN-ll and Mr. W-ll-m R-dm-nd are electrified with horror at the mere suggestion that anyone should make loud remarks or advocate the shooting of mutineers. [*Irish papers please copy.*

happy mingling of courtesy and caution. Then burst forth the unrestrained torrent of Supplementary Questions, most of them embodying controversial matter that would not have passed the Chair had they been submitted, according to the Standing Order, in the form of manuscript.

Suddenly, whilst MORLEY stood at the Table painfully struggling with delicate and difficult task, SWIFT MACNEILL leaped to his feet with shriek of "Oh, oh, oh!" SECRETARY OF STATE stopped midway in a sentence. All eyes bent on figure wildly gesticulating on third bench of Irish camp. What had happened? Had colleague in access of uncontrollable humour furtively pinched him? Or had some bee stung him newly?

Gasping for breath, shaking his at HOWARD VINCENT, divided from him only by space of gangway, he shouted, "Did the SPEAKER hear the observation made by the Member for Sheffield? He said, 'Why not shoot LAJPAT RAI?'"

Irish Nationalists broke forth in angry wail. With rooted antipathy to all forms of outrage, one thing they cannot stand is the shooting of anybody. Old Members recall from the palmy days of the Land League, when news almost daily came to Westminster of the shooting of a landlord or an agent, how profound was their indignation, how outspoken their denunciation. Natural instinct, old training now asserted themselves. At the mere utterance of suggestion of shooting the amiable advocate of another Indian Mutiny, their righteous wrath burst forth in flood of lava that threatened to create a vacancy in the representation of Sheffield.

HOWARD VINCENT denied that he had made observation. "I spoke only to myself," he pleaded.

That doubtless his intention. But idea of the Colonel of the Queen's Westminsters whispering to himself and thinking his voice did not carry beyond range of his own ear is a striking example of modest underrating of natural gifts.

Business done. Army Bill passed Report stage.

Thursday. Such larks! ROBERT CECIL gravely brought in Bill founded on C.-B.'s Resolution threatening the Lords. Consequence is that, appearing among the Orders, it blocks Resolution put down for Monday. Looked at first as if C.-B. were hoist with his own petard. The Old Campaigner not easily routed. Gives notice of Saturday sitting, at which motion will be made to suspend Standing Order regulating blocking motions.

Business done.—Navy Estimates in Committee.

Friday.—One of the prices paid for completing strength of the Ministry has been The Silence of TOMMY LOUGH, which in its completeness emulates that of the late *Dean Maitland*. Time was, so recently as the last Parliament, when he was constantly on his legs informing, encouraging or correcting occupants of both Front Benches. Last Session, when ST. AUGUSTINE brought in his Education Bill, he came to the front with valued assistance. Somehow he tailed off, and his chief did all the talking.

Lament at this abstention from speech is deepened by reflection on originality of latest utterance of Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Education. It flashed forth in Committee on the Education Acts Amendment Bill. Debate arose on question whether it were more desirable that medical inspection should take place twelve months before a child were admitted to the school or twelve months after its entrance.

T. L. gave discussion a new turn.

"Mr. EMMOTT," he said, turning to the Chair, "in my opinion it will in practice be found equally difficult to medically inspect a child twelve months before it is born or twelve months after." The Committee agreed.

Business done.—ROBERT CECIL withdraws blocking Bill. Saturday sitting averted.

IN A NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD.

HELP.

WE were all standing in the roadway, looking up at the house. Just my wife, myself, the builder, the foreman, and a small nephew of the architect, who had come down with a message. The house was the ordinary red house with white woodwork and wrought-iron rods to hold the portico up—such as is now built in about a fortnight on a valuable freehold plot in a rising neighbourhood near London. The garden was full of buttercups and mortar.

"Well," said the builder with a voice in which pride and power were equally blended, "not much more to be done now. All you want is a charwoman for a couple of days, and you can have the pianola going and a hot bath."

"Piano," said my wife, who dislikes new inventions and has had good teachers.

"Or the piano," said the builder, not at all discouraged.

"But what about the name?" the foreman asked.

By some extraordinary chance we had forgotten the name, and in this case a name was imperative, because the house is in one of those roads in which the houses are only half built, and cows are grazing to-day where a house may be to-morrow or the day after. Numbering such roads is impossible.

My wife looked at me and I looked at my wife.

"What about 'Bellevue'?" said the foreman.

"A very good name," said the builder.

"Our house," said the architect's nephew, "is called 'Hollisdene.'"

"Not a bad name either," said the builder.

"I like 'Bellevue,'" said the foreman.

"The only thing against 'Bellevue,'" I said, "is that there is one in the next road."

The foreman admitted that this was a drawback.

The houses on each side of us," said the architect's nephew, "are 'La Residenza' and 'Rondebosch.'"

"I don't care for those," said the foreman

"Opposite," said the architect's nephew, "is 'Heatherside.'"

"May I ask where you live?" my wife asked him, sweetly enough—to him, but to me, who know her tones better, dangerously.

"At Turnham Green," he said. "There are fine houses there."

"Isn't there a 'Sea View'?" my wife went on.

"I don't remember," said the architect's nephew, "but I'm sure there must be."

"That's not so good as 'Bellevue,'" said the foreman; "but it's not bad—'Sea View.'"

"How would 'Brickfield View' do?" my wife asked, sweetly still.

"Those brickfields, ma'am," said the builder, "will all be beautiful houses and gardens in a few months' time, and then what would be the sense of your name? I don't think 'Brickfield View' is good at all."

I avoided my wife's eyes.

"Mother's sister," said the architect's nephew, "lives at 'The Rowans.'"

This gave the builder an idea. "What tree is that?" he asked, pointing to the only shrub on the estate.

I told him it was a chestnut.

"Then why not call it 'The Chestnuts?'" he suggested.

I told him that in view of my calling, which is humorous literature (more or less), it would be impossible.

He did not understand.

I explained a little more.

"Oh," he said, "you mean your jokes aren't new. But that's all right. People will like them all the more."

The architect's nephew said that a friend of his lived in a house called Sans Souci."

The foreman said that he had been working at some alterations a little while ago—a new room for a nursery as a matter of fact—at a house in Acacia Avenue, for as nice and liberal a gentleman and lady as he ever met, and this house was called "The Nest." After "Bellevue" he said he thought "The Nest" as pretty as anything could be.

The builder agreed; but he added that Nests weren't for everybody. There were couples suited to Nests and couples that the name wouldn't suit at all.



Minister (on return from holiday). "WELL, DANIEL, MY GOOD MAN, AND HOW HAVE THINGS BEEN GOING ON IN MY ABSENCE?"

Daniel. "DEED, SIR, A' THINGS BEEN GAUN ON BRAWLY. THEY SAY THAT YOU MEENISTERS, WHEN YE GANG FRAE HAME, AYE TAK' GUID CARE TO SEND WAUR MEN THAN YOURSELS TO FILL THE POOPIT. BUT YE NEVER DAE THAT, SIR!"

Nothing could have been clearer from his tone than that he thought my wife and I were the last people to come under the designation of Nesters.

The architect's nephew said that there was a house for sale at Bedford Park called "Chatsworth."

"May I ask," the builder said, with a smile that was meant to be arch and winning, but was only repulsive, "where the lady and gentleman passed their honeymoon? Sometimes that helps."

"At Bath," I said.

It seemed to depress him, and it depressed even more the foreman, whose ears were twitching for "Bellaggio."

"My father and mother," said the architect's nephew, "went to Ilkley."

* * * * *

Eventually, after much thought and useless advice, we called the house, in a piteous attempt to be original, "The Green Door"; but I had the greatest difficulty in inducing the painter to inscribe such a name.

Since then we have heard of five houses called "The Green Door."

The Welshman gives up a page or so every week to "District Intelligence." This is all very well for some of the big cities like Bankyfelin, but smaller towns, such as Llanfihangel-abercowin, are frequently hard put to it for news. The Llanfihangel-abercowin Intelligence in the number before us consists of the following:—

"Mrs. J. C. is to be congratulated on the plucky way in which she took her two-year-old baby (VERA MAY) to church last Sunday. The little one, it must be said, was an example to many who attended that place of worship."



A ROYAL REMEDY.

Mistress. "YOUR COLD'S VERY BAD, JANE. ARE YOU DOING ANYTHING FOR IT?"

Jane. "OH YES, M'M. THE CHEMIST 'AVE GIV' ME SOME CREMONIATED STINCTURE OF QUEEN ANNE."

FOOD FOR ALL.

THE notoriously inadequate supply of expensive restaurants in London is still a crying evil, but at last efforts are being made to cope with the deficiency on a systematic basis by the conversion of several of our principal buildings into temples of gastronomy. A beginning has already been made by RUMPELMAYER in St. James's Street, and we are now in a position to give details as to the nature of other changes impending in the heart of the Metropolis.

In order to cope with the demand for food by visitors to Westminster the old Westminster Hall is to be quickly converted into a restaurant on mediæval lines. Bores' Heads (fresh daily from a neighbouring assembly) will be a constant feature of the bill of fare, together with Barons of Beef, from next-door—unless, of course, the Prime Minister has his way, in which case some other ancient delicacy will be substituted. Terms excessive.

The Junior Carlton, in view of the peculiar appearance of its famous staircase, will shortly open as the Hôtel Gorgonzola. A light corrugated iron bridge spanning the roadway will connect the hotel with the square at the back, where *al-fresco* entertainments will be given when the weather permits, and guests will have the privilege of eating strawberries and cream at the rate of a guinea an hour.

The Strand being specially deficient in restaurants-de-luxe, arrangements have been made for enlarging the Savoy Hotel, which at present can accommodate only a tithe of those persons who wish to eat expensively in public. All the rooms hitherto used for other purposes will be converted into *salons* and kitchens, while tables will be placed not only on the roof but also halfway across the Strand, by special arrangement with a hungry County Council, and a famishing Police Force.

The Coliseum, which has for so long been idle, is now to resume active life as a hotel and restaurant. The meals will be served in a novel way, for it has been decided to use the revolving stage as a huge dumb waiter. The guests will sit round it, and their food will come to them in turn.

CAVE CANE 'EM.

[In his recent speech at the Leys School, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said, "Boys must not be too good."]

WHEN, as an awful warning to deter
  The rowdy BINKS from practising his arts,
  Your wholesome cane, O Pedagogue, imparts
Correction, lo, the lad can prove you err;
Hissing a sibilantly scornful 'Sir,'
  He can defend his love of paper darts
  Or taste for munching surreptitious tarts
By simply quoting the Prime Minister.

So, with a chastened air, you must replace
  The weapon that you loved and used so well,
  And learn to tolerate the dear delights
    That lurk in booby-traps or pillow-fights,
And ever with unruffled temper face
  The revolutions of the smooth-lipped Shell.*

* *Cf.* WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, Book vi., "The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell."

BON GAULTIER must have foreseen the differences between the two Houses of Parliament when he wrote the following:

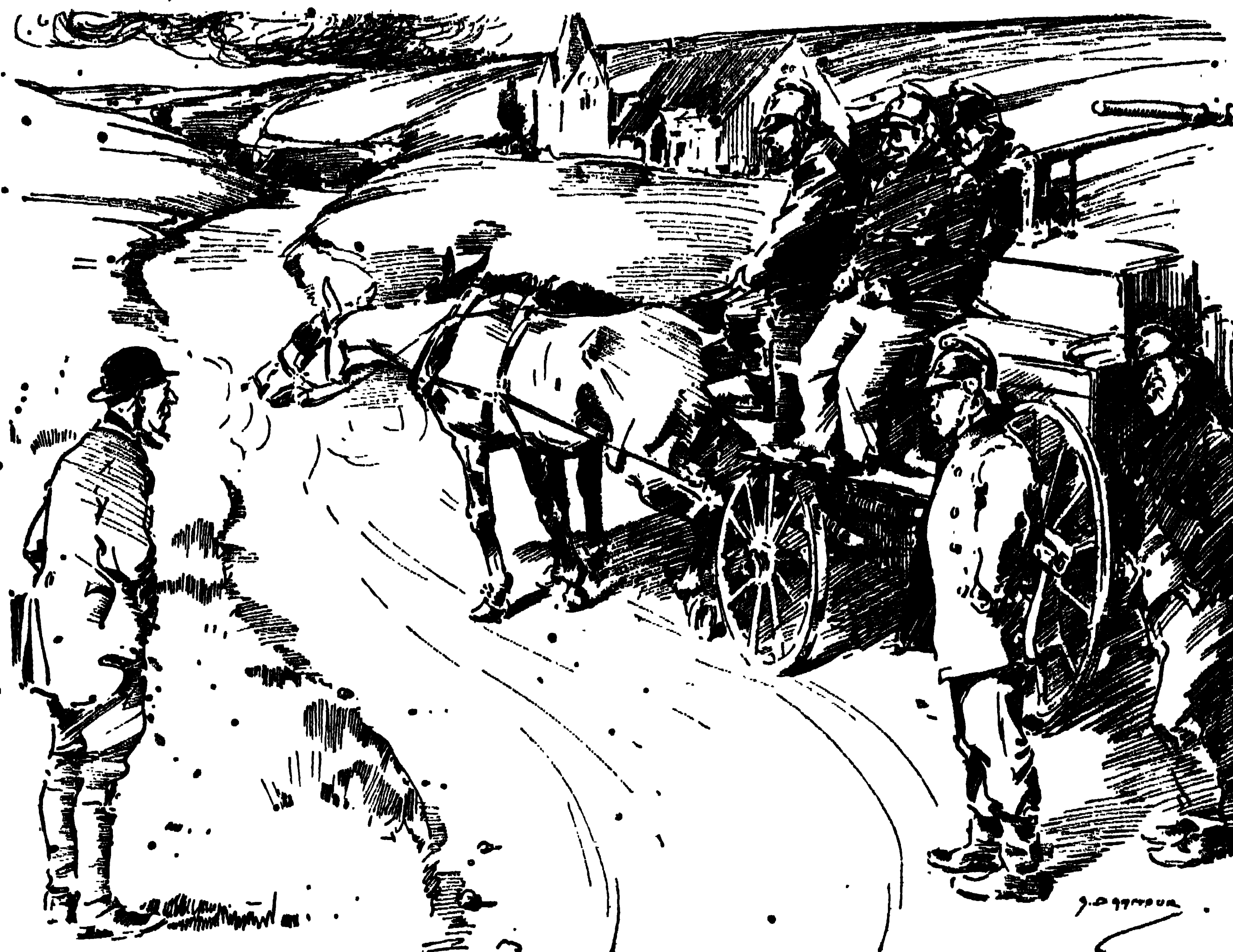
"Down the street in gloomy silence
  Savage calm he goes;
But he did no deed of vi'lence,
  Only blew his nose."

Last Monday, before a crowded House, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN—by kind [perm]ission of Lord ROBERT CECIL—blew [h]is nose.



FERMENTATION.

M. Clemenceau (*Premier of the French Republic*). "CALM YOURSELF, MONSIEUR BACCHUS. YOU DO NOT TERRIFY ME WITH YOUR 'WHIFF OF GRAPE SHOT.'"



"FIRE-WATER" IN THE NORTH.

Native. "IT'S NAE USE GANGIN' UP THERE. THERE'S NAE WATTER."
Local Fire Brigade (in chorus). "WE JUST MAUN DRINK IT WI-OOT THEN."

TO MARK TWAIN.

(GUEST OF THE PILGRIMS CLUB, JUNE 25TH.)

PILOT of many Pilgrims since the shout
"*Mark twain!*" that serves you for a deathless sign—
On Mississippi's waterway rang out
Over the plummet's line—

Still where the countless ripples laugh above
The blue of halcyon seas long may you keep
Your course unbroken, buoyed upon a love
Ten thousand fathoms deep! O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt (UNWIN) is an alluring title. The ingenuous reader anticipates that Mr. WILFRID BLUNT is going to make his flesh creep. Expectation is heightened by the circumstance that there are two prefaces, one written some years ago when the MS. was first composed. Revising it, Mr. BLUNT was so awed with the importance of his disclosures, so alarmed at their probable effect upon the peace of Europe, that he unselfishly laid them on one side. Now, as he makes it clear in the second preface, he thinks the time has come when the book may appear without creating a European cataclysm. So do I. Secrets, God bless you! Mr. BLUNT has none to tell. He adds nothing to common knowledge of the movement that resulted in the present prosperous condition of Egypt. What he relates with a garrulity whose drift is occasionally hard to follow is his own fussy interference as self-appointed emissary from ARABI and the so-called National party in Egypt to the British Government. Being snubbed both in Downing Street and Cairo, he is severe alike on Ministers at home and their representatives abroad. He was at least honest in his intentions, sincere in his advocacy of the cause he took to his heart. He stood by ARABI to the last, paying out of his private purse the considerable charges of his defence. That is to his personal credit; but as a contribution to one of the most interesting and far-reaching episodes in modern European history the book is of infinitesimal value.

There is no saying what ELINOR GLYN may come to yet, but I doubt if even her faithful publishers, Messrs. DUCKWORTH, can feel any real confidence that she will produce more rotten stuff than her latest volume, *Three Weeks*. A couple of samples of her literary style may serve to show how difficult she will find it to surpass herself. Her hero, at the time of his first attachment, is represented as "ready



THE SAVING WORD.

Chaperon. "THERE'S GEORGE AND HIS FIANCÉE. HE'S REALLY A HOPELESS PERSON. HASN'T A WORD TO SAY FOR HIMSELF."

Débutante. "AND HOW ABOUT HER?"

Chaperon. "SHE'S BETTER. AT ANY RATE SHE DOES SAY 'RIGHT-O!'"

to swear eternal devotion with that delightful inconsequence of youth in its unreason, thinking to control an emotion as CANUTE's flatterers would have had him do the waves." And his mother "could not imagine a state of things which contained the fact that her god-like son might stoop to this daughter of the earthy earth." As for the matter of the tale, it would perhaps not be fair to say that its royal adventuress was of the *Family-Heraldic* type—not fair, that is, to *The Family Herald*. The impropriety of the book was cleverly boomed beforehand; but it is not likely to do much harm in drawing-rooms where a nice feeling for the absence of humour has been cultivated, though it might possibly damage the moral fibre of some callow tweenie in the servants'-hall—its natural destination.

Bernard Dare, the Vicar of Girseton, ex-stroke of the Balliol boat, was six foot four, handsome, and passing rich on £50 a year. Six months after his appointment to the living he had written 3,000 begging letters, and collected £1,340 (£15 of which came from his parishioners!) towards supplying them with a church of stone. By acting as his own architect, clerk-of-works, contractor, master-workman, joiner, and stonemason, he erected with that sum a building worth £2,000. But *Hate of Evil* (HUTCHINSON), which is the title of Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN's vigorous story, has to do rather with the workings of *Dare's* soul than with his epistolary and manual labours. He started his clerical career as a sworn celibate, who regarded earthly love as a vile thing. Wherefore Love took its revenge, part of which consisted in his being arraigned for the murder of the first woman who taught him that love could be beautiful and divine, as well as ugly and earthly. Afterwards Love relented, and, having taught him his lesson, heaped coals of fire on his head. And since *Parson Dare*, for all his earnestness, was never a prig, I like to think that they warmed instead of scorching him.

Mr. WILLIAM CAINE is a man who has an ear for the throbbing heart-beats of the moment, or else he keeps his eye on the papers. His book, *The Pursuit of the President* (ROUTLEDGE), is a rollicking account of the efforts of *Miss Waugh*, a Suffragette leader, to interview a member of the Cabinet. He is *Sir John Cattermole*, the President of the Board of Enquiries into Army Scandals, and he alone of all His Majesty's Ministers has not succumbed to *Miss Waugh's* volleys at point-blank range. One of them has been run down in the courtyard of the War Office; another overtaken and mercilessly interviewed half-way up the ascent to Waterloo Station; a third captured after escaping temporarily through the coal shoot of the Athenæum. Only *Sir John* remains, and *Miss Waugh* is on his track. He dodges her from his residence to his office; makes his way to the House *viâ* the roof of the Admiralty; escapes by boat from the terrace to his motor; scorches to Folkestone; boards his yacht; lands at Boulogne, and gets into a balloon, which he leaves in motion by the guide rope just as his relentless pursuer enters it by the ladder. It is a breathless chase, and Mr. CAINE's account ought to become a standard handbook for members of the movement. But Cabinet Ministers must read it too.

THE Chairman of the Ballinrobe Board of Guardians has a searching way with him. He is there to find out the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. In the pursuit of this he probes carefully all the evidence that is laid before him. Nothing escapes him. Here is an instance where a lesser man would have been found wanting:—

"*Chairman.*—Was it before or after the operation the chloroform was administered?

Dr. Corcoran.—Oh, before the operation, of course.

Chairman.—I only wanted to get that from you because you did not state it."

The Western People.



THE rain fell pitilessly. MR. PUNCH shivered, and pulled his cloak more tightly around him. TOBY had vanished into the mist. MR. PUNCH stood solitary, shielding his eyes from the storm and trying to penetrate the darkness in front of him.

"Lost!" he soliloquised. "Totally lost. The place, the time, the season—all are strange. This ought to be about the middle of England somewhere. But is it? I doubt it. This should be June. June! Ha! The year is—I know I have the year on me—now where is it?" He felt in his pockets, and at length produced a small calendar. "Yes, here we are—Nineteen Hundred and Seven. That is to say, it was Nineteen Hundred and Seven when I left London: but after all that I have been through——" He broke off and began to shout. "Hallo! Hallo!"

A figure, strangely dressed, appeared suddenly out of the mist.

"Hi!" called MR. PUNCH. "Come here a moment, will you?"

The man advanced, and dropped upon one knee.

"My lord hath need of his servant?" he asked.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said MR. PUNCH, "I have. Though I don't think I should have put it quite that way myself."

"An my lord pleases——"

"That's just what I was coming to. I want to ask you something. I expect it sounds rather an absurd question, but the fact is I'm afraid my calendar has—has stopped—and—in short, *what* year is this?"

"The year of Grace One Thousand and Forty."

MR. PUNCH put his hand to his head.

"Just once more," he said. "I didn't quite get hold of it. The year of Grace——"

"One Thousand and Forty."

MR. PUNCH turned away and looked anxiously through the mist.

"Where's TOBY?" he said. "I want TOBY. I must go home. Here! TOBY, TOBY!"

"Good my lord——"

"Oh!" said MR. PUNCH, "couldn't you say something else?"

"Marry, fair Sir——"

"Yes, that is a little better, but——"

"Toodle-oo, old spot."

MR. PUNCH turned round at the amazing words and gazed at his companion. Then he stretched out his hand and seized the other's.

"You did say it, didn't you?" he cried. "Those were your own words. 'Toodle-oo, old spot.' Then you are—it isn't——"

"Well," said the other, "not exactly. You see we're having a Pageant on here, and I'm taking a part. It's only a small one, because I'm on the Committee and have to arrange everything; but I get so used to talking like that, that——"

"Ah, now I understand. And so you're having a Pageant too!"

"What do you mean by 'too'? We're *the* Pageant."

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Punch, "that's what they all say. I started from London a week ago, stopping at various places on the way. At every town I was told that there was to be a Pageant. It was to be *the* Pageant. St. Albans, Bury St. Edmunds, Oxford, Romsey, Margate, Wapping—the Wapping Pageant, you've heard of that of course?—Tolpuddle, well, everywhere in fact—until I was sick of the very word Pageant. The epochs to be represented were various. I reeled through the centuries. At Margate——"

"Yes, yes; but ours is the Pageant that everybody is talking about. Do you realise where you are? This is Coventry."

"Oh!" said Mr. Punch, "O-ho! So you're——"

"Jove!" said the other, as the mist rolled away for a moment, "it's Mr. Punch! The very person I wanted."

Mr. Punch bowed.

"What luck!" said the Committee-man excitedly. "You see, it's like this. We can't decide about the costume or—or otherwise—that the principal figure is to wear. We've wrangled about it for a long time; until at the last meeting I had a brilliant idea. I suggested that *you* should take Lady Godiva's place."

"But why?" asked Mr. Punch. "Why? Certainly I am always ready to do what I can in the cause of peace; and (though I did not myself make the voyage to Germany the other day) yet I may say without boasting that the offensive and defensive alliance with Monaco and the naval agreement with Switzerland were among the more happy results of my last visit abroad. But in this case, to usurp a woman's place—even in the cause of peace—would be distasteful to me."

"Ah, no," said the other, "you would only be taking your rightful position. Consider a moment. Godiva rode through Coventry to lighten the burdens of the people. Is it not then fair that you, who have already lightened the people's burdens so often, should now——"

Mr. Punch blushed. "You are too kind," he said.

"Besides, think of the weather. Would you let a woman——"

"No more—no more," said Mr. Punch. "I will do it."

"How can I thank you?"

"Thank me not," said the Sage, "too soon; you may yet repent that you asked me. For there is one difficulty I can foresee. It is that the part of Peeping Tom may become over-popular."

He paused dramatically for a moment.

"For," he added, "I shall take with me my latest chef d'œuvre." And with that he modestly patted his

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